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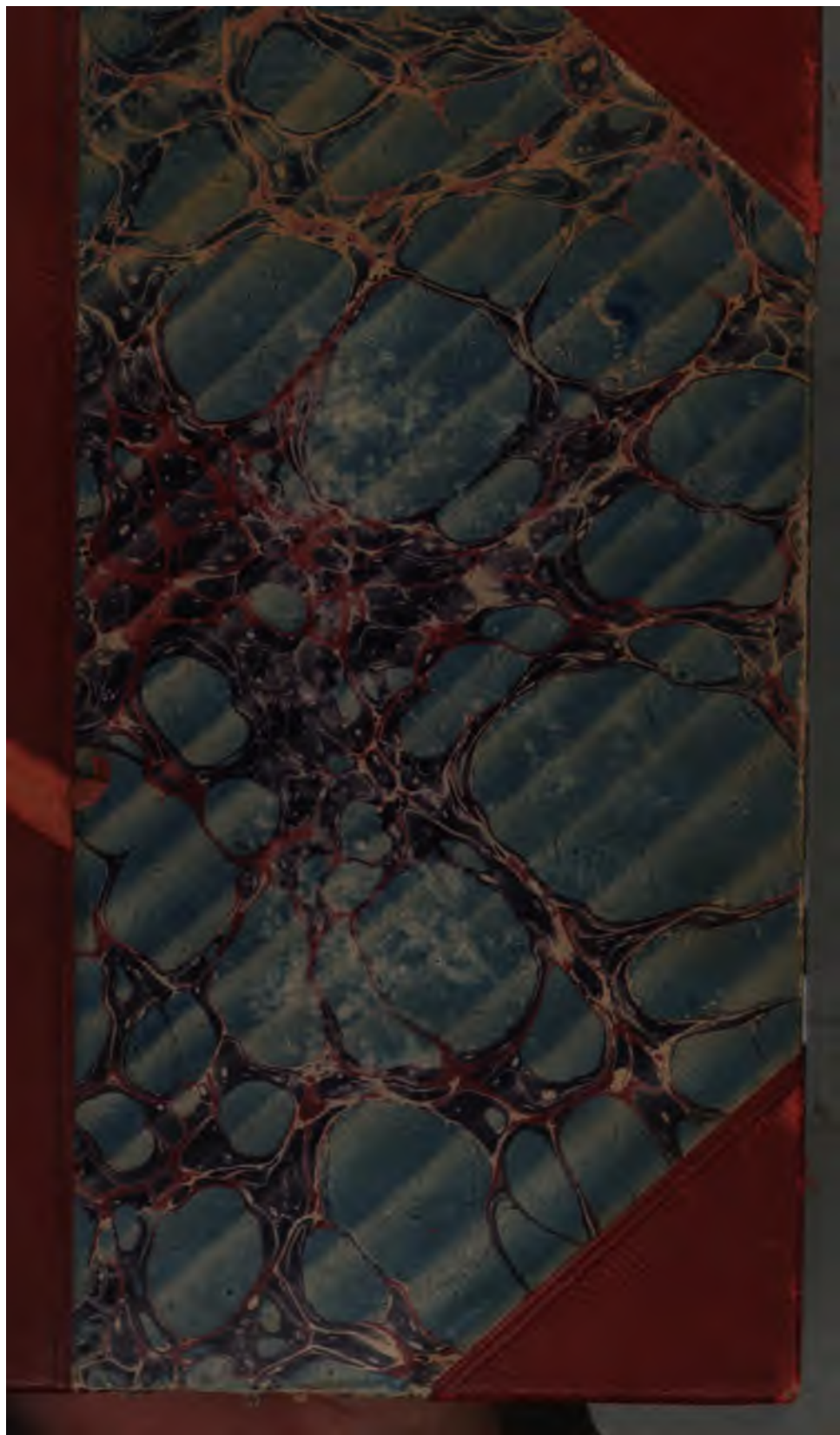
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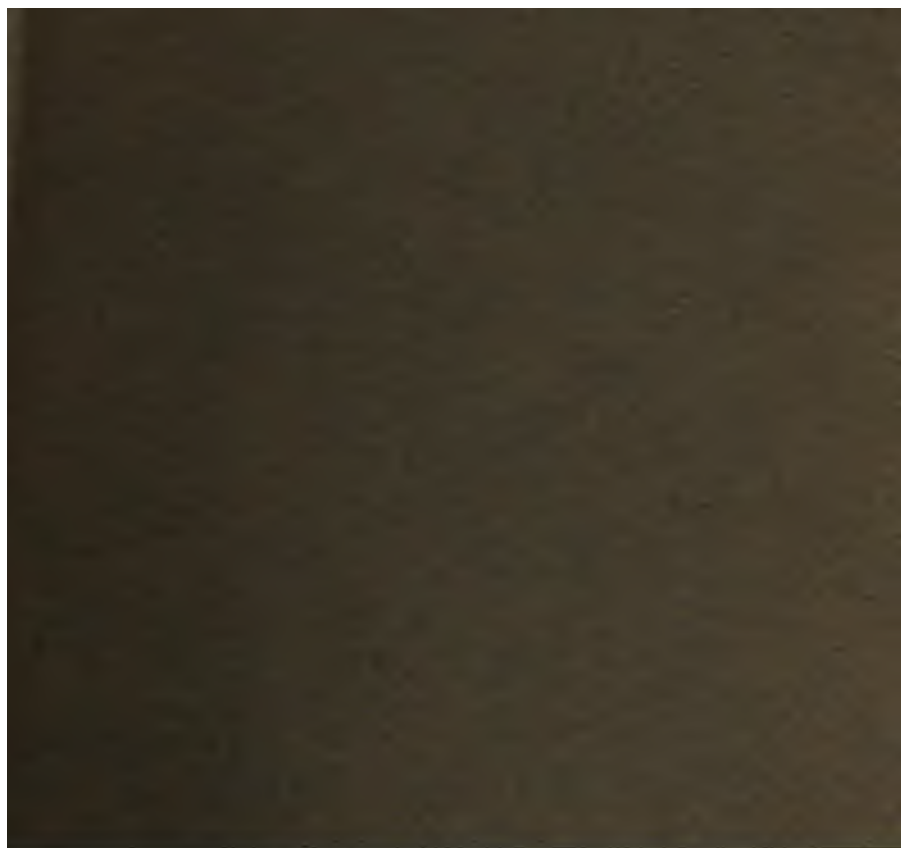
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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

The Trade of Literature

ONLY the big men, the men whose reputation is assured, will speak to you of—the trade of literature.

“We can only endeavour to do our best in this trade of ours.” You may have heard one say this, with the subtle inflexion of the voice on that word trade, and the half-smile of assurance that accompanies it. In that smile, in that intonation, you will find what they really mean.

“This glorious profession of ours.”

Here you have the translation of their gentle modesty. A trade? Nothing is farther from the thought of them! They follow a noble profession, where it is indelicate to speak of fees and vandalism to talk of prices. But this allusion of theirs to the trade, this is only the last subterfuge of a dying creed—that creed which every young author was wont to mutter—face turned from the emptiness of his pocket—when first he took up his pen.

“I believe that I am now going to work for the love of work, to create for the love of creation, to make alive what I call in my heart the truth for the love of the truth itself.”

You will find that in some old breviaries still; but the type is effete. It will be hard for you, if you are not versed in the study of these old forms of print, to make the meaning out. There was a profession of literature then, when the word trade would scarcely have been applicable, even in gentle, modest wit. But it is a trade

now ; the gentle, modest wit in such days as these is to call it a profession.

Where has the change come in ? What has brought it about ? Make a comparison, and the hidden cause is laid out openly before you. Compare the times of the immortal Johnson with his " *Rasselas* " and of Goldsmith with his " *Vicar of Wakefield* " with the days of our present authors, and the matter is held like a chemical salt in solution for your analysis. Johnson, beguiling his spare hours in a coffee tavern, fresh from the vain knocking at a patron's door, what, can one imagine, would be his burly criticism of our sleek and well-dressed author of to-day, whom a weary Society pampers at its lingering dinners ? Ears are too sensitive to listen to the invectives that he would have used. But there, in that comparison of the two positions that Society has offered in the past and is offering now, lies the answer to the whole matter.

So long as a man will write for the means of a livelihood there will remain the—Profession of Literature. But find him writing to support his town house and his country house, his carriage and his servants, to give a better dinner to Lord B. than Lord B. last gave to him, and in comes the Trade of Literature like a herd of cattle into a young field of corn, and away goes the growth of that great crop of true labour to the devil !

The need of money or its equivalent has been the need of mankind from the days when Jacob served his years of toil for the hand of Rachel ; but there is a strange and wonderful difference between the need of money and the need of more money than your neighbour and your neighbour's neighbour.

The man whose desire it is to live better in his possessions than they live who live around him is dead to the impulse of sincerity in any work he may struggle to perform. And this, in a word, is what the flattering patronage of Society has done for the author of to-day. Literature, so long as this lasts, must continue to be the trade that it has become. Consciously or subconsciously,

there must be in the mind of the man with these desires that ever-calculating eye upon the public whose purse he is about to spoil. The evolution of Society has been towards the bringing together of individuals, and so well has it succeeded that now, with all the dinners and all the lunches, all the parties and all the At Homes, it is well-nigh impossible for a man to find a moment to himself. Society has become too social and Literature has become a trade. How can one expect a profession of letters to breathe in such an atmosphere as this? The man who writes now writes for his friends, because it is from them he seduces his living. And what do his friends like? They like, first of all, to be amused; they like, secondly, to be shocked—that pleasing sense of wickedness that incurs no definite and disagreeable results, but is merely a tonic to enervated senses and emotions. With a coy and bashful playing at the game, they like to know the author, and call him a wicked man as they touch him with the tips of their fingers. They love to think that he is really as bad or possibly worse than they are themselves. But, with it all, he must be the essence of exotic refinement. He must never say exactly what he means; but they must know, they must understand. They must see it in his eye when next they meet him. But, above all and beyond all, he must at heart be kind and gentle to their vices. Have a slap at them? Oh, certainly—they love the dainty heart of flagellation.

With the evolution of Society this is what you find developed in the evolution of the man of letters. His conscience lies rotting in his purse, and that birthright of sincerity which he once possessed has long since been sold for the mess of popularity, when first the doors of the social world opened and swallowed him up. It is from writers who lived like the Brontës, their hearts and souls pressed up against life itself, with no calls from the outside world to distract their eyes from the concentration of gaze upon what they saw, that one finds the true Profession of Literature. And who reads "Jane Eyre" or "Wuthering Heights" now, excepting Mr. Clement Shorter?

4 *The Gentleman's Magazine*

The comparative fortunes that are being made in the writing of novels are drawing more writers, more publishers, into the mill-race year by year; and each one who takes the plunge does so with a more mercenary motive than the last. There is a small fortune to be made by the man who can swim the Channel—that is why so many attempts have been made. There is also the small fortune awaiting the author or the publisher who can stem the mill-race and reach that bank of popularity where the wild thyme of opulence grows in its apparent luxuriance.

The time will no doubt arrive when the successful author will turn himself into a limited liability company, and his shares, like bread, will float upon the markets—possibly returning to him after many days.

What an article on the Trade of Literature could the literary agent write! With his advent upon the scene came the death of that word Profession. The first man who started the business in London—whoever he may be—stands as a landmark dividing the provinces of Profession and Trade. The showman of your wares! If you stand and listen now, you will hear his importunate cry ringing through the market-place where all the barter of the day is made.

The Social Life of England's First Colony

THERE is no period of American history more interesting than that formative period in which the spirit of England gave a permanent direction to the spirit of all those communities that in time have come to make up the modern United States. It is this period which will find the most vivid commemoration at the approaching Jamestown tercentenary. Of all these colonial communities, the greatest was Virginia, whether it is regarded from the point of view of its wealth and

population, the extraordinary charm of its social life, or the celebrity of the men it gave to the Revolution. Never from the beginning of English colonisation has there been an offshoot of the Mother Country that so closely resembled the parent stock as Virginia did under English rule. This was due primarily to the fact that its people were drawn, not like the people of New England from one section of the English community, but from all sections. Had they been drawn from one section of that community, a section that conformed to an austere religious faith and supported a narrow social system, the people of Virginia would have grown, under the influence of their remote situation, more intense in these special characteristics, and as a consequence more out of sympathy with the English people at large. It was for this reason that the Puritanism of New England far surpassed in vigour and firmness the Puritanism of Old England. The Virginians, on the other hand, were types of Englishmen in general, and were, therefore, loyal to the Monarchy, faithful to the Anglican Church, and true to all the hearty and generous customs and habits of their English forefathers. The isolated situation of the colony and the secluded life of the plantations only confirmed these inherited traits.

What may be described as the national character of the English emigration to Virginia was observed from the beginning. Virginia was always looked upon with peculiar favour by the landed gentry of England, that class which constituted in those times, even more than it does in these, the bone, heart, and sinew of the Kingdom. Of the three hundred and twenty-five persons who signed the Charter of 1612, twenty-five were peers of the realm; one hundred and eleven, knights; sixty-six, esquires; and thirty, gentlemen, a designation which, at that period, had a meaning distinctive of a special social rank. Three-fourths of the stockholders of the London Company at this date belonged to the higher classes, and not less than one hundred and twenty of the incorporators had been or still were members of Parlia-

ment. With the moving spirits of the enterprise in the enjoyment of such an influential position in society, it followed quite naturally that a very large proportion of those who went out to Virginia even during the first period of its colonisation were men who, in their native communities, were entitled to particular social consideration by birth, breeding, and education, if not from the possession of wealth. Of the one hundred persons who accompanied the expedition of 1606, the earliest of all, the names of fifty-four were entered in the records as those of "gentlemen." There were thirty-three persons of that class in a total company of one hundred and twenty who emigrated with the First Supply, and twenty-nine in a total company of seventy who emigrated with the Second. The proportion going out with the Third was perhaps even higher. All the lists of persons whose names were, in later times, entered in the surviving ship-papers as voyagers to Virginia show that the proportion of representatives of the English gentler classes seeking new homes in the colony continued to be almost as notable as it was in the early years.

How prominent socially were the English family connections of some of these colonial Virginians can be shown by the enumeration of a few names confined to one century only—the seventeenth. Among the members of the General Assembly of 1619, the first to be convened in the colony, were Francis West, a brother of Lord De La Warr; Thomas Powlett, a brother of Baron Powlett; John Jackson, or Juxon, a close kinsman of the famous prelate who received the last words of Charles I. on the scaffold; Walter Shelley, a member of the family afterwards made illustrious by the great poet of that name; John Povy, a former member of Parliament, and Sir George Yeardley, who had been knighted for eminent services. At one time or another in the course of the same century, there played a controlling part in the affairs of the Colony such men as George Percy, brother of the Earl of Northumberland; Sir Thomas Fleming, supposed to be the second son of the Earl of Wigton; Henry

Fleet, the grandson of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the rebel, and great-great-grandson of Thomas Brooke, Lord Cobham; George Thorpe, nephew of Sir George Mason; William Strachey, a descendant of Sir John Strachey; William Davison, son of the Secretary of State in Elizabeth's reign; Henry Spelman, son of Sir Henry Spelman, the antiquarian; Thomas Willoughby, nephew of Sir Percy Walliton; Walter Aston, brother of Baron Aston; Maurice Thompson, father of the first Baron Habersham; Giles Allington, near kinsman of the Baron Allington of that day; William Claiborne, whose brother had married a daughter of Sir Richard Lowther of Lowther Castle; Adam Thorogood, a brother of Sir John Thorogood of Kensington, a leading figure at Court; Henry Finch, a brother of Lord Keeper Finch; Thomas Booth, a cousin of the Earl of Warrington; Henry Woodhouse, a near relative of Lord Bacon, the famous Chancellor; Richard Morryson, a brother-in-law of Lord Falkland of the Civil Wars; George Reade, the grandson of Secretary-of-State Windebank; Richard Bennett, a cousin of Lord Arlington of the Cabal; Nathaniel Littleton, a brother of the Lord Chief Justice of that name; Richard Lee, a descendant of the Earls of Litchfield; Ralph Wormeley, sprung from Sir John de Wormeley of Hadfield; Edward Digges, son of Sir Dudley Digges, Master of the Rolls and Ambassador to Russia; Sir Henry Chicheley, son of Sir Henry Chicheley of Wimpole, Cambridgeshire; Thomas Welsford, son of Sir Thomas Welsford, who lost his life for the cause of the King; Sir Thomas Lunsford, Sir Phillip Honeyman, Sir Dudley Wyatt, Sir Grey Skipwith—all supporters of the Monarch in the Civil Wars; John and Lawrence Washington, whose uncle had married the sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; Henry Isham, nephew of Sir Edward Brett, who had been knighted by Charles I. for extraordinary services; Thomas and Philip Ludwell, great-nephews of Lord Cottington; George Brent, grandson of Sir John Peyton of Doddington; John Clarke, son of Sir John Clarke of Wrotham, Kent; Miles Cary, the

cousin of Lord Hunsdon; Edmund Jennings, son of Sir Edmund Jennings of Ripon, Yorkshire; George Luke, a grandson of Sir Samuel Luke, the prototype of Hudibras; Nicholas Spencer, son of Lady Armiger, and grandson of Sir Edward Gastwick; Joseph Woorey, a nephew of Sir John Yeamans of Bristol; Peter Heyman, grandson of Sir Peter Heyman of Kent; Lancelot Bathurst, son of Sir Edward Bathurst of Gloucestershire; Samuel Matthews, the son-in-law of Sir Thomas Hinton; Christopher Calthorpe, grandson of Sir James Calthorpe, and a connection by marriage of the Viscounts Longueville; Richard Kemp, a nephew of Sir Robert Kemp of Gissing in Suffolk; William Bernard, brother of Sir Robert Bernard; Robert Lytcott, son of Sir John Lytcott; Robert Throckmorton, a near kinsman of Sir William Throckmorton; Nathaniel Bacon, Sr., grandson of Sir James Bacon, and great-great-nephew of the famous Chancellor and philosopher; George Ludlow, a cousin of General Edward Ludlow, the celebrated Parliamentary officer; Rowland Place, a son-in-law of Sir John Brookes of Yorkshire; and Sir John Peyton, a direct descendant of Sir Thomas Osborne, the founder of the family now in the enjoyment of the ducal title of Leeds.

Many of the prominent families of Virginia in colonial times were sprung directly from the English squirearchy, that great class whose principal members occupied the most conspicuous seats in the English parish churches, filled the offices of vestryman and magistrate, owned the bulk of the land, resided in manor houses which their forefathers had inherited, and generation after generation represented their shires in Parliament. Among their Virginian descendants in the seventeenth century were such men as Leonard Yeo, of the Yeos, near Totness; John Lear, of the Lears of Devonshire; Walter Broadhurst, of the Broadhursts of Shropshire; Robert Peachey, of the Peacheyes of Milden Hall, Suffolk; George Evelyn, of the famous Evelyns of Wotton; Gawen Corbin, of the Corbins of Hall's End in Warwickshire; John Page, of

the Pages of Bedfont, near Harrow-on-the-Hill; John Ashton, of the Ashtons of Spalding in Lincolnshire; William Burwell, of the Burwells in Bedfordshire; Robert Beverley, of the family which had given their name to Beverley in Yorkshire; John Carter, conjectured to be of the Carters of Herefordshire; and William Fitzhugh, of the Fitzhughs of Bedfordshire. To this same class belonged the numerous cavalier military officers who took refuge in Virginia when the Puritans obtained the supremacy in England, such as Captain William Bassett, Majors Philip Stevens, John Brodnax, and Richard Fox, Colonels Guy Molesworth, Joseph Bridger, George Lyddall, George Mason, Gerard Fowke, and Henry Norwood, and General Mainwaring Hammond; and among civilians, Anthony Langston, Henry Bishop, Alexander Culpeper, Jeremiah Harrison, who married the daughter of the man who had saved the life of Charles II. after Worcester, by hiding him in the oak of Boscobel, and Thomas Woodward, late assay-master in the Royal Mint.

Nor was a connection with the more intellectual classes of England wanting in the colony even in the early part of its history. Charles Harwar was a cousin of John Harwar, professor of the Greek language in Oxford University; Thomas Batte was the son of Robert Batte, vice-master of University College at the same great seat of learning; Christopher Robinson was a brother or son of John Robinson, Bishop of London; Isaac Bargrave was the brother of a Dean of Canterbury; Peter Montague was the second cousin of Richard Montague, Bishop of Chichester and Norwich; Bishop Porteus, of London, was a son of a leading planter of Virginia; William Randolph was a cousin of the poet Randolph; and Robert Crashaw, of the poet Crashaw.

Many of the most conspicuous families of colonial Virginia traced their descent from English merchants who were interested in the trade with the colony; while perhaps an even greater number traced their descent from English merchants who had no connection with this trade. One of the earliest aspirations to arise in the breast of an

Englishman of those times beginning to win success in his business was to own a country estate, a feeling that sprang not only from the immemorial love of rural occupations and amusements characterising the English people as a body, but also from a desire for the increased social consideration which property of this kind has always conferred in England. It was in the power of the prosperous merchant to purchase land for himself in one of the English shires, which naturally he would prefer, but it was not always in his power to purchase land for all his sons. An opening was presented in Virginia for establishing some of these sons as landowners at a much smaller expense than that involved in establishing them in England; and the wisdom of doing so seemed increased when the father recalled that the colony was from every point of view a mere corner of the Mother Country, that the habits of the higher planting class were the habits of the English rural gentry, and that the whole tone of the social life there was practically the same as that prevailing in every English county.

From the time when the first voyagers landed on Jamestown Island, all the caste distinctions peculiar to English social life arose in Virginia and lasted, with a vigour that only increased with time, down to the close of the colonial age. On no occasion were these social distinctions ignored, simply because, under the influence of inherited feeling and habit, the Virginians tacitly recognised and acted upon differences in social rank. "I was born a gentleman," Cromwell once exclaimed while addressing Parliament, "and in the old social arrangement of a nobleman, a gentleman, and a yeoman, I see a good interest of the nation and a great one." There was no order of nobility in the colony, but the line of demarcation between the gentleman and the yeoman, and between the yeoman and the agricultural servant, was as sharply drawn there as it was in England between the same classes. From the point of view of social spirit and observances, it was as if some great English shire had, with its entire population, been moved bodily oversea.

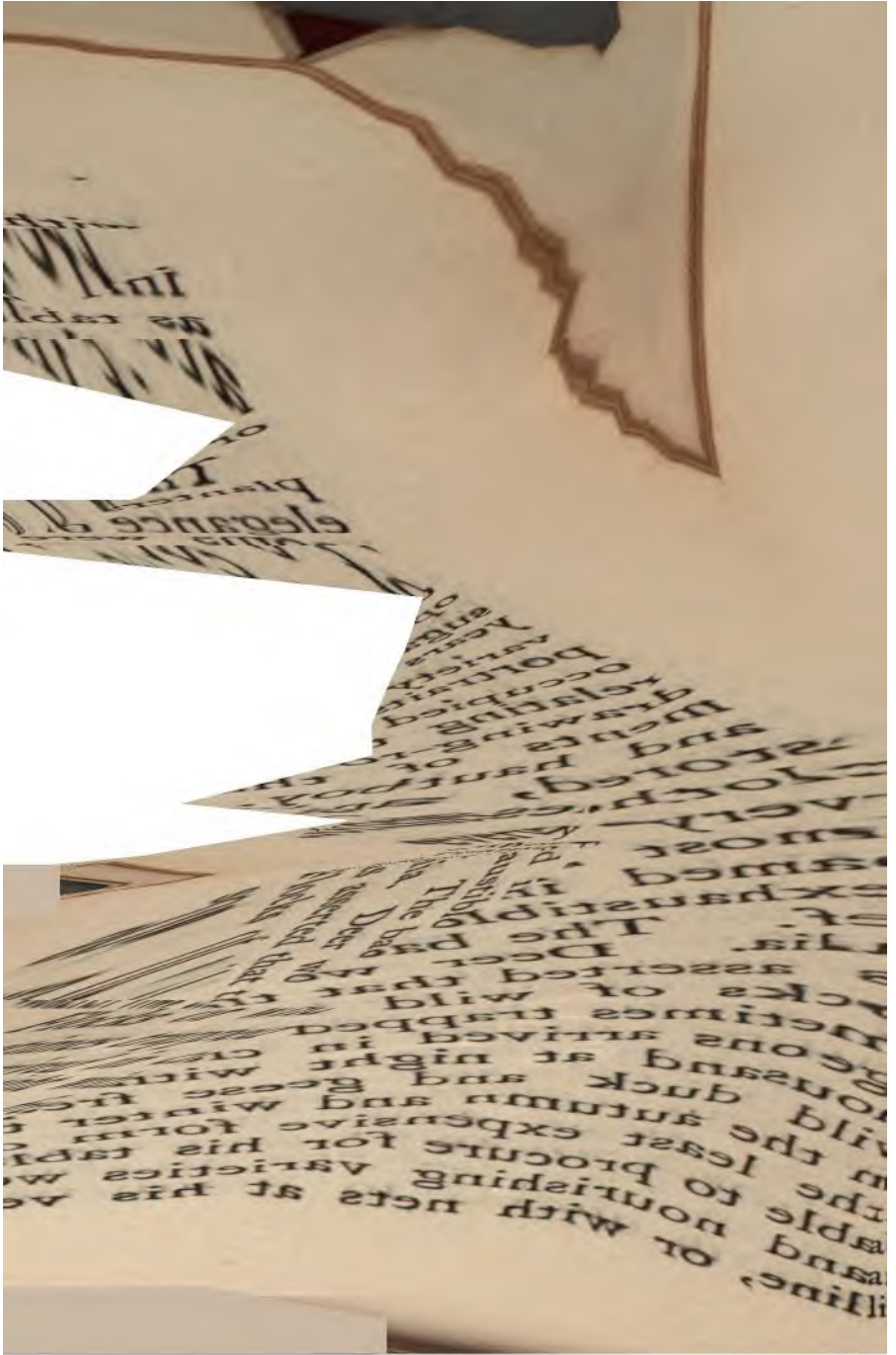
In no respect whatever, except in its agriculture, was Virginia a community which, like some of the modern Australasian colonies, had developed along lines peculiar to itself. It is true that Virginia, unlike the Mother Country, had adopted the institution of slavery, but in the colonial age the influence of slavery hardly differed from the influence of indentured service, which had long been established in England. Indentured service was service for a term; slavery was service for life. In emigrating to Virginia, Englishmen of the gentle classes did not for a moment expect that they would have to leave behind all the social privileges and customs to which they had been born. That colony was not looked upon by them as a new country; it was simply an outlying possession, like Guernsey or Jersey; and in going thither, such emigrants saw no more reason why they should abandon all the opinions which they entertained of the true constitution of society than if they were about to make a visit to Devon or Hampshire, where clear gradations in social rank had been recognised for a thousand years. They found there not only the law of primogeniture in force, but the coat-of-arms in use. The English ancestry of the Virginians of social prominence was as well known as that of an equal number of Englishmen of high position in the same age. They could follow their genealogical descent with the same degree of accuracy and precision. In using coats-of-arms they were merely doing what their forefathers had done before them in England, and what the founder of each of their families had done before he went to Virginia. It appeared to them as much a matter of course to use such coats-of-arms as if they were still seated in Norfolk or Surrey, Westmorland or Sussex. They stamped these coats-of-arms on their silver plate and the panels of their coaches. Their armorial bearings were carved on their imported tombstones. Many of these costly tombstones, with armorial bearings deeply cut in their surface, still survive in Virginia to mark the site where a colonial home once stood; in the vicissitudes of war and revolution, perhaps, the

house itself has been destroyed and the ancient family which once occupied it dispersed far and wide; but the tombstones, with timeworn coats-of-arms and legends, remain to point silently to an era when the social customs of England, inherited from a remote past, followed the Virginians even after they had been consigned to the dust.

The law of primogeniture was never carried so far in Virginia as in England, but in the eighteenth century it seems to have been in general operation, with the effect, in the colony as in the Mother Country, of maintaining the importance of the family name by concentrating the bulk of the family's wealth in the possession of its head. The home of the family seems always to have descended to the eldest son, even when the father's estate, which consisted, as a rule, of land, negroes and livestock, was divided equally among the children. Under the influence of this custom, the most famous residences of Virginia remained for generations in the hands of the same family; such residences, for instance, to name only a few, as Shirley, which belonged to the Carters; Stratford, to the Lees; Westover, to the Byrds; Gunston Hall, to the Masons; Carter Hall, to the Burwells; Turkey Island to the Randolphs; and Lower Brandon to the Harrisons. Many of these ancient homes bore the names long associated with the homes of the same families in England before their emigration, such as Exeter Lodge, Hewick, Ravensworth, Chatterton, Drayton, Rolleston Hall, and the like.

This fond turning to the Mother Country forms one of the most remarkable characteristics of the Virginians throughout the colonial period. Persons of all classes invariably spoke of England as home, although the great majority had never seen the ancient cities and green fields of their ancestral land oversea. We find the term used even in the driest business letters and in the most formal legal documents. If we judge by the number of licences recorded (for in those times no one was allowed to leave the colony without the permission of the county court)

the number of Virginians who, chiefly for purposes of business, crossed the ocean to visit the country of their forefathers was as great at that day as it is at this, a form of intercourse which must have strengthened their inherited affection for it. We discover the same feeling cropping out in many ways. Not only was there a constant exchange of letters with English kindred, but also an equally constant exchange of gifts in proof of good will. The Virginian planter, for instance, would send an English relative a choice assortment of walnuts and hickory nuts, slips of sassafras, pawpaw, and sumac, or a barrel of cider expressed from apples in his own orchard. Or perhaps the gift would be a cardinal redbird, the nightingale of Virginia, or the mocking-bird with its echoes of the entire choir of the colonial forests, or the flying squirrel or opossum, or the raccoon, which the early settlers took for a species of monkey. In return, the Virginian received gooseberry and currant shoots, or the seeds or roots of iris, crocus, tulip, anemone or hollyhock, or a cask of claret or Madeira, or the last volumes of Prior, Addison, or Swift, or the last prints of Hogarth. The same affectionate recognition of the ties of blood or friendship was exhibited in numerous bequests from Virginian kindred to English or the reverse. The English generally took the form of silver having a family interest; but bequests of specific sums of money were not uncommon. Similar was the general character of the Virginian's bequests to his English kin; and sometimes he left a large amount of tobacco to be divided among the poor of some English parish with which his forefathers had been long identified. The number of young Virginians, both in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, educated in England testified to the same feeling of attachment to the Mother Country. It was also reflected in the loving regard for old English customs, such, for instance, as the bequest by will of large sums to be devoted to the purchase of mourning rings for distribution among the surviving friends of the testator; or the endowment by the same instrument of certain articles



shellfish could be scraped up by the bushel from the bottom of the nearest tidal creek or inlet. So extraordinary was the quantity of apples, peaches, pears, and plums produced in the orchard that the mere droppings from the trees constituted an important part of the food used in fattening hogs. Grapes grew wild in every woodland brake, or in the corners of the plantation fences, while strawberries spread luxuriantly over the surface of every abandoned field. The cool and dark intervals between the stalks of the exuberant Indian corn were yellow in the autumn with huge pumpkins, or green in early summer with the running vines of the black-eye pea. Irish and sweet potatoes flourished in every garden, as did the water and musk-melon. In hominy, the roasting ear, and the pone the people of Virginia possessed varieties of nourishing food entirely unknown in the Old World. Extraordinary quantities of walnuts, chestnuts, and hazel and hickory nuts were found growing wild. Honey, both wild and domestic, existed in abundance. Hardly a cellar was lacking in a butt of home-made cider. Perry expressed from pears, punch brewed with West Indian rum or native apple or peach brandy, claret, and Rhenish or the Island wines were among the most popular varieties of beverages. It is an interesting fact that not only in the residences of the wealthy planters, but also in all the taverns, the finest French, Spanish, and Portuguese wines were kept for consumption by guests or patrons.

With spacious dwelling-houses, beautiful furniture, valuable plate, fine clothes, costly ornaments, and varied and abundant food and liquors, it was only to be expected that the leading citizens of Virginia in the colonial age would be as hospitable as their English kinsfolk who were in the possession of the same advantages of fortune. By the eighteenth century, sufficient time had passed to allow of a great increase in the number of slaves born in Virginia who had enjoyed every opportunity of receiving a careful training under the roofs of their masters. The trouble of entertaining was thus greatly lessened. In the quiet life of the plantation, the presence of guests made

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a break in the monotony, and no limit was ever fixed for their stay. The habit of constantly exchanging visits was encouraged by the ease in getting from house to house; with hardly an exception, the principal homes were situated on large bodies of water, or on navigable streams leading to such bodies; a single sailing vessel, passing from wharf to wharf, was able to pick up a large company of pleasure seekers, and in a short time, if tide and weather were favourable, carry them off to some residence from twenty to forty miles away in order to attend a ball or a wedding. The hospitality of the planters was extended even to strangers. A traveller in the course of his journey was not only not called upon to pay anything for food and lodging, but was also received everywhere as if he were conferring a favour by stopping on his way. It was said by one who knew the colony well that such a traveller needed no other recommendation than the fact that he was a "human creature"; that if he was in want of a shelter and a meal, he had but to inquire of any one he met the road to the nearest gentleman's seat; and that on his arrival, should the master be absent, he was certain to find that the servants had been given orders to set before him as a stranger the very best the plantation afforded.

The general diversions of the people differed but little from those of Englishmen in that age. Governor Berkeley declared, about the middle of the seventeenth century, that Virginia was "as sober and temperate a colony, considering their qualities, as was ever sent out of England"; by which he meant that the planters were less than their English kinsmen of the same rank; and this was probably true, for we fail to find in colonial records any accounts comparable to the excesses of John Evelyn, the diarist, who, on at least several occasions, notes that, at houses which he was then visiting, it was the custom to ply the servants of guests with liquor until they became thoroughly intoxicated. In Virginia, whenever a number of gentlemen assembled, the first business was to appraise the value of an estate, or to

pass judgment upon the sufficiency of a new bridge, or to hear causes in court, a large quantity of spirits was always supplied at public expense to quench their thirst. Many a citizen had to pay dearly for this free and generous style of life, for gout was as common a disease in the colony as in England itself. It was not always at their own tables or in taverns that the Virginians of those early times laid the ground for the inroads of such physical ills. As early as 1670, four of the wealthiest planters of Westmoreland county agreed to build a banqueting hall, in which, in succession, each of the parties to the contract was, on a stated date, annually, to give a great feast for the enjoyment of all the parties, their wives, sweethearts and friends. The monthly meetings on the courthouse green and the quarterly meetings in the muster-field were marked by a good deal of drunken revelry. Dancing was one of the most popular amusements; so was play-acting in private drawing-rooms; so also were games of tenpins played in alleys next to the residence, or in rooms under the roof of the residence itself; so also were card-playing and throwing dice. But the most popular of all pastimes, at least out of doors, was the horse race. This was considered in the seventeenth century to be so exclusively the sport for gentlemen that persons with no claim to that social rank were not permitted to participate in it beyond being mere spectators. In 1673, a tailor, who resided in York county, was fined one hundred pounds of tobacco for his presumption in running his mare for a stake of two thousand pounds of the same commodity in a race with a horse belonging to a planter of unquestioned social position. The principal race-courses were kept in good condition from generation to generation, and were as well known in the colony as Newmarket or Goodwood in the Old Country.

There is no evidence in the surviving records to show that the colonial Virginians resembled their English kinsmen of this period in finding pleasure in such cruel pastimes as bull-baiting and bear-baiting. A partial explanation of this fact is perhaps to be discovered in the

ability of every person, whatever his station in life, to gratify a taste for hunting even large game, since the wild animals of the country continued numerous throughout the colonial period, owing to the thick forests covering so large a part of the surface of the land. Nowhere was this form of diversion pursued with more ardour and success than in Virginia in those early times. There were the bear and panther, the wolf and wild cat in the remoter counties; and the fox, hare and raccoon in the more thickly settled ones. Deer were to be found in every lowland or upland brake, and hounds were carefully trained to follow them. But perhaps the most exciting sport lay in the pursuit and capture of the wild horses and wild cattle which roamed in herds in every part of the colony. The gun was chiefly used for the destruction of the numerous game birds haunting the fields, woods and streams. Partridges, pigeons and turkeys frequented the upland fields and forests; the duck and goose, snipe, plover, and sora the waters along the coast, or the shores of the lower reaches of the great rivers flowing into the Chesapeake Bay. These varieties of wild fowl, some of which remained throughout the year, others only during the autumn and winter, were never seriously depleted in spite of the persistency with which they were hunted from decade to decade; and this was also true of the different kinds of game fish, whose pursuit offered equal opportunities for exciting diversion, whether caught with hook and line by day, or speared by torchlight at night.

A people resembling the Virginians of the colonial age, who occupied a country so blessed with natural advantages of every sort, and who had inherited the disposition of their English forefathers to enjoy all the pleasures and diversions of life to the utmost, were not likely to show any marked favour for the austere religious faith of the Puritans. And yet with all their love of sport and amusement, and with all their zealous cultivation of the liberal, generous, and bountiful side of life, the Virginians of these early times showed on every appropriate occasion a true and unaffected reverence for religion. The days

set apart by public proclamation for thanksgiving or humiliation were as numerous and as piously observed in the colony as in the Mother Country. Such a day might be in commemoration of some frightful massacre by the Indians half a century back, or in deprecation of the Divine anger, supposed to be displayed in some terrible epidemic then raging among the members of all classes, or an expression of popular gratitude for abundant crops, or for victory over a common foe. There were few wills in which terms of deep faith in God and his goodness were omitted; and the same spirit was reflected in the number of special bequests of pious books, such, for instance, as the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Saints' Everlasting Rest," "Whole Duty of Man," and "The Practice of Piety"—books which were as popular in colonial Virginia as in England. Indeed, there were few libraries in the colony which did not contain a copy of each. The same spirit was shown in the number of gifts made for the benefit of the poor, or the Church, in the strict measures for the repression of drunkenness, profanity, defamation, and bastardy, but, above all, in the almost Puritan regulations for the preservation of the sacred character of the Sabbath. The most trivial violations of that day were punished, and a heavy fine imposed for failure to attend religious services. Mainly for the purpose of guarding the moral health of the people, parishes were marked out early in the seventeenth century, vestries elected, and churchwardens appointed. Such ecclesiastical offices were filled by men who were the foremost in the colony for ability, character, and wealth. Besides being the conservators of the public morals, they were looked up to as the models of all that was most worthy of imitation in personal deportment and general conduct. It was one of the happiest features of that early society that each community possessed in its vestry a body of citizens who were prompted by every instinct of birth, education, and fortune, as well as by every dictate of their official duty, to set the people at large a good example in all the affairs of life.

Many of the colonial churches of Virginia are still in existence, and are as interesting monuments of the past as those of the same age now to be found in England. Perhaps the two which are best preserved are those standing at Corotoman and Smithfield. The church at Smithfield was built early in the seventeenth century, and in the perfection of its architectural details bears silent testimony to the thoroughness of the organisation distinguishing the colonial system quite from the beginning. The spectator, in looking at this fine edifice, which would appear far more "natural" if seen standing on the banks of the Thames or Severn, finds it hard to bring home to his mind that it was probably erected within a quarter of a century after the foundation of Jamestown. Immemorial oaks instead of yews embower its roof and moss-covered tombstones, while the quiet of the surrounding forest seems only to deepen those memories of the past which hover so thickly about the spot. Every one of these colonial churches was in the possession of a handsome communion service—chalice, plate and altar-cloth—presented generally by some wealthy planter residing in the parish, but in some instances by the King himself. The presiding clergymen were, with barely an exception, natives of England or Scotland, who had taken their degrees at English or Scotch Universities, and after receiving ordination at the hands of the Bishop of London, had emigrated to Virginia, with the assured prospect of obtaining preferment there. If there was any laxity in the general conduct of these clergymen, it was a laxity condoned by the spirit of the Anglican Church in that age. There is, however, no proof that as a body they were unfaithful to the sacred nature of their calling. Even if they had no higher motive, the fact that they enjoyed no freehold title in their benefices, but were simply hired from year to year, was in itself sufficient to make them circumspect in action and bearing.

The military system of colonial Virginia was based exclusively on a militia, but it was at every period carefully organised as a protection against Indian invasion,

the only form of attack which was constantly threatened. To guard against such incursions, every freeman above a certain age was required to perform military service. There were certain features of the plantation life which animated every youth with some of the spirit of a soldier long before he was summoned for the first time to take part in martial exercises in the muster-field, or to accompany military expeditions to the frontiers. First of all, it was a life passed principally in the open air without regard to the season of the year. The biting cold of winter, the relaxing heats of summer, the drenching downpour of spring—all these the young Virginian had, from his early boyhood, been accustomed to endure, and they had only served to harden his frame. From the time he could shoulder a fowling-piece, he had been in the habit of using fire-arms. At an early age he not only acquired all the skill of a practised marksman, but he also learned the craft of the accomplished woodsman. His pursuit of the hare, fox and deer during the day, and of the coon and opossum after nightfall, prepared his sinews for the weary marches in which, at a later date, he was to take part for the destruction of the savage foe. And finally, the hardy Virginian boy had from very early years been in the habit of riding horses without any emotion of fear, however wild in spirit they might be. A large part of his life was passed on horseback, and if he elected, when he reached the military age, to become a member of a cavalry troop, he soon showed that he was as much at home in the saddle as the oldest and most daring of his comrades.

It was service in the Corps of Frontier Rangers that made the strongest appeal to the taste of the young Virginians. The freedom, the freshness, and the remoteness of the primeval woods were all the special property of this fine body of men. Passing day after day through the intricacies of the pathless forests, which were now clothed in the thick foliage of spring and summer, and now stripped naked by the winds of the late autumn and winter, they were always changing their surroundings, and

thus escaped the monotony of scene and occupation which rendered stagnant the ordinary existence of the soldiers belonging to the garrisons. Apart from the possibility of encountering the Indians as they advanced from hill to hill and valley to valley under that vast roof of green leaves or bare branches, they were constantly starting up game, which afforded not only sport for the moment but food for the daily meal. The bear, the deer, the wild turkey, the pheasant, each must have hourly crossed the paths of these wandering guardsmen, and it required the motion of a second only to unsling the carbine and empty its contents into the flying quarry. Such a company, mounted on their spirited plantation horses, and dressed in the buckskin costume of the frontier as that best adapted to stand the hard wear, must have presented a remarkable spectacle as they moved along through those remote scenes. There was a romantic wildness about their situation, a silent grandeur in their environment, independently of the mere picture formed by their own procession, which at times must have impressed the dullest mind among them.

The Virginians, throughout the colonial period, were distinguished pre-eminently for their loyalty to the throne. Nowhere else in the British dominions in that age was there a deeper reverence for the principle represented by the King, although some of the monarchs had given much cause for popular dissatisfaction oversea. This was the case particularly with the Stuarts, from the first to the second James, and yet, when news of Charles's death on the scaffold reached Virginia the General Assembly boldly denounced that act as a murder, and declared that, should any person in the Colony justify it, he was to be taken as an accessory and punished accordingly. Any one daring to question the right of Charles II. to succeed his father was pronounced guilty of treason. No dictate of prudence, no weak leaning towards a side simply because it was victorious, was allowed to influence these zealous supporters of the principle of royalty now in a state of eclipse. The restoration of Charles II. was

acclaimed throughout the Colony by the blowing of trumpets and the beating of drums, by tumultuous cheering and deep potations. Such was the exuberant spirit in which the accession of every subsequent King was celebrated, and the same joyful acclaim was indulged in whenever the news arrived of the birth of an heir to the monarch. "The New Englanders," declared one of the first public men of Virginia during the seventeenth century, "imagine great felicity in their form of government, civil and ecclesiastic, under which they are trained up to disobedience to the Crown and Church of England; but the Virginians would think their lives very unhappy to be obliged to accept of and live under a government so constituted." There were certain expressions in common use which reveal the unconscious loyalty of the people. The justices of the county court, for instance, were always spoken of as "His Majesty's Justices"; it was "His Majesty's peace" which the criminal broke, and if a body was discovered on the highway the report of the inquest always began: "His Majesty having lost a subject, a man this day being found dead."

But a more remarkable proof of the loyal feeling was presented in the names which were given the new counties created from decade to decade throughout the Colonial age. Of the eight original shires, three were respectively named after James the First and his sons, Henry and Charles. Elizabeth City took its name from his daughter, afterwards Queen of Bohemia, and Princess Anne from the daughter of James the Second; William and Mary were remembered in the names given to King William, Prince William, and King and Queen Counties. There was both a "King George" and a "Prince George," while further honour was done to the House of Hanover by naming counties after Queens Caroline and Charlotte, Prince Edward, and Princesses Amelia and Augusta. Other counties which took their names from the same dynasty were Mecklenburg, Hanover, Brunswick, Lunenburg, and Cumberland. Glancing at the map of Virginia to-day, it is easy for one to fix the general date of the

first settlement of each tier of counties simply by the royal names which these counties bear, and during the course of one hundred and thirty years of republican institutions there has never been any suggestion that these names should be changed.

Nowhere else in America does there survive a population so thoroughly English in descent as that which inhabits the older parts of Virginia to-day. This is due to the fact that the purity of the English blood of the original settlers has not been adulterated by that large Continental immigration which has made of the people of all the Northern States a composite people. The institution of Slavery diverted this stream before the war of Secession, and the presence of the free negro has diverted it since. England in her most fertile and affluent hour never gave birth to a nobler pattern of the Cavalier than Robert Edward Lee, or of the Roundhead than Stonewall Jackson. These men were but the flower of a people who, as a whole, belonged to one or the other of these transmitted types of English character, unmodified by nearly a century of independence, or by the intervention of thousands of miles of sea. It seems singularly appropriate that, when England comes to participate in the celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of her great colony, it will be on the soil of a State which, in spite of the influence of different institutions, continues to produce great men after the English model, and which, in spite of the changes brought about by the calamities of War and Revolution, continues to cherish so many of the social ideas and customs inherited from England in the colonial age.

The Admirable Crichton

SOME of us may have read in our hot youth a work too indigestible for later years, "Crichton, a Romance," by Harrison Ainsworth. Murder, battle and gallantry fill its pages; "Look to thyself,

vile braggart," is a typical remark. From early years a vision of a picture in the illustrated edition remains with the present writer, representing a handsome youth in a pseudo-Charles I. costume swinging by one hand outside a castle window—probably lattice—a true image of the style and character of the novel itself. Yet the preface and appendices, which we then doubtless passed over, contain matter so interesting, presented in a form so attractive, as to win praise for their author in that modern Westminster Abbey of the English dead, in which Crichton and Ainsworth lie together, the "Dictionary of National Biography." But not even Ainsworth's Crichton is as romantic a figure as the original, and since the "Dictionary" mentions as Crichton's "latest biographer" a writer the second edition of whose works appeared in 1823, while the latest periodical essay on the subject appeared more than forty years ago, there seems to be room for another sketch of his career—that "crowded hour of glorious life" which was to send the name of the Admirable Crichton as a type and a proverb down to unnumbered generations.

James Crichton, eldest son of the Lord Advocate Robert Crichton of Eliock and Elizabeth Stewart (a lady connected with the Tudor sovereigns as well as with the royal family whose name she bore, and aunt of the "bonnie Earl of Moray" of the ballads), was born on August 19, 1560, either at Eliock or at the castle of Cluny, a property inherited by the Lord Advocate from Bishop George Crichton. This redoubtable prelate, the successor of Gawain Douglas in the see of Dunkeld, is described as "a man nobly disposed, very hospitable, and a magnificent housekeeper, but in matters of religion not much skilled"—a statement borne out by his remark to one of his vicars that "he thanked God he knew neither the New nor the Old Testament, and yet had prospered well enough all his days." The young Crichton, heir to the traditions of this varied and interesting ancestry, had already been to school for

some years when, at the age of ten, he was entered at the University of St. Andrews as a pupil of George Buchanan, along with the young James VI. and other boys of noble race. Having taken his B.A. in March 1573-4, and his M.A. early in 1575, Crichton devoted the next three years to general learning, which, in his case, as we know from a MS. of 1625, now in the Advocates' Library, included the study of grammar, politics, rhetoric, philosophy, theology, and language. But a violent quarrel with his father on the question of religion ensued, the son remaining faithful to the Catholic party and a champion of Mary Queen of Scots, that *ærumnosissimæ simul et beatissimæ Reginae*, "most woful & most blessed Queen," as Aldus called her in his dedication of a volume of his Cicero to Crichton in 1582, while Robert Crichton, for interest's sake, espoused the cause of Protestantism. James Crichton therefore went abroad, and, as a Scotchman, turned his steps to France. At the age of eighteen already a paragon, gifted with beauty of body and great intellectual powers, his mind was trained to extraordinary acuteness in dispute, and his linguistic prowess was only rivalled by his skill in the exercises of chivalry. Nor was the Paris of Catherine de Medici slow to admire and appreciate this mirror of knighthood, as we learn from the singular volume of Sir Thomas Urquhart, the translator of Rabelais, whose title-page, here transcribed *verbatim*, is a key to the eccentricity of the book :

ΕΚΣΚΥΒΑΛΛΑΥΡΟΝ,

or the Discovery of a most exquisite Jewel more precious than Diamonds inched in Gold, the like whereof was never seen in any Age : found in the Kennel of *Worcester Street*, the Day after the Fight, and six before the Autumnal Equinox, *Anno 1651*. Serving in this place, to frontal a Vindication of the Honour of Scotland, from that infamy, whereinto the rigid *Presbyterian Party* of that Nation, out of their Covetousness and Ambition, most dissembledly hath involved it.

<i>Voc.</i>	<i>Nom.</i>	<i>1 abl.</i>	<i>2 abl.</i>	<i>dat.</i>
O thou'rt	a Book	in truth	with love	to many,
<i>3 abl</i>	<i>4 abl</i>	<i>acc.</i>		<i>gen.</i>
Done by	and for	the free'st	spoke	Scot of any.

This extraordinary work, containing biographies of Scotchmen who had won distinction abroad, as well as an original proposal for a Universal Language, is prefaced by a fictitious account of how the MS. was picked up in the streets of Worcester, while its Royalist owner escaped through the connivance of friends. Though doubtless overcoloured, it seems to contain a substantially true account of certain episodes in Crichton's life, so disguised by the author's picturesque and often incredible phraseology as to leave in the mind of the reader an impression of "romancing," chiefly due to this Rabelaisian manner. Wonders lose their wonder (and Crichton, it must be admitted, much of his interest), translated into the bald narrative of Tytler.

According to Urquhart, then, whose spelling and punctuation are here carefully preserved, Paris received the paragon with open arms. His acquirements lost nothing in the telling. We read that

He was reported to have been enriched with a memory so prodigious, that any sermon, speech, harangue, or other manner of discourse of an hour's continuance, he was able to recite, without hesitation, after the same manner of gesture and pronunciation, in all points, wherewith it was delivered at first: and of so stupendious a judgment and conception, that almost naturally he understood quiddities of philosophy: and as for the abstrusest and most researched mysteries of other disciplines, arts, and faculties, the intentional species of them were as readily obvious to the interior view and perspicacity of his mind, as those of the common visible collours to the external sight of him that will open his eyes to look upon them.

In Paris, that "most populous and magnificent city," according to the (alas! unsupported) account of the same writer, Crichton issued a handbill challenging every learned man of them all

to repair at nine of the clock in the morning of such a day, month and year, as by computation came to be just six weeks after the date of the affixes, to the common school of the colledge of Navarre, where (at the prefixed time) he should (God willing) be ready to answer; to what should be propounded to him concerning any science, liberal art, discipline, or faculty, practical or theoretick, not excluding the theological nor jurisprudential habits, though grounded but upon the testimonies

of God and man, and that in any of these twelve languages, Hebrew, Syriack, Arabick, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, and Slavonian, in either verse or prose, at the discretion of the disputant.

As a result of the challenge,

all the choicest and most profound philosophers, mathematicians, naturalists, medicines, alchymists, apothecaries, surgeons, doctors of both civil and canon law, and divines both for contraversies and positive doctrine, together with the primest grammarians, rhetoricians, logicians, and others, professors of other arts and disciplines at Paris, plyed their studys in their private cells, for the space of a month, exceeding hard, and with huge paines and labour set all their braines awork, how to contrive the knurriest¹ arguments, and most difficult questions could be devised, thereby to puzzle him in the resolving of them, meander him in his answers, put him out of his medium and drive him to a *nonplus*.

These "eminent sparks of the university" thought themselves secure, because, while they were "setting all their braines awork," Crichton was enjoying life in Paris, engaging in the sports of the tiltyard and the dalliance of the antechamber, "tasting a jovial cup in the company of Bacchanalian blades, and plying closer the courting of handsome ladies." On the appointed day, however, Crichton,

having first transcendently acquitted himself of that circumstantial oratory, that, by well-couched periods, and neatly running syllables, in all the twelve languages, both in verse and prose, he expressed to the life his courtship and civility, some metaphysical notions were set abroad, then mathematical; and of those arithmetical, geometrical, astronomical, musical, optical, cosmographical, trigonometrical, statical, and so forth through all the other branches of the prime and mother sciences thereof: the next bout was through all natural philosophy, according to Aristotle's method, from the acro-amaticks,² going along the speculation of the nature of the heavens, and that of the generation and corruption of sublunary things, even to the consideration of the soul and its faculties: in sequel hereof, they had a hint at chymical extractions.

And after disputing of medicine in all its parts, "not leaving natural magick untouched," proceeding to moral philosophy and "all the several sorts of governments,

¹ Knurriest = knottiest.

² *i.e.* Aristotle's private lectures on the esoteric parts of his philosophy.

with their defects and advantages," and "entertaining after that kinde, the nimble-witted Parisians from nine o'clock in the morning, till six at night," the Rector "found it high time to give some relaxation to those worthy spirits." With the instinct of a chairman he did not at once dismiss the assembly, but

after he had made an elegant panegyrick or encomiastick speech of half an houres continuance, tending to nothing else but the extolling of him for the rare and most singular gifts, wherewith God and nature had endowed him, he descended from his chair, and, attended by three or four of the most especial professors, presented him with a diamond ring and a purse full of gold, . . . at the tender of which ceremony there was so great a plaudite in the schoole, such a humming and clapping of hands, that all the concavities of the colledges there about, did resound with the eccho of the noise thereof.

Next day Crichton, in no way exhausted by his effort, and "to refresh his braines, as he said, for the toile of the former day's work," went to the Louvre in a buff suit, "more like a favourite of Mars, than one of the Muses minions," where, in the presence of various princes and great ladies who came to behold his gallantry, "he carried away the ring fifteen times on end, and broke many lances on the Saracen."

Tired, perhaps, of playing the world's wonder, Crichton determined to enter the French army, and served for two years with great distinction. But in 1579, in straits for money apparently, his home supplies being cut off and his habits expensive, he retired to Genoa, where an ample salary was offered him, in what capacity does not appear. Here he addressed the Senate in a Latin oration, soon afterwards published, the earliest and rarest of his extant works. To this speech is prefixed a eulogistic dedication to the Doge Johannes Baptista Gentilis, apologising for the boldness of thus addressing him on the ground of his kindness when, a humble suppliant, Crichton first approached him. The pamphlet deals with the character of the ideal State, freely illustrated from classical examples, and the means by which Genoa, "wounded by secret conspiracies and shaken by the fury of the waves," but restored by the care and

devotion of her present Senate, might be secured against "the levity of the multitude and the rashness of abandoned men" by a league of loyal citizens bent on maintaining her supremacy. Crichton's stay in Genoa was not long, and was apparently terminated by a severe illness. By the August of the next year he was in Venice, the honoured guest of the printer Aldus Manutius (grandson of the founder of the Aldine Press), an accomplished gentleman endowed almost to excess with the gift of admiration for his friends, to whose pen we owe the only contemporary account of Crichton's appearance. On his arrival in Venice Crichton had addressed to Aldus a copy of verses of a rather miscellaneous order, but interesting as containing references to his exile from Scotland and to some trouble (probably poverty) which was pressing on his mind. Aldus thereupon published a handbill (issued, strangely enough, from another press, and later reprinted in pamphlet form) giving an account of his young friend's person and accomplishments. He is described as "grande di statura, di pelo biondo e d'aspetto bellissimo," and as perfectly possessed of ten languages, besides philosophy, theology, mathematics, and astrology, of his skill in which arts he had already given public proof in Venice itself. Aldus goes on to call him a skilful poet and improvisator, a master of horsemanship, bodily exercises and the art of war, a theologian who successfully disputed with the Papal Nuncio and the Patriarch of Aquileia on the subject of the Procession of the Holy Ghost, striking his opponents dumb with admiration and astonishment—in fine, "mostro di mostri," a miracle of miracles, a world's wonder. In 1581, however, "escaping" (in the words of Harrison Ainsworth) "from the enervating allurements of the sea Phryne," Crichton left Venice for Padua, where he was warmly received, and, as usual, made preparations for a public disputation at the episcopal palace. A pasquinade denouncing him as a charlatan led to the substitution of a comprehensive challenge to the uni-

versity, described at length in Aldus' dedication to Crichton of his edition of Cicero's "Paradoxa," published in 1581, when Crichton was one-and-twenty. After touching on his earlier career, Aldus extols him for having, after a four months' illness from which he had not fully recovered, challenged the university of Padua to defend Aristotle and the Schoolmen from the charges of error which he would bring against them, pledging himself to expose the mathematical errors of various professors, and to discuss any proposition brought before him in the whole circle of the sciences, either according to the ordinary methods of logic or (where possible) in mathematical terms, or (if the subject admitted of poetical treatment) in any one of a hundred given forms of verse. According to Aldus, a spectator of the scene, his success was complete; lying tongues were put to silence, and Crichton was hailed as a living wonder, a philosopher of the first rank.

In the following year Crichton left Venice for Mantua, and henceforth we have the worshipful Sir Thomas Urquhart for company. Omitting all mention of Venice and Padua, the knight brings his hero straight from France to Mantua, where Crichton begins his career by fighting a famous duellist, "who had given all men to understand that his purpose was to challenge at the single rapier any whosoever of that city or country that durst be so bold as to fight with him, provided he would deposite a bag of five hundred Spanish pistoles, which himself should lay down upon this condition, that the enjoyment of both should be the conquerors due." This doughty warrior, who had been ranging victorious through the cities of Italy, found his richest prize at Mantua. "It happened at the same time that three of the most notable cutters in the world (and so highly cried up for valour that all the Bravo's of the land were content to give way to their domineering) . . . were all three together at the court of Mantua." These worthies were challenged by the duellist, who was on his way home, "laden with the spoile of those forraginers whom the Italians call

Tramontani." Of course the Mantuans accepted the challenge, and, equally of course, were worsted one by one, whereupon the conquering duellist,

for the space of a whole fortnight, or two weeks together, marched daily along the streets of Mantua (without any opposition or controulment) like another Romulus, or Marcellus in triumph: which the never-too-much-to-be-admired-Crichton perceiving, to wipe off the imputation of cowardice lying upon the Court of Mantua, to which he had but even then arrived. . . . he could neither eat nor drink until he had first sent a challenge to the conqueror, apelling him to repair with his best sword in his hand, by nine of the clock in the morning of the next day, in presence of the whole Court, and in the same place where he had killed the other three, to fight with him upon this quarrel, that in the Court of Mantua there were as valiant men as he,

for the great stake of 1500 pistoles. So, as soon as the signal for the duel was given "by the shot of a great piece of ordinance, of three score and four pound ball," the two combatants, "both in their linens (to wit, shirts and drawers, without any other apparel) and in all outward conveniences equally adjusted," met. The Italian, "foaming at the mouth with a cholerick heart, fetched a pantling breath," and fought wildly, but Crichton, by "keeping himself in a pleasant temper, without passion, made void his designes," and after a time so wearied his adversary that, "a sad apprehension of danger seizing upon all his spirits he would gladly have his life bestowed on him as a gift, but that never having been accustomed to yield, he knows not how to beg it." Accordingly, "matchless Crichton, seeing it now high time to put a gallant catastrophe to that so-long-dubious combat, animated with a divinely-inspired fervencie, to fulfil the expectation of the ladies and crown the Duke's illustrious hopes, changeth his garb, falls to act another part, and, from defender, turns assailant"; and with such good effect did he "practically execute the speculative part that . . . the fierceness of his foe was in a trice transqualified into the numness of a pageant," and by three swift strokes that "would represent a perfect Isosceles Triangle" he finished his foe, who died exclaiming that his comfort in dying was

that he could not dye by the hand of a braver man, after the uttering of which words he expired, with the shrill clareens of trumpets, bounding thunder of artillery, bethwacked beating of drums, universal clapping of hands, and loud acclamations of joy for so glorious a victory, the aire above them was so rarified by the extremity of the noise and vehement sound, dispelling the thickest and most condensed parts thereof, that (as Plutarch speaks of the Grecians, when they raised their shouts of allegress up to the very heavens, at the hearing of the gracious proclamations of Paulus Æmilius in favour of their liberty) the very sparrows and other flying fowls were said to fall to the ground for want of aire enough to uphold them in their flight.

It is pleasant to hear that Crichton presented the 1500 pistoles to the royal treasurer, "to be disposed equally to the three widowes of the three unfortunate gentlemen lately slaine, reserving only to himself the inward satisfaction he conceived, for having so opportunely discharged his duty to the house of Mantua." The Duke promptly made him governor to his son, Vincenzo di Gonzaga, and no doubt thought himself fortunate to have secured a tutor who, "for his learning, judgment, eloquence, beauty and good fellowship, was the perfectest result of the joynt labour of the perfect number of those six deities, Pallas, Apollo, Mars, Mercury, Venus and Bacchus, that hath been seen since the days of Alcibiades," and who was so much admired, especially by the fair sex, that "none of the young unmarried ladies, of all the most eminent places thereabouts, were anything respected of one another, that had not either a lock of his haire, or copy of verses of his composing." (Rivalry in love led, be it noted, to the mutual respect of the rivals in that superhuman court of Mantua.)

Two years later he astonished the court with another feat. One Shrove Tuesday, "that day of *carnivale*, as they call it," the whole court fell to private theatricals, "neither my Lord, the Dutchess, nor Prince being exempted from acting their parts as well as they could." Crichton then, "upon a theatre set up for the purpose, began to prank it, *a la Venetiana*, with such a flourish of mimick, and ethopoetick gestures," that all the courtiers fell to wondering.

O with how great liveliness did he represent the conditions of all manner of men! how naturally did he set before the eyes of the beholders the rogueries of all professions, from the overweening monarch, to the peevish swaine, through all the intermediate degrees of the superficial courtier or proud warrior, dissembled churchman, doting old man, cozening lawyer, lying traveller, covetous merchant, rude seaman, pedantick scholar, the amorous shepherd, envious artisan, vainglorious master, and tricky servant; he did with such variety display the several humours of all these sorts of people, and with a so bewitching energy, that he seemed to be the original, they the counterfeit; and they the resemblance whereof he was the prototype: he had all the jeers, squibs, flouts, buls, grips, taunts, whims, jests, clinches, gybes, mokes, jerks, with all the several kinds of equivocations, and other sophistical captions, that could properly be adapted to the person by whose representation he intended to inveigle the company into a fit of mirth; and would keep in that miscellany discourse of his (which was all for the spleen and nothing for the gall) such a climacterical and mercurially digested method, that when the fancy of the hearers was tickled with any rare conceit, and that the jovial blood was moved, he held it going, with another new device upon the back of the first, and another, yet another, and another againe, succeeding one another for the premoval of what is stirring into a higher agitation till in the closure of the luxuriant period, the decumanal¹ wave of the oddest whimzy of all, enforced the charmed spirits of the auditory (for affording room to its apprehension) suddenly to burst forth into a laughter; which commonly lasted just so long, as he had leasure to withdraw behind the skreen, shift off, with the help of a page, the suit he had on, apparel himself with another, and return to the stage to act afresh; for by that time their transported, disparpled,² and sublimated fancies by the wonderfully operating engines of his solacious inventions, had from the height to which the inward scrues, wheels, and pullies of his wit had elevated them, descended by degrees into their wonted stations, he was ready for the personating of another carriage.

¹ Of the decumanal wave as a vulgar error Sir Thomas Browne speaks as follows: "That *fluctus decumanus*, or the tenth wave is greater and more dangerous than any other, some no doubt will be offended if we deny; and hereby we shall seem to contradict antiquity; for, answerable unto the literal and common acception, the same is averred by many writers and plainly described by Ovid. Which notwithstanding is evidently false; nor can it be made out by observation either upon the shore or the ocean, as we have with diligence explored both. For surely the conceit is numeral, and . . . because also that which was the greatest, was metaphorically by some at first called *decumanus*, therefore whatsoever passed under this name, was literally conceived by others to respect and make good this number."

² Disparpled—scattered.

For five hours on end this marvellous pantomime continued. Urquhart's description is too good to omit, and is particularly interesting as a sketch of English¹ costume.

First, he did present himself with a crown on his head, a scepter in his hand, being clothed in a purple robe furred with ermyne: after that, with a mitre on his head, a crosier in his hand, and accoutred with a paire of lawn-sleeves: and thereafter, with a helmet on his head, the visiere up, a commanding-stick in his hand, and arrayed in a buff-suit, with a scarf about his middle. Then, in a rich apparel, after the newest fashion did he shew himself (like another Sejanus) with a periwig daubed with Cypres powder:² in sequel of that, he came out with a three corner'd cap on his head, some parchments in his hand, and writings hanging at his girdle like chancery bills; and next to that, with a furred gown about him, an ingot of gold in his hand, and a bag full of money by his side; after all this, he appeares againe clad in a country-jacket, with a prong in his hand, and a Monmouth-like-cap on his head: then very shortly after, with a palmer's coat upon him, a bourdon³ in his hand, and some few cockle-shells stuck to his hat, he look't as if he had come in pilgrimage from St. Michael; immediately after that, he domineers it in a bare unlined gowne with a pair of whips in the one hand, and Corderius in the other: and in suite thereof, he honderspondered⁴ it with a pair of panier-like breeches, a mounteracap on his head, and a knife in a wooden sheath dagger-ways by his side; about the latter end he comes forth again with a square in one hand, a rule in the other, and a leather apron before him: then very quickly after, with a scrip by his side, a sheep-hook in his hand and a basket full of flowers to make nosegayes for his mistress: now drawing to a closure, he rants it first *in cuerpo*, and vapouring it with gingling spurrs, and his armes a kenbol like a Don Diego he strouts it, and by the loftiness of his gate plaies the *Capitan Spavento*: then in the very twinkling of an eye, you would have seen him again issue forth with a cloak upon his arm, in a livery garment, thereby representing the serving-man: and lastly, at one time amongst those other, he came out with a long grey beard, and bucked ruff, crouching on a staff tip't with the head of a barber's cithern, and his gloves hanging by a button at his girdle.

This feat had a disastrous as well as ravishing effect on some of the spectators; "one of my lady dutchess chief maids of honour, by the vehemencie of the shock of those incomprehensible raptures, bursting forth into

¹ English costume, not Italian, as the terminology—*e.g.*, "lawn-sleeves" for a bishop—shows.

² Powdered galingale.

³ A pilgrim's staff.

⁴ *I.e.*, played the Dutchman.

a laughter, to the rupture of a veine in her body," while another young lady, "not able longer to support the well-beloved burthen of so excessive delight, and intrinsing joys of such mercurial exhilarations," swooned away "without the appearance of any other life into her, than what by the most refined wits of theological speculations is conceived to be *entelechies* of blessed saints in their sublimest conversations with the celestial hierarchies." These incidents, as well as the fact that it was growing late, or, in Urquhart's phrase, "our occidental rays of Phœbus were upon their turning oriental to the other hemisphere of the terrestrial globe," made Crichton decide to leave off, as soon as he had "presented himself to epilogate this his almost extemporaneous comedie, though of five hours continuance without intermission," to apologise for "that afternoon's escaped extravagancies" and to protest his eternal fidelity to the house of Mantua. Then, turning to "the lords, ladies and others of that rotunda (which, for his deigning to be its inmate, though but for that day, might be accounted in nothing inferiour to the great colisee of Rome, or amphitheater at Neems) with a stately carriage, and port suitable to so prime a gallant, he did cast a look on all the corners thereof, so bewitchingly amiable, and magnetically efficacious, as if in his eyes had been a muster of ten thousand Cupids eagerly striving who should most deeply pierce the hearts of the spectators with their golden darts." But while men and women were adoring him, and the applause due to his performance, his speech, and his subsequent "making of a leg, for the spruceness of its courtsie, of greater decorement to him than cloth of gold and purple," was continuing, he slipped away to pay a Shrovetide visit to a fair lady of the court, whose house was "an alcoranal paradise." Here the lovers "barred all the ceremonies of pindærising their discourse, and sprucifying it in *a-la-mode* salutations, their mutual carriage showing itself (as it were) in a meane betwixt the conjugal of man and wife, and

fraternal conversation of brother and sister; in the reciprocity of their love, transcending both; in the purity of their thoughts equal to the last."

While together, they were interrupted by a band of drunken revellers, who broke in despite the efforts of the lady's page, "the pretty *Pomponacio*." Crichton, who had at first attacked the leader of the band, recognised in him his pupil, Vincenzo di Gonzaga, who cherished an unrequited passion for the lady. Kneeling before the prince, Crichton gave up his sword, with which the jealous youth, who had long vainly wooed the lady, pierced him, as was supposed, to the heart. When he realised what he had done the young man attempted to kill himself, and the Duke's fury was such that he threatened either to hang or behead his son, until one of the courtiers told him that, to all appearance, his son would save him that trouble, "for that he was like to hang himself, or after some other manner of way to turn his own *atropos*."

This story of Crichton's death was told without names as early as 1601, and it is clear that a rumour of it went abroad, since Aldus speaks of his sudden death on July 3, 1583, in a dedication to his memory of Cicero's "*De Universitate*," published during that year.

But Crichton was not dead. We find him at Milan in 1584, publishing an elegiac lament on the death of Carlo Borromeo, struck off the day after the Cardinal's death (November 3, 1584), in which he extols his virtues and his saintly life. This poem was translated by Ainsworth in the appendix to his romance, with additional verses of his own, describing occurrences in the Cardinal's life omitted by Crichton, but here added because, in Ainsworth's opinion, "necessary to complete the picture of the holy Primate's career presented by the poem." A modern editor would have put the information in a footnote, but *autre temps, autres mœurs*. Crichton represents himself as visited by a vision of a sinking ship, on board of which he, "a wandering Scot from Northern shores," himself was :

In that wreck'd bark the Ship of Christ behold,
 In its lost chief the Cardinal divine
 Of princely Lombard race; whose worth untold
 Eclipsed the lofty honours of his line.

The poem then narrates his goodness, humility, and self-devotion, his noble life and peaceful death. "The versification is singularly fluent and harmonious, and it breathes a spirit of tender melancholy perfectly in unison with the subject," says the enthusiastic translator; and if we can hardly allow Crichton's poetical talents praise so high, the poem is at least remarkable as an extemporary effusion, as Crichton, on the title-page, expressly calls it.

In the same year appeared a poem congratulating the new archbishop, Gaspar Visconti, on his appointment as Borromeo's successor, the opening lines of which are thus translated by Ainsworth:

When, her fair land with grief o'erspread,
 Insubria mourned her Primate dead;
 When Borromeo to the tomb
 Was borne 'mid all-pervading gloom,
 When dimmed with tears was every eye,
 When breathed one universal sigh;
 The sorrowing lyre for him who slept
 I first—a Scottish minstrel—swept.

The visionary storm in which the Ship was sinking is calmed at Visconti's coming, the crew hail him as their saviour, and peace for all men is prophesied in this blest advent by the Scottish exile who offers the homage of these strains. In the same year came an epithalamium on the marriage of the Duke of Savoy, and in 1585 the last and most interesting of Crichton's works, a prose Defence of Poetry. Besides poems in honour of Sforza Brivius, chief magistrate of Milan, and his son and brother, this pamphlet, an essay on the laws of poetry treated from various points of view, contains a versified account of the pedigree of the art, and is prefaced by some interesting elegiac verses, a sort of spiritual autobiography, entitled "Critonius de Seipso." In his hot youth, he says, ere the young down had covered his

rosy cheeks, Jupiter and Mars had assigned as his lot the arts of war. "And in those days alas, the gleaming darts gave me pleasure, I thought to gird me with glory, my sword at my side." But now he abhors bloodshed—"the serried ranks of battle should be sent straight to hell"—and his part is with the Muses and the arts of peace. Helicon lies before him, and the fields of Maro, whence he now brings flowers to adorn the head of Sforza, though it be already decked by the Sisters Nine and Pallas and Apollo, and fed by Duns Scotus (!) with fruit from gardens tended by the Muses.

After the publication of this volume Crichton disappears. That he was alive in 1586, or that he was believed to be so in Scotland, may be inferred from the fact that his father's will, making him his executor and guardian of his daughter, Agnes Creychtoun (as the name is there spelt), though made in 1582, was not proved until four years later, when the terms of the will were still unaltered—a point which no previous biographer appears to have noticed. In 1591 the second son, Robert, as head of the family, resigned the estates to the Crown, so that Crichton's death must have taken place between 1586 and 1591. Since the authorities are universally agreed that he met his death at Mantua, we can hardly be far wrong in conjecturing that, after his sojourn in Milan, he returned to the protection of the ducal family, and there died, perhaps in such a brawl as Urquhart and earlier writers describe,¹ perhaps at the deliberate command of a member of the Gonzaga family.

In the case of Crichton, Scotchmen of all ages have not been backward in their proverbial admiration for a fellow-countryman. In 1601, 1603, 1609, 1627, 1637, and 1652 writers showered praises on him, and as late as 1802 a play, entitled *Crichton, a Tragedy*, appeared at Edinburgh. Since then we have had Tytler's life, that

¹ Scaliger, an authority of first-rate importance, states that he was put to death by order of the Duke of Mantua.

"latest biography," dating from 1823, in which the eighteenth and early nineteenth century writers are severely and often justly criticised; Harrison Ainsworth's novel; an important paper in the "Proceedings of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries" for 1855; a reference in a Scotchman's book on "The Scot Abroad," published in 1864; the article in the "Dictionary of National Biography"—*et præterea nihil*. Yet Crichton's career is worthy of remembrance. His contemporaries considered him a marvel of eloquence, learning, and wit; even the mighty Scaliger, writing in an odd mixture of Latin and French, allows him a prodigious intellect, deserving of wonder rather than love. "C'estoit ingenium prodigiosum admiratione magis quam amore dignum." "C'estoit," he adds, "c'estoit un peu fat." But Urquhart, after all, is the immortaliser of what in Crichton is more than proverbial, and we cannot do better than close with his final paragraph:

The whole court wore mourning for him full three quarters of a year together: his funeral was very stately, and on his hearse were stuck more epitaphs, elegies and threnodies than, if digested into one book, would have out-bulk't all Homer's works; some of them being couched in such exquisite and fine Latin, that you would have thought great Virgil, and Baptista Mantuanus, for the love of their mother-city, had quit the Elysian fields to grace his obsequies: and other of them (beside what was done in other languages) composed in so neat Italian, and so purely fancied, as if Ariosto, Dante, Petrarch, and Bembo had been purposely resuscitated, to stretch even to the utmost their poetick vein, to the honour of this brave man; whose picture till this hour is to be seen in the bed-chambers or galleries of most of the great men of that nation representing him on horseback, with a lance in one hand and a book in the other: and most of the young ladies likewise, that were anything handsome, in a memorial of his worth, had his effigies in a little oval tablet of gold, hanging 'twixt their breasts; (and held, for many years together, that Metamazion, or intermamillary ornament, as a necessary outward pendicle for the better setting for of their accoutrements, as either fan, watch, or stomacher). And here I put an end to the admirable Scot.

“The Garland of Singers”¹

By MELEAGROS OF GADARA.

DEAR Muse, for whom dost thou bear this
singing of various flowers :
or who is he which hath fashioned this
garland of song?

It was I, Meleagros, wrought it for Diokles,
famous afar :

I brought the task to an end, a memorial homage.

Many lilies of Anyte wove he therein,
and many white lilies of Moiro,
and little phrases of Sappho, each one a rosebud :
daffodil, big with the hymns of Melanippides’
chorus ;

and a tender slip from Simonides’ grape-vine :
therewith mingled, he wove a fragrant blossom of
orris of Nossis,

(Love laid the wax on her tablet :)
therewith marjoram too, from the lovely soul of
Rhianos ;

and a crocus sweet from the virginal flesh of
Erinna :

hyacinth of Alkaïos, who singeth clear ’mid the
Muses ;

and a dark-leafed Samian twig of olive :
therewith, Leonides’ clustering berries of ivy ;
and pointed leaves of Mnasalkos’ pine, and his
twisted plane-tree :

he reaped the harvest of Pamphilos’ vine,
woven with twigs of Pankrates’ nuts,
the fair white petals of Tymnes,
and Nikias’ verdant thyme :
sea-samphire of Eypheinos, the child of the
sand-hills :

¹ A correspondent has favoured Sylvanus Urban with this version of Meleager’s famous *Stephanos*.

therewith Damagetos' violet dark;
 and Kallimakhos' myrtle sweet, which is full
 of bitterest honey :
 corn-cockle of Eyphorion, who among Muses is
 blameless,
 who took his name from the sons of Zeys :
 with these he wove Hegesippos, a bacchanal
 cluster ;
 and he cut the sweet-smelling reed of Perseys ;
 and therewith a mellow apple from the branches
 of Diotimos :
 the first flowers of Menekrates' pomegranate :
 branches, too, of Nikainetos' myrrh ;
 and the terebinth of Phaennos ;
 and Simmias' goodly pear :
 parsley also he wove, from Parthenios' faultless
 pleasaunce,
 shredding the little flowers,
 fragments rich from the Muses who scatter honey :
 yellow ears of Bakkhylides' corn :
 Anakreon then, the sweet great strain of his nectar,
 flower-like, fertile of song :
 a flower from Arkhilokhos' pasture,
 a flower of his tangled acanthus,
 little drops from his ocean :
 therewith the early saplings of Alexandros, of olive :
 a purple corn-flower of Polykleitos :
 amaracus then, he set, Polystratos, flower of singers :
 of Antipatros, a deep-coloured sprig of his cypress :
 yea, and he put spiked Syrian nard,
 the gift and the singer of Hermes :
 Hedylos, Poseidippos, rustic sons of the corn-lands ;
 and flowers which bloom in the breezes of Sikelides :
 yea, and a sprig, too, of Platon, immortal,
 gleaming on all things :
 also, Aratos he set, skilled in the stars, and reaching
 to heaven,
 cutting the palm-tree's earliest tendrils ;
 and a lotus of Khairemon, fairest in foliage,

mingled in Phaidimos' flame :
the roving ox-eye of Antagoras :
Theodorides' fresh-budded creeping-thyme, lover of
the wine-cup :
dark corn-flowers, also, of Phanieos ;
and many sprays new-written,
with those of his own Muse,
the wall-flower's earliest blossoms.

Now, to my friends I give thanks.
For all the initiate, here is the sweet-voiced garland
of singers.

Bone Caves and Prehistoric Man

THE term "prehistoric" is applied to that period of the world's existence previous to all written records, and is generally used with reference to the evidence we have of the antiquity of man and his presence on the earth long before the most ancient history extant. This interesting period of human life on the earth has been divided into two epochs—the Stone Age and the Bronze Age. The Stone Age has been subdivided into the Palæolithic period, or age of rude stone implements and weapons, and the Neolithic period, or age of polished stone. There are essential differences between these two stone periods. In the Palæolithic period—at least, in its later stages—the climate seems to have been cold and dry, while in the Neolithic period it was mild and more equable in temperature. In the Palæolithic period man seems to have been contemporary with the mammoth, cave bear, and other large animals, but these became extinct in the Neolithic period. In the Palæolithic period the reindeer, blue fox, and white bear seem to have co-existed with man in England and France, and elsewhere in Central Europe. As these animals are now only found in Arctic regions their existence in much lower latitudes in Palæolithic times shows that the climate

of Central Europe was then much colder than at present, and this fact carries us back, of course, to a remote antiquity. In the Palæolithic period the people seem to have been nomadic and to have had no domestic animals. In the Neolithic period they were, on the contrary, agriculturists, and had fixed places of residence. The Palæolithic race made numerous attempts at engraving, sculpture, and even painting, while, curious to say, these fine arts seem to have died out in the Neolithic Age—at least, in Europe—although in this later age we have many specimens of decorative art on pottery, etc.

The Palæolithic period has been again subdivided into different epochs, but eminent palæontologists differ as to the classification of the subdivisions. All authorities, however, agree that all these epochs are included in the so-called Quaternary period of geology, a period which came to a close before our present geological period began. The time which has elapsed since the end of the Palæolithic period must, therefore, be very considerable, and, indeed, its exact position in time is lost in the mists of antiquity.

“Bone caves” are those in which the fossil remains of extinct animals are found, in some cases associated with human remains or flint implements evidently manufactured by prehistoric man. The exploration of fossil bone caves seems to have originated in Devonshire early in the nineteenth century. The principal caves of South Devonshire are found in the limestone rocks of Torquay, Plymouth, Yealmpton, Brixham, Buckfastleigh, and Chudleigh, but as those of the last two named have yielded no animal remains they are of no importance to the palæontologist. We will consider the others in order of their discovery.

The earliest find of fossil bones in caves seems to have been made near Plymouth, at a place called Oreston, near the mouth of the river Plym, otherwise known as the Cattewater. During the construction of the Plymouth Breakwater Mr. Whidbey, who was in charge of the work, was requested by Sir Joseph Banks, then president of

the Royal Society, carefully to explore any caves which might be found in the limestone rocks at Oreston, from which stone was being quarried for the breakwater. This Mr. Whidbey did, and in November 1816, November 1820, and August and November 1822 he discovered caves containing fossil bones, which he sent to the Royal Society. These caves were visited in 1822 by the famous geologists Dr. Buckland and Mr. Warburton, and a good deal was written on the subject. From 1822 to 1858 nothing of any importance seems to have been found in the same rocks. Unfortunately there was no scientific man present to superintend the work of exploration, and, consequently, many of the specimens were either lost or destroyed. It is therefore unknown whether any evidence of human habitation was found in this case.

Dr. Buckland and Professor Pengelly agreed in thinking that the Oreston caves were originally fissures in the rocks, and not what are known as tunnel caves.

The bones found at Oreston before 1858 were described by Dr. Buckland, Mr. Busk, Sir E. Home, Professor Owen, and others. The remains were those of two species of bear (including the great cave bear), mammoth, wolf, fox, cave hyæna, cave lion, two species of horse, the fossil ass, bison, and the ox. Remains of a species of rhinoceros known as *Rhinoceros leptorhinus* were also found at Oreston, and this is the only known British cave in which this particular species has been discovered.

We next come, in order of time, to the famous Kent's Hole, which lies about a mile to the east of Torquay Harbour and half a mile north of Torbay. This remarkable cave is situated in a small limestone hill about two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and some sixty or seventy feet above the valley below. Although the date of its rediscovery in modern times is uncertain, we know that visitors cut their names on the stalagmite so far back as 1571. It is mentioned in a lease of date 1659, and Richardson, writing in 1778, mentions it as "perhaps the greatest natural curiosity in Great Britain." It seems to have been visited by men in the Middle Ages

and in Roman times, and the results of excavations show that it was inhabited by man at a time when the mammoth, cave lion, and other extinct animals flourished in England.

The first exploration of this interesting cave was made by a Mr. Northmore, of Clive, near Exeter, who found a few bones, and afterwards by Mr. W. C. Trevelyan. This was in 1824. In 1825 another examination was made by the Rev. J. MacEnery, an Irish Roman Catholic priest, who resided with Mr. Cary of Tor Abbey, Torquay. He also found bones, and afterwards, visiting the cave in company with Dr. Buckland, he secured a flint implement, the first discovery of the kind ever made in a bone cave. From 1825 to 1829 Mr. MacEnery made further careful excavations, and wrote an account of his researches; but unfortunately before he could manage to publish it he died, in 1841. For some years his manuscript could not be found, but eventually it was discovered, and printed in the "Transactions" of the Devonshire Association. Mr. MacEnery's results were confirmed by Mr. Godwin-Austen, the well-known geologist; but still archæologists entertained grave doubts as to the co-existence of man with the extinct mammals. These doubts were, however, completely dispelled by the discovery of flint implements in a cave at Brixham, which will be considered further on.

In 1864 a committee was appointed by the British Association to make a thorough exploration of Kent's Hole, portions of which had not hitherto been touched. This committee began its work in March 1865, and the excavations were carried on for many years. Mr. MacEnery's results were fully confirmed, and evidence was obtained of much more ancient deposits, which carry the existence of man back to a very remote antiquity. Passing from the upper surface of the cave floor downwards, the following deposits were found:

- (1) Fragments of limestone rock of various sizes, which seem to have fallen from the roof.
- (2) Below these blocks there was found a layer of

mould, formed of decomposed leaves and vegetable matter. This was from three to twelve inches in thickness.

(3) Below this layer of "black mould" was a floor of stalagmite, which varied in thickness from an inch to five feet. This stalagmite was of a granular character.

(4) In one part of the cave, and covering only a small area below the granular stalagmite, was a black layer of charred wood about four inches thick, which has been called the "black band."

(5) Below these was a layer of clay of a light red colour, which has been called the "cave earth." It varied considerably in thickness.

(6) Below this "cave earth" was another layer of stalagmite, but of a crystalline character. This layer was of varying thickness; in one place it attained a depth of nearly twelve feet.

(7) Below all these deposits was found a layer consisting of a dark-red sandy paste, containing pieces of grit of a similar colour. This layer was called the "breccia," and is the oldest deposit known, the bottom of the cave not having been reached except in some of its branches.

With exception of the surface layer, all the deposits mentioned above yielded remains of animals. These, however, were not so abundant in the stalagmites as in the other deposits. In the so-called "black mould" were found bones and teeth of man, dog, fox, badger, brown bear, sheep, goat, pig, &c., together with numerous flint flakes, bone tools, spear-heads, and potsherds.

The layers forming the granular stalagmite, "black band," and "cave earth" are considered to belong to one period, in which the hyæna seems to have been the prevailing animal. The other remains found in these layers include the rhinoceros, great Irish deer, mammoth, cave bear, grizzly bear, brown bear, cave lion, the great cave tiger, known as *Machairodus*, badger, fox, reindeer, &c. Man was also represented by a jaw containing teeth, which was found in the granular stalagmite. It was stated by Mr. Godwin-Austen that "arrows and knives of flint,

with human bones, were found in an undisturbed bed of clay covered by nine feet of stalagmite."¹ In the same deposits were found numerous implements of flint and bone, needles, pins, etc., and these were more frequent below the layer of stalagmite than in it.

In the "crystalline stalagmite" (sixth layer) and in the "breccia" the remains found were chiefly those of the bear, with a few of the cave lion and fox. Even in the lowest deposits some evidence was found of man's existence at the remote epoch when these layers were deposited.

In the year 1832 a bone cave was discovered in the Yealm-Bridge quarry, about a mile from the village of Yealmpton, near the river Yealm, and about eight miles to the east of Plymouth. This cave was nearly destroyed by the workmen engaged in the quarry, but a portion of it remained in the year 1835, when it was examined by Mr. J. C. Bellamy, and later in the same year by Captain (afterwards Colonel) Mudge, who found remains of the elephant, rhinoceros, hyæna, bear, fox, horse, ox, sheep, etc., those of the hyæna and fox being the most abundant. There seems to have been no evidence of human habitation in this cave.

On the southern shore of Torbay, and between Brixham and Berry Head, is a cave known as the Ash-Hole. Some explorations made here by the Rev. H. F. Lyte revealed the remains of man in the upper deposits; and in a cave earth below the reindeer, badger, polecat, etc., were identified by Professor Owen.

In the year 1858 a cave was found by some workmen at Windmill Hill, which rises above Bolton Street, Brixham, about seventy-five feet above the level of the street below. Bones having been found in this cave, the Geological Society of London obtained a lease and appointed a committee to explore the cave. The investigation was superintended by Mr. Pengelly. The work was commenced in July 1858 and finished in 1859. The

¹ *Quarterly Journal of Science*, New Series, vol. i., 1871.

deposits found were as follows, beginning at the surface of the cave floor :

(1) A layer of stalagmite, from a few inches to a foot in thickness.

(2) A deposit of small pieces of limestone, cemented into a sort of concrete by carbonate of lime.

(3) A layer of black matter some inches thick.

(4) A loamy clay of a red colour, mixed with numerous fragments of limestone, quartz, trap, and iron ore. This deposit varied in thickness from two to five feet.

(5) A mixture of limestone, quartz, grit, and greenstone of undetermined depth. This deposit seems to have been partially disturbed in ancient times.

Most of the animal remains were found in No. 4 layer, but some were also found in the stalagmite and No. 2 deposit. Those found in the stalagmite were mammoth, bear, cave lion, rhinoceros, and reindeer. In the No. 4 bed were found remains of the mammoth, cave lion, cave bear, cave hyæna, grizzly bear, brown bear, reindeer, horse, fox, hare, etc. Of these the bones of bears and reindeer were most abundant. In the lowest layer of all the only remains found were those of the mammoth, bear, horse and ox. The evidence of human existence in this cave consisted in the discovery of flint implements and a hammer stone formed from a pebble of quartzite, but no human bones were found.

In 1861 another bone cave or fissure was found in the limestone quarries of Furzeham Hill, near Brixham. This contained remains of the cave hyæna, rhinoceros, bear, reindeer, wolf, fox, etc., but no evidence of man was discovered.

Kent's Hole and Robin Hood's Cave, in Derbyshire, are the only known caves in Great Britain in which remains of the great cave tiger, known as *Machairodus*, have been found. Its remains are always associated with those of the cave hyæna.

The available evidence shows that the cave at Brixham was closed up at a period not later than the end of the so-called Palæolithic epoch, whereas Kent's Hole seems

to have remained open since the earliest ages of man's existence.

The men of the Hyæna period, as indicated by the evidence of Kent's Hole, seem to have lived previous to the formation of the oldest peat bogs of Denmark, for the latter have yielded no bones of mammals except those of species now existing. But the men of the cave "breccia" were of still greater antiquity. This is shown by the fact that the evidence for the existence of the two races is separated by a layer of stalagmite sometimes twelve feet in thickness. This great antiquity is further shown by the fact that, while in the so-called "cave earth" remains of hyænas are abundant, there is no trace whatever of the existence of this animal in the "breccia" in which we have evidence of man's existence during what has been termed the Ursine period. We must therefore conclude that man lived in Devonshire long before the hyæna made its appearance in Great Britain, and, in fact, at a period when the English Channel, as we now know it, did not exist.

Very remarkable and interesting objects of prehistoric art have been found in the Palæolithic caves of France. They have been chiefly obtained from the floors of these caves, buried in stalagmite, which is nearly as hard as solid rock. The pictures have been engraved on bone and ivory, and sometimes on stone, apparently with the aid of sharply-pointed instruments of flint. The animals usually depicted by these prehistoric artists were—in addition to man—the mammoth, cave bear, reindeer, chamois, aurochs, horse, deer, seal, tortoise, turtle, fishes, snakes, etc. Some are well drawn, others rude and unfinished. Many of these interesting relics of primæval man were found in caves and rock shelters on the banks of the river Vézère in the department of Dordogne, France. The principal caves are known as La Moustier, La Madelaine, Laugerie Haute, Laugerie Basse, Gorge d'Enfer, Cromagnon, and Les Eyzies. Some of these have now been practically demolished. That of Moustier, which gives its name to one of the principal divisions of the Palæolithic

period, has been excavated down to the rock by explorers in search of flint implements. It is supposed to represent the earliest of these cave deposits, as it contained only flint points and scrapers. The so-called Madelainean epoch was termed by M. Lartet the Reindeer Age, and is remarkable for its engravings and sculpture—the earliest known examples of the fine arts—which indicate the first step in the evolution of man from barbarism to civilisation. The station of La Madelaine still exists, and has not yet been fully worked out. The Cromagnon station has been entirely destroyed. It was here that the famous skeleton, known as “the old man of Cromagnon,” was found. Four other skeletons were also found, those of two men and two women. A skeleton was also found at Laugerie Basse.

The antiquity of the Moustier cave is shown by the fact that it was evidently flooded in ancient times by the Vézère, whereas the river is now nearly ninety feet below the mouth of the cave. With reference to the relative antiquity of these caves and rock shelters, the Moustier cave is evidently the oldest. That of Cromagnon is not so old, but still belongs, like the Moustier, to the intermediate period. Laugerie Haute and the Gorge d'Enfer belong to the Reindeer Age, and Laugerie Basse, Les Eyzies, and the Madelaine to a later epoch.

In the Palæolithic Age, to which the men of the Vézère belonged, the weapons and implements used were made of flint and bone. The flint implements have been divided into two types. Those of the early portion of the period have been called the St. Acheul type, and usually consist of a hatchet of flint, of a greater length than breadth, and worked on both sides, more or less symmetrically. The implements of the later epoch have been called the Moustier type. These were long, lance-shaped flints, worked on one side only, and about half the thickness of the St. Acheul type. The flint implements of the next period, or Reindeer Age, were much more carefully worked, and are known as the Solutré type.

The Moustier men only worked in flint, and seem to

have used neither bones nor horns in the construction of their implements. They were contemporaries of the mammoth, cave lion, and cave hyæna. Their food seems to have been chiefly horses, aurochs, and reindeer. The men of the Cromagnon period were more advanced, and their food was more varied, including smaller animals than those eaten in the preceding age. The men of the latest period added to their diet fish, including the salmon, which is not now found in the Vézère river.

In the cave of La Madelaine was found the famous drawing of a mammoth, engraved on a fragment of its own tusk. This most interesting relic of prehistoric art is preserved in the Museum of Natural History in Paris. There is a copy in the British Museum, London, and another in the Dublin Museum. The drawing is very good, and executed in a spirited manner. It shows the massive skull, curved tusks, and long hair of this primeval elephant, and compels us to believe that the prehistoric artist must have seen the animal with his own eyes.

A good drawing of the great cave bear, engraved on a flat pebble of schist, was found in the grotto of Massat, Ariège. This animal has been extinct for ages, and the engraving, which is evidently of great antiquity, corresponds satisfactorily with the fossil skeletons preserved in our museums.

An excellent drawing of a reindeer, engraved on a reindeer antler, was discovered in the grotto of Thuyingen, near Lake Constance, Switzerland. It represents a reindeer walking slowly and browsing. This is probably the best example of prehistoric art hitherto discovered, and could hardly be excelled by a good artist of the present day. It is an accurate picture of the animal, evidently drawn from life, and clearly shows that man existed in Switzerland at a time when the climate was cold enough to enable the reindeer to live and flourish in Central Europe. This, of course, carries us back to a remote antiquity. Another drawing of a reindeer, showing a javelin in his flank, was found in the grotto of Carnac, Dordogne. This is engraved on the rib bone of an ox

or bison, but is not nearly so well drawn as the Thuyingen specimen. Another engraving supposed to represent a reindeer was found at La Madelaine.

An engraved bone, also found at Thuyingen, depicts an animal somewhat resembling a horse, but differs so much from our modern horse as to suggest the idea that it was not a true horse, but one of the horse's progenitors in the line of evolution. It resembles more the anoplotherium, which lived in the Upper Miocene period of geology, and which may possibly have lived on into the human period. Other engravings of horses have been found, and all agree in showing peculiarities distinguishing them from the modern horse. They had large heads, with small ears, hog manes, and a thin tail.

Implements, called by the French archæologists *bâtons de commandement*—for want of a better name—have been found in some of the bone caves. They are usually made of stag or reindeer horn, and are often ornamented with engravings of animals. One found at La Madelaine has a drove of four horses on one side and three on the other. These horses show the peculiarities mentioned above. An interesting example of this class of implement was found in the grotto of Montgaudier. On one side are two seals and a fish, and on the opposite side two long, thin animals, probably intended for eels or snakes. The drawings are so accurately and minutely executed that a magnifying glass is necessary fully to bring out the excellence of the engraving. Some of these curious implements have carved animal heads, and all have one or more holes bored through them.

A reindeer horn was found at Laugerie Basse bearing an engraving of a man chasing an auroch or bison. The animal is fairly well represented, but the man is badly drawn, a fault possibly due to the want of space on the narrow bone. An engraving of two reindeer was also found at La Madelaine.

Another specimen of prehistoric art was found in 1824 by M. Brouillet in the grotto of Chaffaud, in the valley of the Charente. This was long before the existence of pre-

historic man was suspected, and it escaped general notice—although exhibited in the Musée Cluny—until attention was directed to it by M. Mortillet in 1885. It represents two animals of the deer tribe—probably females, as they are devoid of horns.

Several engravings, apparently representing the head of the ibex or wild goat, were also found in Dordogne.

Many specimens have been found which are supposed to have been "trial sketches," as the animals are drawn in different positions on the same piece of bone. These are mostly reindeer and horses. Some of them are well done, others are rough and rudimentary.

With reference to sculpture, an example of this has already been referred to in speaking of the so-called *bâtons de commandement*. An interesting specimen of carved work, apparently intended for the handle of a poignard, was found at Laugerie Haute. The handle represents a reindeer. Another example of carving, and probably the most important specimen executed by Palæolithic man hitherto discovered, was found in the cave of Bruniquel, Tarn-et-Garonne, France. This too seems to be the handle of a poignard, and it also represents a reindeer, which seems to have been a favourite subject with the prehistoric artists. It is more elaborately carved than the Laugerie specimen. It is on ivory, and is now in the British Museum. A piece of carving representing a mammoth was also found at Bruniquel.

Several statuettes of the female human figure have also been found, some representing fat and heavy people, others thin and light, indicating, perhaps, as some archaeologists think, two distinct races of men. A specimen representing horses' heads, carved from reindeer horn, was found in the grotto of Mas d'Arzil, Ariège, and various specimens roughly representing other animals have been discovered in different caves in Central and Southern France.

Some further interesting discoveries have been made in recent years. On the walls of a cave at Combarelles, near Eyzies (Dordogne), engraved figures have been found.

These remarkable sketches are drawn on the walls to a height of five or six feet, and seem to belong to the earliest stage of the Palæolithic period. They begin about 118 yards from the mouth of the cave, and then extend for over 100 yards on both sides of the tunnel. They are deeply cut into the rock, sometimes filled with black paint, and often covered with a layer of stalagmite. They represent the mammoth, reindeer, horse, antelope, etc. Two different types of horse seem to be depicted, and that some of them were domesticated, like the modern horse, is shown by halters and horse-cloths, which can be easily recognised in the sketches. About a hundred different figures are represented. Of these some nineteen animals cannot be identified, and seem to represent extinct types. In the drawings of the mammoth some are shown entirely covered with hair, while others have less. The trunks and tusks are always clearly delineated, and the animals are evidently drawn from life.

With reference to the attempts of Palæolithic men at painting, in the cave of Font de Gaume (about one mile distant from Combarelles) the figures, although not so well drawn, are coloured with red, black, white, yellow, and brown pigments. Pebbles coloured with peroxide of iron have been found in the grotto of Mas d'Arzil. The designs consist of spots, circles, and zigzags, and, with the pictures at Combarelles, form the earliest known attempts at delineations in colour, and thus constitute the beginning of the art of painting.

The interesting specimens of prehistoric art which have been briefly described in the preceding pages have been mostly found in France, chiefly in caves in the department of the Dordogne. Other specimens have, however, been found in Belgium and in Derbyshire. The Musée St. Germain has one hundred and sixteen objects of Palæolithic art, and in the United States National Museum there are one hundred and fifty-six specimens, some being originals and some casts.

A careful study of these ancient engravings and carvings leads us to one conclusion, and that is that the intellectual

powers of the men of the Palæolithic age were not inferior to those of the average European of the present day. They were barbarians, it is true, when viewed in the light of modern civilisation ; but still their mental aptitude for art, as illustrated in the engravings of the mammoth and reindeer, cannot be denied. This conclusion is confirmed by an examination of the skulls of these prehistoric men, found at Cromagnon and elsewhere, which shows that their mental powers must have been considerable.

Since the epoch in which these primeval men lived considerable changes have taken place in both the climate and the fauna of Central Europe, and this fact gives us some idea of the period which has elapsed since man made his first appearance as a cave-dweller.

Disraeli and his Love of Literature

MATTHEW ARNOLD once said of Disraeli that he was the only statesman of the day sensible of "the spell of literature." The statement perhaps goes a little too far, but it is at all events correct in recognising the strong literary bias in the Conservative leader. Disraeli was essentially a man of letters, a student of literature, and a lover of books. To the end of his life he was always happiest and most at home in his library. He delighted to discuss authors and to show his literary valuables to an appreciative friend. "He showed me his treasures," wrote Lord Ronald Gower of a visit to Hughenden, "presentation books from the Queen, and photographs ; papers sent him from Rawdon Brown at Venice ; but what he seemed to take most pleasure in were some of his father's books, especially a manuscript on Solomon's writings, and some work in an old Italian binding." As a young man Disraeli was a professional author, living the life and doing the work that belonged to his calling.

In 1825, when Murray asked Lockhart to undertake the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, Disraeli acted as intermediary, visiting Lockhart at Chiefswood, and making him the proposal. He met Sir Walter Scott, and half a century afterwards he described how the great novelist displayed all the romantic glories of Abbotsford, and unlocked the treasures of his mind for the benefit of his youthful visitor. Disraeli was recognised as a man of letters in the House of Commons when he was placed with Monckton Milnes on the committee of the House appointed to inquire into the conditions of popular reading throughout the United Kingdom—a committee which was the forerunner of the free library movement. He was even ready to enter business, like Sir Walter Scott, as a publisher. Edward Moxon told Greville of the "Memoirs" in 1847 that Disraeli had proposed to become his partner, but he had refused, "not thinking that he was prudent enough to be trusted." A severe criticism indeed of the future ruler of the destinies of Great Britain! In the end Disraeli chose a political career, believing that it was the true field for his talents and ambition. John Bright used to relate that the Tory statesman and he were once taking their umbrellas in the cloak-room of the House of Commons when Disraeli said, "After all, what is it that brings you and me here? Fame! This is the true arena. I might have occupied a literary throne; but I have renounced it for this career."

Disraeli was a keen student of literature. There is abundant evidence as to his literary partialities and favourite authors. Lord Iddesleigh described in his diary a most interesting conversation with his political chief at Hughenden in 1880, in which books were criticised and authors lauded. Disraeli's views on some of the great figures of literature were of little value, because they were not founded on knowledge. He was contemptuous about Browning, of whom he had read very little. He thought Tennyson a great poet, but not of a high order. Lord Iddesleigh says that Disraeli was much interested in a

story he told him of Peel consulting Monckton Milnes on the relative merits of Tennyson and Sheridan Knowles, when he had a pension to dispose of. Disraeli did not care for Ben Jonson. "I did battle for him," says Lord Iddesleigh, "and he promised to read him again." The two statesmen discussed the Homeric question, and Disraeli expressed the opinion that everything that Gladstone had written on Homer was wrong—a conclusion which, all things considered, does not surprise us. Disraeli admired Sophocles, and had in former years been in the habit of carrying his works about. He did not care for Æschylus. He delighted, as might have been expected, in Horace and Lucian. Lord Iddesleigh relates that Disraeli gave him the "True History" to read in bed. He liked Virgil, and found that he grew on him. He was very fond of Quintilian, and remarked how strange it was that in the decadence of Roman literature there should be three such authors as Tacitus, Juvenal, and Quintilian.

Sir William Fraser, in his book on Disraeli, hints that the statesman was imposing on Lord Iddesleigh with his assumed love of the classics, and that he was affecting a greater knowledge of the Greek and Roman writers than he really possessed. He states that Disraeli never mastered the Latin rule that "ut" is followed by the subjunctive. He declares that at no period of his life could Disraeli have translated two lines of Sophocles without a lexicon. If Sir William Fraser's strictures are correct, it can only be said that Disraeli was able to simulate familiarity with the classics with considerable skill. He began his brilliant address as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow by speaking of preparatory studies, and comparing the Scottish youth before him to the Ten Thousand Greeks. They had traversed mountains, he said, and threaded defiles, like the soldiers of Xenophon, and at length beheld the Ocean of Life. He concluded his address with a quotation from the "Ajax" of Sophocles, "the most Attic of Athenian poets," which might be roughly Englished as follows :

These things and all things at all times I say,
My faith is, come straight from the gods to men.
Whoso holds other form of doctrine true,
He has his faith; let me adhere to mine.

"In the perplexities of life," said the Lord Rector, "I have sometimes found them a solace and a satisfaction; and I now deliver them to you, to guide your consciences and to guard your lives."

Disraeli never appreciated the fun of "Pickwick," although Lord Iddesleigh did his best to make him. Between Sam Weller and the Child of the Ghetto there was a great gulf fixed. Disraeli met Dickens once only, and that was at the dinner-table of Lord Stanhope. He admired Jane Austen, and it is believed that "Emma" was his favourite among her novels. His estimate of Lockhart, the biographer of Scott, was low. In a letter to Lady Blessington he said that he knew no style so meagre, harsh, and clumsy as Lockhart's, or more felicitous in the jumble of commonplace metaphors. Disraeli greatly admired Gray. "Byron visited Greece," he once said to Sir William Fraser; "he walked on Olympus; he drank from Castalia; there was everything to inspire him. Gray never was in Greece in his life, yet he wrote finer lines than Byron.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep:
Isles that crown the Ægean deep;
Fields that cool Ilissus' laves,
Or where Maeander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep."

Disraeli showed no special liking for Shakespeare. He told Lord Ronald Gower the year before his death that he had wished to see Warwickshire and Shakespeare's haunts; "but," he said, "I have never been able to do anything in my life that I have wished—at least," he added, "not during the last thirty years." Shortly before he died he had a long talk with Matthew Arnold, and expressed the opinion that the apostle of Sweetness and Light was the only living Englishman who had become a classic in his own lifetime.

Disraeli had a very great admiration for Byron, and retained that admiration to the end of his life. The influence of the author of "Childe Harold" coloured all his work as a man of letters. Sir William Fraser, no mean judge, was not without justification when he described him as "the intellectual successor of Lord Byron." In Disraeli's youth a mania for Byron's poetry pervaded society. His beautiful verse was the mode. The poet was the mirror before which the dandies dressed. He was "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" to all classes of youth. They aimed at reproducing in their own persons the heroes of his poems. Mr. Septimus Hicks in "Sketches by Boz" was but a type of a thousand young men whose mental pabulum was the verse of Byron. From the general enthusiasm Disraeli was not exempt. His own early travels were Byronism translated into action. Byron wore Eastern costume; so did Disraeli. Byron hung gold chains round his neck; so did Disraeli. At Geneva he sailed on the lake in the boat which Byron had used and with the boatman whom Byron had employed. Like Byron, he made a pilgrimage to the Tomb of Petrarch at Arquà and to the prison of Tasso at Ferrara. His own "Contarini Fleming" was but a Disraelian "Childe Harold." In "Vivian Grey" he puts into the mouth of Cleveland rapturous praises of the poet. "Byron's mind," says Cleveland, "was, like his own ocean, sublime in its yesty madness, beautiful in its glittering summer brightness, mighty in the lone magnificence of its waste of waters gazed upon from the magic of its own nature, yet capable of representing, but as in a glass darkly, the natures of all others." Disraeli retained his admiration of Byron to the last. One of the principal objects of interest at Hughenden was a portrait of the poet by Westall, which hung on the landing. It had been the gift of the Harness family, and was highly prized by its possessor, who never failed to point it out to his guests. In his later days Disraeli eagerly exerted himself to promote the erection of a monument to the poet.

Disraeli portrayed Byron in the character of Cadurcis in his novel "Venetia." Shelley, whom he also greatly admired, is portrayed as Herbert. When the novel was written information about Byron and Shelley was very much less abundant than it afterwards became, and Disraeli was glad to secure it from any source. The pages of "Venetia" reveal the care with which he had garnered all that could be procured about the two poets. He carefully studied the "Shelley Papers," issued by Medwin in 1833, and Leigh Hunt's "Byron and his Contemporaries." He knew several individuals who had been closely associated with the poets. Byron's chasseur, Tito Falcieri, was in the service of the younger and elder Disraeli successively. The Countess of Blessington, with whom Disraeli was intimate, had met Byron at Genoa, and had published a book entitled "Conversations with Lord Byron." She included among her friends Byron's mistress, the Countess Guiccioli, and Trelawny. From Lady Blessington and her circle Disraeli was able to secure valuable information about his heroes. He corrected the proofs of "Venetia" while staying as a guest at her house, and he wrote to her with regard to the book: "I do not think that you will find any golden hint of our musing strolls has been thrown away upon me."

Disraeli kept closely in touch with French thought and literature. When Sir William Fraser lost his seat in Parliament Disraeli said to him, "You have now but one thing left in life—a course of Balzac." Disraeli's own knowledge of colloquial French was imperfect. Fraser says he spoke of a foreign diplomat as an "épicier," pronouncing the last syllable as one pronounces "overseer." But he was fully conscious of the value of French literature in refining the taste and improving the intellect. He had studied Voltaire minutely in his youth. When the father of Contarini Fleming advises his son as to his reading, all the authors recommended are French. "Read French authors," says Count Fleming. "Read Rochefoucault. The French writers are the finest in the world, for they clear our heads of all ridiculous ideas. . . ."

Read the memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz, the life of Richelieu—everything about Napoleon—read works of that kind." Disraeli had associated personally with many of the men eminent in contemporary French literature. In September 1842 he went to Paris, and resided there till the following February, living at the Hôtel de l'Europe, in the Rue de Rivoli. He met Mauguin; Odilon-Barrot, the leader of the Opposition of that day; Thiers—"that rascal," as he calls him, "a thorough representative of the *gaminerie* of Paris"; Cousin, dean of the University; Bertin de Vaux, the prince of journalists, "an ox who lives in a fat pasture manured by others"; Augustin Thierry, Guizot, Molé, Lamartine, Tocqueville, Mignet, Victor Hugo, and many others.

Disraeli's love of letters and his work as a writer deeply affected his career as a politician and orator. When he left the House of Commons on his elevation to the peerage Bagehot justly said of him that he had given debates in which he took part a kind of nice literary flavour, which other debates had not. He had made his way, said the essayist, by talents, especially by a fascination of words, essentially literary. Mr. Justin McCarthy, describing the impression left on himself by Disraeli's speeches, has said that they seemed to him to be splendid literary efforts rather than triumphs of political eloquence. His tendencies even invaded the "Queen's Speeches," which he composed. In one there is a picture of "the elephants of Asia carrying the artillery of Europe over the mountains of Rasselas." Disraeli said in his life of Lord George Bentinck that a literary man who was a man of action was a two-edged weapon. There can be no doubt that much of the charm and fascination of the statesman's character was due to his literary proclivities, and that his distinction as a politician was largely based on his love and practice of letters.

In Wild Galloway

THE successful romance-writer is a blessing to many: among others to his publisher, himself and a certain section of the people of the district upon which he turns the lantern of his fancy. This needs no proving. Not all persons can tolerate the procession into their midst of strangers ready to smile much, exclaim greatly and even weep a little over the memories of local deeds and individuals of mere imagination; but such pilgrims are as manna from above to an active minority. To the photographer, the makers of "Keepsake" mugs ("A present from —"), paper knives, brooches, etc., the letters of lodgings, the purveyors of liquor and a fringe of small nobodies besides—to these the writer is a kind of subordinate Providence. They gratefully roll his log for him higher and higher up the hill of fame. If it depended on them, he would be knighted off-hand and then wreathed as an immortal.

Such a benefactor is Mr. Crockett. Among the crimsoned moors, the solitary mountains and the dark and shining lakes of Galloway, his name is a household word. He is quoted in the newspapers and mentioned in Free Kirk pulpits; coaches are run in his honour through the wilds of the land—and "The Raiders" stands on cottage bookshelves which bear no other literature save the Bible, a Sunlight Soap almanac, a dog-eared collection of patent medicine pamphlets, and something "fiery" written of old by an aggrieved Covenanter. Ere long there will be a "Raiders" whiskey—if by this time it has not come out hot from the still. The rumour travels that already an American with more money and sensibility than sense has approached the actual laird of Rathen (otherwise Hestan) with an offer for the fifty-two acres of grass land, rocks, oat fields, and potato patch of which the unassuming islet of the late Patrick Heron consists. And, out of question, whenever Mr. Crockett chooses to lay aside his pen and take for a change to

platforms, in search of a seat in Parliament, Galloway in its every part will thrill with eagerness and fight hard for the privilege of gratifying him in the ambition.

The district allures for itself, however, apart from Mr. Crockett; also for its people. Among these there are still plain traces of that series of invasions in coracles from "the white cliffs of Antrim," which first brought the Scots into what we call Scotland. The blend of the downright Celtic temperament with the characteristic Scottish nature might be expected to work well. For one thing, it seems to explain a certain raciness of talk quite peculiar to the district. This was impressed on me bravely one evening when I smoked my pipe in the common bar-room of the Murray Arms Hotel of Gatehouse, on an inlet of the Solway. Here the "post," the miller, a smith and two or three brawny nondescripts made the air ring with their earnest Doric, which sparkled with phrases. The girl who supplied them with drink was as apt at repartee as themselves; and, sad to say, she smiled most when they swore loudest. One remark of the "post's" sticks in my mind: "The lad's fou: he canna coort a lassie!" Not much in itself, but precious for the excellent variety of new expressions it made to bloom of a sudden on the faces of these Galwegian toppers. The miller's head shook sorrowfully, as if the "post's" condemnation was bound to end in the extinction of a noble breed of man. But, for the most part, the company bellowed. And the girl said calmly while she polished a tumbler: "He'd be gey ill to wed—a man the like o' that!"

There is a sense of Celtic irresponsibility and wildness in the land. The precise, slow-but-sure, thorough-bred lowland Scot heaves his shoulders at it and says: "Eh, man, it's just an awfu' thing to see!" This salts the relish for the stranger, however, who can give one hand to the level-headed Scot and the other to the crack-brained Celt and say "Welcome!" heartily to both. It leads to animosities, of course, but these tend towards dræma, which stirs the blood. I spent a fortnight on

Solway's shores near a white little clot of houses on a green slope that looked at the blue water as if it had all the simplicity and pureness of mind of Eve in the early days of Eden. Yet the dame, my hostess, on my first day thus made report to me of the place. "There's three meenisters in the village and ne'er a one speaks to the other of them. Two belong to the Established Church of Scotland and one to the Free Church. It's not a verra good principle to put before fowks."

Higher up, in fact deepest among the "drums" and mountains of Middle Galloway, where there are as many trout streams as partings between the hillocks, I heard a very impassioned sermon one Sunday by a preacher of the true Covenanting type about divers of his flock who, I judge, could not shake free of the Celtic blood in them. The sermon lasted fifty minutes, though that is neither here nor there. The preacher was not so rude as some on the subject of hell, but it wrung his vitals and seared his soul to reflect about the levity with which his most earnest remonstrances and even denunciations were received by certain sinning members of his flock. "Some treat my words as an impertinence, with others there is a curl of the lip while they listen, which proves the insincerity of their repentance, and others again submit to discipline with hard hearts and no faith, if any resolution, for conflict with the damnable lures of the Evil One in the future." Then, with flashing eyes, the preacher spoke of the old Covenanting days which Mr. Crockett loves. "Your great-hearted noble forefathers were different to these their descendants—stalwart souls, ever haunted by the sense of sin, with the fear of no man in them, only of God." And so on. This preacher was at one time a cobbler. The true Scots of his congregation listened to his eloquence unmoved, with stolid eyes and hands pushing their ears to the front; while the half-Celts fidgeted or idled outside instead of listening at all.

The old fighting Galwegians, when the fingers of the kings of England had begun to clutch at Scotland, were, one may believe, somewhat hampered by this same mixed

strain in them. Their Celtic blood urged them to dash into the fray helter-skelter; but the instinctive caution (by no means itself incompatible with instinctive bravery) of the Scottish temperament in their case was not wholly a blessing. It seems as often as not to have whispered to them at the wrong moment that they were playing a mad part in thus risking their lives. A Galwegian charge, so formidable at the outset, was in fact soon turned into a Galwegian rout. It was every man for himself in the blithe first quick rush of battle, and a little later it was every man for himself in the mad scamper back to the dun and crimson hills, with their secure fastnesses, their lakes and streams and quaking bogs.

It was a reproach to Galloway in 1258 that its people "ate flesh in Lent." But on the other hand they did not trouble about the fish with which their many rivers and lakes teemed then as now. Even in Roman times it was told of the Galloway Scots, as a curious feature in them, that they did not eat fish. It was the same in the thirteenth century. When Edward the First invaded the land he had to send to Carlisle for experienced fishermen "with suitable nets" to supply the royal table with trout. But there was one thing they did love—the mead made from heather. Their old kilns for the purpose may still be found among the moors on the banks of clear little streams. It was also here as in Ireland under the Brehon jurisdiction: bees were closely protected by law. Galloway honey is famous to this day, especially that of Borgue near Kirkcudbright. But there is no reason in the world why the Galloway housewife should be so unmindful of the flies cloyed to death in it, except it be that she cannot help the assertion in her of that old Irish indifference to the small refinements of life.

There is a directness and also an inconsequence of speech, as well as a contempt for orthography, in many modern Galwegians which, each in its own diverting way, tells the same tale. Perhaps there was nothing particularly Irish in the matter-of-fact remark, "Ay! ah! ye'll sune

be wanting your shroud!" with which a visiting "body" opened the conversation with my hostess in a Kirkcudbrightshire farmhouse one afternoon. The latter was a little out of sorts, and had confessed that her spirits were low. But I am happy to say she resented with vigour the insinuation that she was quite so far gone; in fact, she quarrelled with her visitor, which probably no true Scottish dame would have done on such a subject. Elsewhere I heard of a similar conflict. "I called in the new doctor," said my informant, an incredibly glib Ayrshire carpenter, "because he was just come from Ireland to settle in the toon, and had a fine name, and I wasna on speaking terms with the other man. He lookit at the wife and he said, says he, 'Good Heavens! what a throat! I wouldna have such a throat on *me* for a mint o' money!' The wife didna like it, and it isna surprising. But he's an awfu' nice man, though dear, and brocht up a gentleman, as a'budy may see, though too young to have opeinions o' his own worth respecting." This carpenter, of whom I saw much, for I lodged with him, was a most precious example of the Irish and Scottish natures more or less welded. At one time he would be as sober, heavy and industrious as a Thrums man. That same evening the Irish blood in him would be tumultuously "on the loose," if the expression may be allowed; his hurrying sentences choked with ambiguity while he nevertheless struck down the reputations of his neighbours with a freedom which suggested that his ancestors had missed their mark in crossing the Channel instead of giving him the chance to ripen into greatness as candidate for a Connemara borough. But there was better to follow. When the Sabbath came round, he and his ample wife chirped hymns in the kitchen from early morn to bedtime, save when they were eating their meals or sitting at the minister's feet; nor would they on that restful day give me anything hot except the tea. On one of the succeeding Mondays, however, he told me pat that his minister was "a poor weak crathur," and that his flock were "a pack o' drunkards." This carpenter and his

wife were so charming a study that for their own sake I endured with ease the barbaric mixture of comfort, dust and coarse cooking with which they indulged me on high terms.

In the matter of contempt for orthography, I cannot do better than start with an inscription above a pump in the chief square of the county town of Kirkcudbright, whose wynds and closes and castle much endear it to the romantic southerner :

This fount—not riches—Life supplies,
Art gives what Nature here denies;
Posterity must surely bliss
Saint Cuthbert's sons who purchased this.

The date of the pump seems to be 1763. Kirkcudbright ought to have been smiling ever since; yet it may be doubted if the majority of the population see aught wrong in the verse. In any case, one must admire the contentment in the character of a people who for nearly a century and a half have borne willingly such a blot upon their intellect. Of course there is a pert and prim school-board building in modern Kirkcudbright; but the bare-legged lassies who draw water from the pump when they have done their lessons seem to mind as little as their parents the rhyme won at such grievous cost. Two or three other samples of Galloway's Celtic superiority to the details of life may be offered. There is not much in the following, yet, presumably, it received the sanction of authority: "Erected by amateurs of Auchencairn to the memory of two unfortunate seamen whose bodies," etc. The stone may be seen in the Auchencairn Cemetery and does credit to the local heart. Far better of its kind is the mortuary preface in the Buittle churchyard, near Dalbeattie, "As a small memento of felial regard." In the same place one reads a line "In memory of Charels Maxwell," which may or may not be the chisel's mistake. But, best of all, in my humble esteem, was the bold old English writing above the doorway of the room I occupied as parlour in a venerable farmhouse on the Solway. It said "Dearey." I was told that long ago it

had meant "dairy," but it was of course optional to believe that tale, and upon the whole, in the interests of fancy, I prefer to think that this was no mere error of spelling. The room was much too stately, and with too bright an outlook, to be consecrated to nothing nobler than milk bowls. Like enough it was a Celtic husband who, in the first year of his love, painted the fond word above his young wife's 'tiring-room. Later residents, of the Scottish cast of character, would, as a matter of course, not enter into the secret of such an interpretation.

And now, if you please, come with me into the humble, yet nowise impoverished, cottage of a shepherd in the Kells mountains, in the heart of the country once possessed by the "bloody Macatericks," as Mr. Crockett no doubt justly calls them. The house stands high against a heathery slope, with two or three bright green meadow-patches about it, and pressed on one side by a bonny burn brisk with the impetuosity of extreme youth and as pure as childhood. There is no house beyond it until you have climbed to a watershed, descended awhile among moss-hags and crossed two or three other fresh young streams, all bound for the rather remote Solway and all frolicsome with the speckled trout. The shepherd himself is one of Mr. Crockett's numerous acquaintances in the Galloway hills. He could pass an examination in "The Raiders." It was a comrade of his who again and again tramped with the novelist through the hags and up the rough hill-sides of Cooran Lane—that impressive, utterly lonesome defile between the Kells and the Wolf's Slock—and to whom Mr. Crockett sent a copy of his book with the flattering words in it, more or less, from "The Men of the Moss-Hags": "Any shackle can write a book, but it takes a man to herd the Merrick."

This shepherd of the Kells, with whom I spent two days and as many nights, was blessed with five lusty children, the three elder ones, two boys and a girl, constrained to tramp daily over the pathless mountains to the nearest school, a rough three miles or more each way.

One would have thought the muscular exertion and the weathering of such an excursion quite enough, combined with the class work itself, for the energies of the youngsters—as it certainly was for the girl of the three in a green Tam o' Shanter. But here was no Celtic blood. In the evening there was farm work of a sort for the boys; calves to be fed, cows milked and that sort of thing; and afterwards preparation for the lessons of the morrow. The shepherd, honest man, hoped I might give his sons a little aid with their English grammar. But, faith! the thing was impossible, when I was confronted with the verbiage of the inevitable text-book by which repellent road alone they were to proceed towards Parnassus. Then, without a shrug, the shepherd himself took up the parable, and I listened to him and the youngsters and got my useless lesson also on the subject of predicate, extension of the predicate and all the dismal rest of it. The hard head of the thoroughbred Scot tackled the uninviting pages with the same determination it gives to the sheep on the mountains at the first menace of snow. And his boy was like him—the kind of youngster who may by and by be expected to do well against the king's enemies, if fortune makes a soldier of him instead of a schoolmaster, or a herd like his father.

It may be a misuse of evidence, but methinks there is something in the advertisements of the Dumfries and Dalbeattie weekly papers which helps to show that the Celt still presses severely upon the indigenous Scot of the lowlands. In the summer months these announce Sunday coach-drives to attractive places. Moreover, the coaches are well patronised. This in the very home of the Covenanters, whose tombstones of the "killing time" still cry aloud for vengeance against the ungodly rabble of Claverhouse's men, though in letters with a good deal of moss on them! The true son of the soil glowers at the cartloads of merrymakers and thinks his grim compensating thoughts; but the merrymakers themselves are not ashamed, nor do they believe it when they are told by the minister that hell-fire will be their portion. One reverent

dame opened her mind to me on the subject, without heed of my nationality. "They talk of the English ower yonder being fine Sabbath-breakers, but it's my opinion the Scotch are getting every bit as bad." It gave her a certain pleasure to tell of the drowning of one of these Sunday trippers, who got out of his depth in the sea after the coach drive from Dumfries. "But," she added, "though they brought him back a corpse it made no difference." This same dame, however, had ready apology for the butcher-boy when the lad astonished me by delivering a joint on the Sabbath, just before the church bells began to ring. "They wouldna do it except they couldna help it," she said, "the beastie being killed so late on the Saturday night."

But to turn from the people to their environment. Mr. Crockett describes Galloway as "a wide, wild place where the raw edges of creation have not been rubbed down." That is scarcely fair to it. Take away its hills and moorlands and there would still be hundreds of square miles of fat green meadows and fertile grainfields, as placidly rural and trim in themselves as the most exacting of Scottish farmers would have them. The rivers which streak the land with their silver, though wanton enough as youngsters, latterly stroll to the sea through these luxuriant lowland acres with a soothing forgetfulness of the tumult of their beginnings. Solway's mud fringes the coast line proper to the south, nor is this coast remarkable for its cliffs, save at Balcary, where the land drops sheer, with sharp rock needles outlying. Rabbits by fifties (heedless of the wily weasel) sit in the sunshine on the green slopes of the shore, towards which sea-birds in companies drift with the incoming tide. This agricultural bulk of the old kingdom is, of course, broken by high land in spots. Green and crimson Ben Gairn and Screel are bright examples of Galloway's lower hills. They stand midway between the true wilds of the north and the sober Solway, beyond which Cumberland's mountains lift their dim outlines, with the smoking chimneys of Cumberland's seaport towns, as it were, at their bases.

Screel is the darling of South Galloway. Though only 1120 feet high, its sharp triangular mass makes a bold bid for fame. It is crimson to its summit in the season: this and the dark woods with clear streams in them which adorn its seaward slope make it the lovely little mountain it is. Elsewhere the land rises and falls in a billow of green "drums," each one a natural mote, or justice hill. A breezy vigorous land, in the main conspicuous for its curves instead of its "raw edges."

And really it is much the same when you turn to its mountains. From afar these are just big "drums" in their respective groups of Fleet, Kells, Carsphairn and the Merrick. Nowhere are hills less pretentious. Rob them of their radiant crimson and russet and they are little better to the eye than mudheaps from two to three thousand feet high. They improve when you are nearer to them, but you must get right into their desolate midst to understand them, and also to discover that they have their angles like the rest of us—precipices and black hollows for the storms to howl at, and deadly mosshags. Yet even here of "raw edges" there are not many. The great storm which wiped out sundry of the villains of "The Raiders," while Silver Sand and Patrick Heron hugged their cave in the Merrick, must have planed the hills amazingly. As you see them mirrored in white-margined Loch Enoch, Loch Dee and the other quiet pools of this quiet land, they are as smooth in line as a maiden's cheek. This is their aspect on a still summer's day. But be among them when the clouds lie low on their shoulders and the west wind bellows down the Wolf's Slock from Merrick, and the nearest shieling is eight slow, soft miles away, and you will feel the savageness of the land completely. The gray steepes of Craginaw and the Dungeon Hill over Cooran Lane (where 'tis rumoured the salmon of the Firth of Clyde do battle in the spring-time with the salmon of the Solway) are then as horrid as cliffs can be. There is, however, no accommodation to tempt the tourist into such enterprises, and so the wilds of Galloway, now that the Faas and their kin

are clean gone from them, are more lonely than they have been in any century since the time of the Romans. Their shining lakes are little worse than virgin pools for the fisherman, and the grouse and black cock whirr from the heather and rocks at your feet in no dread of gunshot.

With fit weather one may thus be nicely tuned to appreciate the Murder Hole and the other romantic spots on Lochs Neldricken, Enoch and Valley. But in full bright daylight, with a companion and a manual to explain things with cold precision, there is not much to shiver at in this particular round pool by the lake, with its grassy fringe and its affectation of mystery. Every baron of old Galloway had his gibbet for men and his pit for women, and the sombre use of these pits, or murder holes, is still confirmed by the bones brought up from the deep pools anciently attached to the feudal order of things. But where is the castle for the murder hole of Neldricken? Nor were the "bloody Macatericks" and the other outlaws of Merrick likely to trouble about drowning their captured foes in any especial pool, when it were more convenient to cut their throats and leave the rest to the eagles.

The classic murder hole of the district, of which no doubt Mr. Crockett has heard, is in the Water of Minnick, west of the mountains. Here is a reedy pool reputed fathomless and always at the same level. Hard by was an inn kept by a base woman who thought nothing of putting out of the way such pedlars and other travellers as sought her house for the night. She killed them and dropped them into the hole. And you may test this pool to-day or to-morrow with a dead sheep or a cow, and fail altogether to recover the corpse afterwards, though you try for a week. This is the true murder hole of "The Raiders," on the sworn authority of a herd of the Merrick.

It is odd that "wild Galloway," with such a reputation for lawlessness, should, more than any other part of the kingdom, remind us strongly of its old respect of a sort

for the law. It does this in the motes, or assize hills, which speckle its surface quite curiously. There are so many of them that one must assume the establishment of village councils for the purpose, and that even first offenders were thus publicly brought to book. The local "drums" were excellently adapted for being pickaxed into shape as such courts of justice. A first trench would be dug some twenty feet below the "drum's" crest, and another trench lower still; a third trench at the base of the "drum" would make the assize hill complete. One may fill in the picture at discretion; scatter the litigants amid the bluebells on the turfy slopes of the "drum," or behold the rough crowd of old Galwegians listening (with Celtic impatience) to the decrees of the local doomster. The best mote hill of the land is that on the Water of Urr, above Dalbeattie. At a little distance it looks like a great cup in a saucer, or a cardinal's hat. Its sides between and above the dividing ditches are cut sheer: the summit, for the High Court of Judicature, being protected by the sternest precipice of all. In these days, the Mote of Urr is given up to cattle. The beasts ascend to the green flowery crest of it by winding paths. They chew the cud tranquilly where the ancient judges of Galloway spake pregnant words.

It is agreeable enough, whether afoot or mounted, to track Mr. Crockett's heroes up and down the Water of Dee, to and fro in the hills and along the coast; that is to say, if the weather be fine. Yet even then one can sympathise with the dry Galloway clergyman who, in a covert protest against his fellow-parson's lapse into evil doing, remarked to an enthusiast: "Yon minister who writes tales maks his men do ower muckle walking." This seems especially true of Silver Sand, otherwise John Faa, Lord of Little Egypt. One can only wonder at the leathery soles of this pleasant hero's feet, and also envy him his knack of steering straight for his bourne in the dark nights when he liked best to be abroad.

This king of the Scottish gipsies (still represented by one Charles Faa Blyth, crowned not so long ago with a

brass crown at his royal palace in Yetholm of the Cheviots) compels a visit to the islet of Hestan, whither he was wont to spirit himself and his dog from the uttermost ends of Galloway. For Patrick Heron's own sake also the diminutive lairdship should by no means be neglected.

It is a fresh little hat-shaped dot of land about midway between Balcary Point and the rough headland of Almorness, useful to the world at large for the pocket light-house on its eastern side. At low tide one may walk to it across the muddy sand from Auchencairn, two miles away, or from the fretted rocks of Almorness by a banked causeway of mussels with edges warranted to cut bare feet. And hither to its one white farmstead do in fact come not a few pilgrims anxious to realise the courtship of May Maxwell by young Heron. The farmer of Hestan, his wife and his son welcome all such visitors and will at a pinch bed four or five of them in the stout little homestead. They are grateful to Mr. Crockett for making them celebrated, yet feel an indistinct anxiety that it may end in an increased rental at the hands of the decent Dumfries man who has inherited the small lairdship from Patrick Heron's descendants. They regret greatly, however, that there is no spring on the island to be identified as that by which Silver Sand loved to camp and cook his Loch Grennoch trout; also, that there is not a grave on the estate to account for May Maxwell's father or any other dead person; and that there never was, so far as they can ascertain, any such building as the tower in which Patrick and his young friends prepared to resist the attacks of Captain Yawkins and the Macaterick crew. The site of Patrick's house, however, is plain to all eyes, just above the existing farmstead. Its foundations are fast rooted, and such of its stones as have not been incorporated in its successor, or swept on to the coarse shingly beach by the storms, still cling to the foundations. It was a very good house of the common sort, but no tower.

The rugged cliffs and razor edges of Hestan's coast on the seaward side are the best things in the island. They are gaily lichen'd in green and gold, and of course

bearded profusely with seaweed below the water line. And in their fierce recesses driftwood of many kinds finds rest after much tossing on the outer ocean. Craggs better fitted to split kneecaps there never were, and one can well understand that young Patrick's scrambling about them as a boy exercised his arms so that he could in his hour of need trust to these as to no other part of him.

The great cave of the siege and the fight is shown punctiliously by the farmer's active son. It is not at all a disappointing cave, though it lacks the features it most needs to reconcile it with the romance. You may, for instance, be securely penned in it by the flowing tide, but it has no upper chamber to which one might scramble, whether to shoot smugglers in safety or to regain the breezy green summit of the isle. The ladies who descend to it are generally sorry for themselves before they have done with it; but it is a hole sufficiently bold and dark to reflect upon subsequently with the satisfaction that hallows an achievement. One is almost loath to mention the other caves of Hestan or Rathan, because they seem mainly concerned with futile and unromantic quests for copper in paying quantities.

Mr. Crockett knows his Galloway so thoroughly that it is somewhat surprising he has not immortalised its midges as well as its mountains. These are the very worst of their kind. Captain Yawkins of execrable memory might fairly have been condemned to them instead of to the Leith gibbet, where his tarred corpse at last swung as a warning. They, more than anything in this fascinating corner of the land, may be relied upon to bring to the surface the latent Celt in the modern Galwegian.

On Colchester Oysters

“**A**LL the world's mine oyster”—but though the quaint conceit be in the mouth of many a worthy gentleman, who loves to round his conversation with the pearls garnered from his literary

forebears, yet there his scholarship ends ; nor does he any further insert the knife of research into his succulent subject. None the less, what a mine of reflections may be discovered in the associations of the delicious bivalve !

The old luxurious Romanes vaunte did make
Of gustfull oysters took in Lucrine's lake ;
Your Essex better hath, and suche perchance
As tempted Cæsar first to pass from France,

wrote Sir Aston Cokaine, and true it is that from the early dawn of our history, when "oysters from Britain" served at Cæsar's table formed not the least appreciated of the exotic delicacies of the day at the Palatine banquets, to the annual Colchester oyster feast, where War Ministers roar gently and with softened orthodoxy after disposing of several dozens of the Colne "natives," the oyster has formed a tiny link in the chain of Empire forged out of so many diverse substances by each succeeding generation of those who have wrought for these realms.

For I take it that the oyster may be counted a British product in as high a degree as that "roast beef of Old England" which to-day still stands out crowned king above the steers of Australia and Canada, and a stern judge of the canned conserves of convicted Chicago.

There is something British about the very appearance and character of the oyster, for do not both bear an outward armour of roughness and strength, which conceals many a beauteous pearl of value deep hidden in its inner fastnesses ?

But it is of the oyster as a delicacy for the epicure's palate, and not as a repository of milky gems, that the work-a-day world wots ; so, continuing our fancy, let the characteristics above enumerated prove that intrepid individual who first decided to swallow one to have been a Briton.

Colchester was formerly possessed of a standard oyster of silver, to indicate the size which the mollusc must attain before it may be eaten ; but its dimensions pale before the largest oyster ever found off the coast of

Britain, which weighed three and a half pounds and measured seven inches each way.

To-day, from the fattening grounds in the Pyefleet Channel between Mersea and Brightlingsea—some seven miles from the open sea—the Colne sends forth vast numbers of young oysters to stock the beds of Ostend and many another fishery.

This is one of the industries whose items may be counted in the attractive figures of millions—the very word makes one feel fit for a dozen as one writes it. For there is something so regal, so imperial, about anything which can be calculated in millions.

And the Colchester worthies pay due loyal homage to their native product. When the autumn equinox draws nigh, His Worship the Mayor, attended by a full train of begowned Aldermen and Councillors, takes ship from the quaint Hard at Brightlingsea and sails over the fishing grounds—a twentieth-century Doge in a Bucen-taur gay with bunting, which at other times plies the humble trade of a harbour tug.

When the civic cortège is well in the waters of the fishery, the ancient proclamation of the opening of the fishing season is made by the Recorder, followed by a recital of the Charter of the year of Our Lord 1189 by which King Richard Cœur de Lion confirmed the rights of Colchester to its fishery in the Colne.

The Mace assists the ceremonial by its rotund presence, and at the conclusion of the proclamation Mr. Mayor and his company toast the success of the season by a *gouster* of gin and gingerbread.

Apart from the delightful alliteration in the nomenclature of the refreshments provided, it is a little difficult to account for their choice on such an occasion.

Thereafter on the shore a banquet of "natives" is served, announcement of which is duly made in the following week's local press, coupled with the impressive statement that each municipal worthy *paid for what he consumed*.

Oh, blest and blameless borough wherein the oyster

of its waters so develops the sense of personal and public rectitude!

But this is but preliminary trifling, for ere His Worship lays down his civic dignity on the approaching November 9, he bids *at his personal expense*—once more pay due and fitting homage to public morality in Colchester—some five hundred guests to the lordly Guildhall crowned with the sceptred statue of the Empress-Saint Helena (herself a “native”), where nigh on twelve thousand oysters are ritually consumed on tables lavishly decked with another proud product of the town, Colchester roses.

After these preludes the season is in full swing, and the total output of the fishery annually exceeds two millions of “native molluscs.” *Semper floreat!*

Correspondence

A Famous Lincolnshire Village Church: Re The Repair of St. Margaret's Church and Tower, Marton, Lincoln

[Sylvanus Urban earnestly commends the following letter to the benevolent attention of his readers.]

MR. URBAN,—May I ask for a space in your Magazine to make an urgent appeal to your readers to help this poor parish to raise a sum of £600 for the most pressing and necessary repair and preservation of its ancient Church and Tower? The fabric with the exception of the tower is fairly sound, and it is on account of the serious condition of the latter that I venture to make this appeal. Our fine Saxon tower is of great antiquity and very considerable archæological value. The construction of it is unique and it is a rare antiquarian treasure.

Mr. W. P. D. Stebbing, F.G.S., Mem. R. Arch. Institute, in a report he has written on our tower says, “Now in looking at this tower of Marton Church I think everyone will agree that it has a distinct air of its

own. . . . The actual walling is mainly of very carefully constructed herring-bone work of an unusual type and I believe only to be seen elsewhere, as Professor Baldwin Brown points out, in a fragment of the wall of the very early Norman shell keep at Tamworth Castle." The tower is a very fine example of Saxon workmanship, and, on the authority of Professor Baldwin Brown, was built before the Norman Conquest. The walls at the ground level are three feet six inches in thickness. The outside tapers from the ground upwards to the belfry stage where a set off occurs.

The belfry stage has a beautiful two light opening springing from a centre shaft with rudely moulded cap and base. It contains three bells, one of which is dated 1637.

The top of the tower is finished with a parapet of fifteenth-century work, having pinnacles at the angles, of which the top portions are missing.

In 1868 the north side of the tower was unfortunately undermined and a heating chamber constructed underneath the foundation, which has caused a serious settlement. The north, west and east walls are badly cracked, and the safety of the tower is greatly endangered and demands immediate attention. This is no ordinary church restoration appeal. We are asking for funds to preserve from approaching decay a most interesting specimen of a Saxon tower.

Our famous Church is rich in antiquarian and architectural treasures in which the work of every century, from the eleventh to the sixteenth, is represented, and fragments of a still earlier period of Christian life and art are embodied. I feel sure that all lovers of ancient architecture will be interested in the repair and preservation of such a noble and venerable building. Professor Baldwin Brown in a letter to the *Times* on the architecture of our church said, "I trust that the tower will receive proper structural repair, for a church as old as the Norman Conquest is quite interesting enough to appeal to the public at large. I am sending my mite to

the vicar in aid of this good cause, which I may perhaps venture to commend to your patriotic readers."

The plaster on the outside surface has badly perished, and as it peels off antiquarian treasures are exposed to view. The fragments of a Celtic cross have thus been discovered, built up in the west wall of the south aisle. Several pieces of the stem remain, and at least one piece of the circular head of the cross; the chief surface pattern is a circular form of "knot-work."

On November 10, a large mass of plaster peeled off the outside surface of the north wall of the chancel chapel and exposed a beautiful specimen of an early thirteenth-century window, five feet three inches by one foot nine inches, blocked up (for how long no one knows) in a very rough manner by pieces of broken bricks, small stones, and mortar. The window seems to be in a good state of preservation, and by the side of this window in the inside wall is a rudely carved crucifix.

This is a poor agricultural parish, the population of three hundred and nineteen being almost entirely composed of the labouring class, and thus the limited nature of our parochial resources and the very pressing need of repair make it necessary to appeal to the patriotic public to help in our earnest endeavour to save and hand on to future generations this noble example of ancient workmanship.

The work of repair has been entrusted to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, and will be carried out under the personal supervision of the architect in consultation with the society.

The sum required is £600. In the bank or promised is £220. There remains to be raised £380.

An account has been opened at the Union of London and Smith's Bank, Lincoln, into which donations may be paid.

J. H. MALLINDER, Vicar.

*A Relic of Henry VIII's Great Storehouse
of the Navy*

MR. URBAN,—I send you two sketches of windows which are, I believe, still to be found in the Foreign Meat Market by the River Thames at Deptford. They belong to



Ornamental dated window, now disused,
Great Storehouse, Deptford

the old "Great Storehouse" of the Navy which was erected by King Henry VIII. in 1513. The inscription beneath one of them tells its own tale; yet attention may well be drawn to the fact that A°.Xⁱ. is there to be read in lieu of the more usual A.D., and also that the knot badge

which unites the monogram is cunningly devised to form the figure 8. The small niche, above, doubtless once held a figure therein. This window has, as may be seen, been bricked up; the other is yet glazed and heavily barred. In a MS. folio of 1698, excellently illustrated in water-colour, the plans of the Deptford Dockyard both prior to 1688 and in 1698 are all given with the greatest elaboration, and therein this building can be traced. Sundry other details of the buildings are also most carefully shown, notably a twisted pinnacle at one end of a gable, and a diamond in brickwork surmounted by a brick cross, beneath which is a fourlight Tudor window with dripstone; in the wall of another, the gateway with its royal arms, the ancient clocktower, and a bell cupola. To this MS. collection there is a fearsome title-page. At the top on a pink curtain with a red back and heavy gold fringe is a lengthy inscription telling us that it is the "Survey and Description of the Principal Harbours with the Accomodations and Conveniences for Erecting, Mooring, Securing and Refitting the Navy Royall of England, &c. &c. 1698." This curtain is sustained in the air by half a dozen cupids with quaintly multi-coloured wings. Beneath, from the horizon to the middle distance, is a huge fleet of war vessels all flying pennants and the Cross of St. George with a red fly similar to the present "red ensign." In the immediate foreground we have Neptune in his car bearing the Royal Standard of William III. attached to his time-honoured trident, *i.e.* 1 and 4 grand quarters, Modern France and England quarterly, 2 Scotland, 3 Ireland, over all in a scutcheon of pretence Nassau. The car is dragged by sea-horses and attended by four tritons.

This building was erected before the incorporation of the present Trinity House, as that Corporation dates from 1514, though a private guild had been licensed the year previously. It was not until the year 1520 that the building yard and the superintendence of the storehouses at Deptford were placed under the control of the Guild of Trinity Brethren. Of the early storekeepers a few names

are known. John Hopton (erroneously given a knight-hood in a letter from his successor William Gonson to Wolsey) held the office in 1513. Sir Thomas Spert, the fabled founder of the Trinity House, was there certainly in 1526. In 1575 one Henry Gilman was in office. He



Small window, Great Storehouse, Deptford

was followed by Christopher Baker, to whom succeeded Wm. Borough. In later times the many visits of Pepys to Deptford are duly recorded in his Diary, the first entry being October 9, 1660. It will be remembered that he was much engaged on the excavation of Sir Nicholas Crisp's "sasse" at the dockyard. This "sasse" is shown on the plans, and was a large, irregular-shaped quadrilateral wet dock. Pepys also records the finding, where the wet dock was made, of a ship of five hundred tons,

"supposed of Queen Elizabeth's time," which contained much stone shot of eighteen inches diameter. His satisfaction, too, is recorded that his "name is up for a good husband to the King and a good man," while all the other officers at Deptford are much the reverse. It is interesting to read in the MS. to which allusion has been made that the value of the Great Storehouse building in 1688 and also in 1698 is estimated at £1939 1s. 9d. One is inclined to speculate as to how the odd 1s. 9d. was arrived at.

RAYMOND NEWBURGH.

Conjectural Emendations in Shakespeare

MR. URBAN,—I send a few conjectural emendations in the text of Shakespeare.

The Tempest, iii. 1, 14, 15 :—

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labrous,
Most busie lest, when I do it.

This is the reading of the First Folio, the rest giving "busie least." For numerous conjectures, see the Cambridge Shakespeare.

To me the word "even" qualifying "refresh" has always been not the least difficulty of the passage, and I believe that "even" and "Most" have been transposed. Taking Bulloch's "busiliest" and writing "labour" for "labrous," I suggest:—

But these sweet thoughts do *most* refresh my labour,
Even busiliest when I do it.

For "busiliest" *cp.* "easiliest," *Cymbeline*, iv. 2, 206.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, iii. 1, 5 :—

Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Qy. "the *spittle*-ward" ?

Measure for Measure, ii. 1, 33 :—

Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it.

For "spare," qy. "*spire*" ?

Measure for Measure, iii. 1, 35:—

for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld.

Qy. "aged" ? cp. *Coriolanus*, i. 4, 38, "aged fears."
The Winter's Tale, iii. 2, 43:—

For life I prize it
As I weigh grief.

Qy. "peize" ?
Richard the Third, iv. 4, 175:—

Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.

I believe we should read, "Faith, none but, humph, your hour," etc. Singer and Tawney refer to *St. John* xvi. 21 : "A woman, when she is in travail, hath sorrow, because her hour is come; but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world": and if "your" was written "y^e," it would easily account for the final syllable of "Humphrey." The sense would then be, "Faith, no comfortable hour (l. 173) but that in which you were delivered of your burden of me then in your womb." Cp. l. 164, "And came I not at last to comfort you?"

Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 7, 99 :—

Possess it, I'll make answer.

Perhaps, "Possess us," i.e. tell us what you mean by "Be a child o' the time"; as in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3, 149, and elsewhere.

Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 7, 138:—

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out!

Qy. "Speak, drums! speak, trumpets," etc.

Cymbeline, iii. 6, 24:—

Ho! who's here?
If anything that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.

Possibly, "Take *all and end*. No answer? then I'll enter."

K. D.

Twelfth Night, iii. 4.

MR. URBAN,—In *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4, when Olivia says to Malvolio "Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?" he replies "To bed! ay, *sweetheart, and I'll come to thee.*" It must have occurred to many scholars that the words which I have italicised are a quotation from an old song. I have not found the song, but I have found in "Tarlton's Jests" Malvolio's very words. In the Jest "How Tarlton and his oastesse of Waltham met" we read, "Well, to have their custome, she agreed to everything, like a subtill oastesse: and it so fell out that Tarlton, having her in a roome at her house, askt her which of those two beds were big enough for them two. This, said she; therefore, *goe to bed, sweet-heart, he comè to thee.*" (The italics are my own.) The first extant edition of these Jests is dated 1611, but there were earlier editions that were thumbed out of existence or have yet to be discovered.

A. H. BULLEN.

[P.S.—I have shown this letter to my friend Mr. R. B. McKerrow, who points out to me that "An answere to 'goo to bed swete harte'" was one of twenty-two ballads entered in the Stationers' Register to E. White, August 1, 1566. Has anybody ever seen the original ballad?]

Cowper and Lady Austen

MR. URBAN,—In the October number of your Magazine appeared an article on "Cowper and Lady Austen." In looking through a book of newspaper cuttings of my grandfather, John Webb, I found the subjoined poem,

which I believe never to have been published except in a country newspaper, from which my grandfather copied it sixty or seventy years ago. I have never observed it in any of the editions of Cowper's poetry which I have seen. It is intensely sad and pathetic, and might well have been written when the poet parted with Lady Austen.

ARTHUR T. WEBB.

In one of his fits of melancholy Cowper composed the following exquisite lines, which we believe have never been incorporated in any collection of his poems. The heart in which the perusal of them excites no compassion will never be affected by anything.

JOHN WEBB.

Doomed as I am in solitude to waste
 The present moments, and regret the past,
 Deprived of every joy I valued most,
 My friend torn from me, & my mistress lost,
 Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mien,
 The dull effect of humour, or of spleen.
 Still, still I mourn with each returning day,
 Him snatched by fate in early youth away.
 And *her* thro' tedious years of doubt & pain,
 Fixed in her choice, and faithful, but in vain.
 Ye, prone to pity, generous, and sincere,
 Whose eye ne'er yet refused the wretch a tear;
 Whose heart the real claim of friendship knows,
 Nor thinks a lover's are but fancied woes,
 Behold me ere my destined course half done,
 Cast forth a wanderer, on a world unknown,
 See me neglected on the world's rude coast,
 Each dear companion of my voyage lost;
 Nor ask why clouds or sorrow shade my brow,
 And ready tears arise nor cease to flow;
 Why all that soothes a heart from anguish free,
 And that delights the happy palls on me!

The Deterioration of Modern Books

MR. URBAN,—You and your readers must alike have observed, with regret, the rapid deterioration of the bulk of modern books. I refer first in this connection not to

the material which the authors put into them—though a cynical wit might find some caustic things to say upon this subject—but to what I may call the garb of the volumes. Novels, gaudily bound in scarlet and other bright hues, soon become discoloured, and acquire a look of premature age, which is strengthened by the dilapidation into which the component sheets early fall even when the volume is read by few and is carefully handled. The same remarks apply to text-books and the more modestly presented works on serious subjects generally. It seems as if the dignity of books were not properly recognised by those who issue them at the present time; and this attitude upon their part may largely account for the contumely with which the public treats most of the current literature of our day.

A book is no longer received by those into whose possession it ordinarily comes with respect. It is not regarded as an instructor or an exponent of a high art. If it professes to give information upon a specific subject, it is more often than not hastily and superciliously skimmed through in the search for what it has to say upon some particular point of personal interest to the buyer. If it is, as far too many publications now are, another addition to the vast decaying heap of fiction, nothing is demanded of it but that it shall amuse, by appealing to the lowest emotions, the crudest curiosity, the least polished appreciation of humour. If it does not divert the reader, it is cast aside; if it has diverted him, it has no better fate, but is carelessly passed on as a thing of no further value or treated as lumber.

Of course there are many exceptions. Books of worth, worthily printed and bound, are by no means extinct; but the output of them is not great, and a high proportion of them appear as limited editions at a price which is prohibitive to the larger and less wealthy class of buyers. The kind of books which have increased in number in ratio to the growth of population is the kind which is good neither in matter nor form. In fact, the modern

development of education has produced a vast horde of readers who have no judgment in literature, and who are impatient of instruction. The temptation to cater for them seems to have proved irresistible; and the result has been a general degradation in all departments of book-production. The blame, it seems to me, rests most heavily upon men who, with the ability to raise the minds of their contemporaries, merely play upon their idle inclinations and pander to their lower taste, for the sake of profit. Have our popular authors lost the sense of a mission? If they fitly guarded the dignity of their calling, the public would soon learn to regard books with that respect which they should deserve, and the consensus of book-buyers would require that volumes should be presented in a suitable and seemly guise, and not be the tawdry, ill-made things that they now so often are. The whole artistic and intellectual life of the nation would be quickened by the restoration to its right plane of one of the most powerful influences in the lives of men and women.

B. G. L.

Sylvanus Urban's Notebook

IT is high time that the dwellers in cities should consider the inefficiency of local authorities in dealing with such normal and recurrent events as snowstorms in winter. This is an important hygienic question. During the last period of severe weather the snow, in London, was allowed to accumulate in by-streets, where it deteriorated into the most noxious kind of slush. In many of the main thoroughfares it was not adequately dealt with. As a result, women of all classes, the majority of them lightly shod, were shopping or attending to other business under conditions likely to be seriously detrimental to their health. This state of things is especially hard for women in the poorer ranks of life; the large number of girls who, for

small salaries, work as clerks, bookkeepers, or waitresses, and those employed in factories, have no option as to the time when they will remain indoors; women in domestic service may be despatched upon errands at any hour of the day; and housewives in the needier sections of the working-classes are compelled to make their small purchases at frequent intervals.

To women of all these classes the risk of illness is a very serious matter. To those whose work lies away from home, sickness probably means loss of pay and it may, if protracted to any considerable length, mean loss of employment. The mothers in necessitous families are often unable to find anyone who will properly discharge their domestic duties while they are unfit for the work, and they either strive to perform their duties when their strength is overtaxed by the effort, or their children and homes are neglected. The removal of snow is not an impossible task in urban areas, nor is it seriously difficult when large gangs of unemployed workmen can be assembled at any point within an hour or two. Why, then, should the local authorities, year after year, show themselves seemingly overwhelmed by an occurrence which they have every reason to expect?

Sylvanus Urban propounds the suggestion that any person who comes forward as a candidate for municipal office should be required to pass an examination in what one may, perhaps, call civic hygiene. If this were done, it is probable that the smoke nuisance and the snow nuisance would in measurable time be abated; and it might even come to be regarded as marvellous that all persons, young and old, should continue to breathe, as a matter of course, the foul, contaminated air which at present is the lot of all whose lines are laid in crowded places.

The terrible railway accident which took place near Arbroath illustrates that habit of travelling in any and all circumstances which is so strong in the British public that

it defies alike danger and discomfort. There can be only comparatively few among the large crowds whom the railway companies convey in midwinter who are compelled to perform the journeys which seem so unattractive but are lightly undertaken. The people of these islands have, in fact, become a restless race. Movement may almost be said to be a temperamental necessity to them.

The restlessness shows itself elsewhere than in the habit of travelling. Popular novels and serial stories must hurry from one sensational incident to another. The leisurely development of character and the adequate description of places are considered boring. It becomes increasingly difficult, apparently, for the average Briton to give a continuous concentration of attention to any subject, unless its importance as concerns his interests compels him to do so. The upper classes are, to the full, as restless as the lower. Undoubtedly literature of the higher order, together with works upon philosophy and scientific subjects, suffers from this customary refusal to devote to anything the mental exertion which should be given to some things with alacrity and pleasure.

Perhaps the strangest development of the trait is the impatience of a religious service of any length which is notoriously characteristic of modern congregations. The demand, and one might fairly say the inexorable demand, is for the liturgy piecemeal and for short sermons. An incumbent, except in remote and "backward" places, who should give to his parishioners the service of the Church of England as it was presented to their predecessors fifty years ago, and a sermon of the length to which their fathers were accustomed, would probably empty his church. Indeed, the evolution of Divine Service in this country during the last fifty years will be a subject of surpassing interest for some future historian of our social life. It shows the singular change which has come over the mental habits—perhaps even over the mental constitution—of the nation during the last half-century. In almost all things

the appeal to the senses and the emotions is preferred to the appeal to the mind, and in almost all things reasoning is eschewed and there is a cry for excitement.

All who are "poor sailors" and dread the Channel when their faces are set towards the Continent, will be tempted to support the scheme for the construction of a Channel Tunnel. But those who consider the history of France in relation to this country will recognise how serious a military question must be answered before the project could be safely adopted. It is true that the two nations have not been at war since the time of Waterloo, but often the inclination for war has unmistakably prevailed on both sides of the water. The ovation accorded to the late Mr. Kruger, the Fashoda difficulty, the Newfoundland dispute, the trouble about the delimitation of the frontier in West Africa, the quarrel in Siam—all these things should warn those who may be too eager to assist a scheme that looks at a first glance as if it would be an earnest of future peace. There could be no greater temptation than that which would incite a popular French military man, on an occasion when the feelings of his countrymen were strong against Great Britain, to attempt the nullification of the means on which this country would rely for rendering the tunnel useless in war time, and the capture of the British end of it by a *coup de main*. Such an exploit would be intensely admired by the successful soldier's fellow-countrymen, and he would probably be supported by the money and influence of all the classes in France which in their dread of Socialism are prone to seek any and every opportunity of diverting men's minds from the doctrines that it presents. It would be absurd to suppose that knowledge of our accepted method of dealing with the tunnel in the event of hostilities would not be gained by the General Staffs of the great Continental Powers, and as soon as the information was acquired, careful and persistent study would be given to the problem of thwarting that method. The Government of a country in which respect for commercial enterprise is so strong as it is in

England would certainly hesitate till the last moment before giving the order which would ruin the tunnel, and the hesitation might last too long.

Harringay and Hornsey

HARRINGAY and Hornsey are now regarded as denoting separate localities. But at one time they were merely alternative names for the same place, and if they are traced back to their origin it will be found that they are also the same name for the same place.

Early records refer to this district as Haringhee, or Haringey, variously spelt, and as Harnesey, Hornsey, or "Harnesey alias Haryngay." Lysons thought that Harringay might perhaps mean Har-inge, or "hare-meadow," but it is much more probable that it was originally Harrings-hay (Anglo-Saxon *haga*, a hedge)—that is, the hedged place or enclosure (in the forest) held by Haring. Now if we take "Harnesey," and supply one or two obvious letters, thus:

HAR(Y)N(G)S(H)EY,

we get Haryngshey, and so we may very safely conclude that Harringay and Hornsey are only variations of the one name. A return of the number of alehouses in Middlesex, made in the time of Edward VI., illustrates the identity of the two forms by speaking of the place both as Harnyngsey and as Harnesey.

Harringay, otherwise Hornsey, at one time consisted mostly of wooded land, hence the title "park" so often given to it,

Finsbury Park (once called Hornsey Wood), Highgate Wood, Caen Wood, Bishop's Wood, and others now or quite recently existing, were all once part of the great park which extended from Islington to Friern Barnet, and from Hackney to Hampstead. The park was marked off from the surrounding Forest of Middlesex as the demesne of the Bishop of London, probably soon after the Norman Conquest. But in spite of its size it is not named in the Domesday Survey, probably because it was mostly forest-land, and as such under the peculiar jurisdiction of the Crown and not liable to taxation. The Survey was made for fiscal and not for topographical purposes.

For a Norman bishop fond of hunting, as all Normans were, whether bishops or not, Harringay Park was a delightful possession, and very soon, perhaps almost immediately, after receiving it from the king the bishop built himself a castle or hunting-box here. But the information available on the subject of the episcopal palace at Hornsey is exceedingly meagre, and at the present day even its site would have been long forgotten had it not been sought out and described by a local historian, whose account is quoted below. The dwelling in question seems to have been a moated castle, standing on an eminence

overlooking the woods, but more than this it is impossible to say. In the fourteenth century, either because moated castles were not encouraged in the neighbourhood of London, or because age rendered it unsafe, it was pulled down, and it is said that the materials were employed for the building of old Hornsey Church. In this case, and supposing the usually accepted date for the church—1500—to be accurate, the ruins must have lain for at least a century before being made use of for the construction of the church.

Norden, the antiquary and topographer, who wrote in 1593, says that the foundations were more like those of a castle than of a lodge, and adds that the ditches were still to be seen on the hill, though overgrown with bushes, and that some remains of the old castle—bricks, tiles, and Cornish slates—were lying about in heaps, while upon the very foundations were oaks of more than a century's growth. It would seem that the castle was replaced by a "lodge," that is, by a little house of no great consequence, and that the rubble seen by Norden was the remains thereof, while oaks occupied the site of the castle. The lodge became a residence of the Dukes of Gloucester.

For the benefit of those who would like to search for traces of the old site on Lodge Hill it may be interesting to quote from Prickett, who in his *History of Highgate* (1842) gives the following identification:

"In the award plan of the parish in Hornsey the field numbered 631 is called Lodge Hill; it is bounded on the west by a wood,

which reaches from thence up to Hampstead Lane, near the entrance lodges of Ken Wood Estate. This wood . . . goes still by the name of Bishop's Wood. Lodge Hill is the fourth field south-westward of the manor farm-house, on the north road between Highgate and Finchley, and is intersected by the line of division between Hornsey and Finchley parishes; it is peculiarly prominent as the highest spot of ground in the centre of the demesne lands of the Bishop of London, of which Lodge Hill and a very considerable extent of property still form a part. . . . The form of the moat is still visible, and is seventy yards square; the site of the castle is still uneven, and bears the traces of the former foundations; it is somewhat higher than the ground outside the trenches. The portion of the moat, which still remains, consists of a spring constantly running."

A romantic episode in the history of Robert Bruce is connected by Jane Porter, in her novel "The Scottish Chiefs," with Lodge Hill, though I cannot say upon what authority. Edward I. had received a letter from Scotland betraying certain of Bruce's plans. Bruce at that time was at or near London. Who, then, was harbouring him? The king's suspicion fell upon Gloucester, who was with him when he received the letter. "In case you know this rebel's hiding-place," said he to the earl, "quit not this room till he is brought before me." At that moment Bruce was concealed in Gloucester's lodge at Lodge Hill. The earl, dismayed, racked his brains for a means of warning

Bruce without betraying himself or his friend to those present. Then an idea came to him. Stooping, he removed his spurs, and handed them, with a purse, to Lord Montgomery, who was in his confidence, saying carelessly, "Here, my lord, as you are going directly to Highgate I will thank you to call at my lodge and to give these spurs and this money to the groom we spoke of. Tell him that the spurs do not fit me, and he will know what to do with them." Montgomery, equally quick-witted, understood at once, and hastened to Highgate—Highgate was then part of Hornsey—and so to the lodge in the park. Here he found Bruce disguised as a Carmelite, and warned him of his danger. Bruce immediately prepared for flight, and rode away on a horse whose shoes Montgomery had had the forethought to reverse.

This is a summary of Miss Porter's narrative. She also states that Bruce, before leaving the lodge, bent "his knee for a moment on the chancel stone which covered the remains of Wallace." But history tells us that after Wallace was executed at the Tower his head was set up on London Bridge, while his body was quartered and sent to Scotland for public exhibition. Whether there is any reason to suppose that another body was substituted for Wallace's to horrify the Scotch, and that the real corpse was buried at Hornsey, I do not know.

Lodge Hill is less doubtfully connected with another curious page of history. In 1440 Roger Bolingbroke and Thomas Southwell, clerks, were accused of at-

tempting to compass the King's death by necromancy, at the instigation of Eleanor Duchess of Gloucester. It was said that they had made a waxen image of the King and had placed it before a fire, so that as the wax melted the King's life might be consumed. Bolingbroke, as a distinguished astronomer and astrologer, was credited with the actual deed, while Southwell was alleged to have said masses over his colleagues' necromantic instruments at Lodge Hill, a residence of the Duke of Gloucester. It seems that the three were really concerned in nothing more treasonable than the casting of the Duchess's horoscope; but in those days it was easy to ruin obnoxious folk by coupling their names with the black art, and this was the object of the Duke of Gloucester's enemies in bringing the accusation against the Duchess. The poor lady was condemned by the Church to three days' penance in the streets of London, followed by imprisonment for life. Bolingbroke was executed, and Southwell no doubt would have shared the same fate but that he died before his trial could take place.

At this time the older Lodge was not standing, so that it could not have been in the ancient episcopal residence that the alleged magic rites were performed, unless, indeed, the ruins were supposed to present a weirdly appropriate setting for such dark deeds.

Hornsey Wood also appears in history as the scene of the gathering of the Duke of Gloucester, the Earls of Arundel and Warwick, and forty thousand men in

1387, in opposition to Richard II. and his ministers, a gathering afterwards stigmatised as "an armed insurrection." Here, too, Henry V. and, on another occasion, Henry VII. were met, on entering London, by the Lord Mayor and his company.

Since Highgate was formerly only a "hamlet" in the parish of Hornsey, Highgate Wood and Queen's Wood, being part of the Bishop's Park, and lying very near Lodge Hill, call for brief notice here. Queen's Wood was at one time known as Highgate Common, and, later, as Churchyard Bottom Wood. The latter lugubrious name was derived from the pits that were dug here at the time of the Great Plague to receive bodies brought from London. Numbers of human bones have been found at this spot.

In the eighteenth century Hornsey Wood was the name given more particularly to a copse of small trees at the southwest extremity of the parish, whose place has since been occupied by Finsbury Park. At the entrance to the little wood there was a tavern, much resorted to by the people of London, particularly on Sundays. It shared the popularity of Islington, Highbury, and other local taverns and pleasure-gardens. To Hornsey Wood also came anglers for refreshment after plying their craft on the banks of the New River, which ran hard by. According to Hone, the old Hornsey Wood House was embowered among the trees. Two old ladies, sisters, by name Mrs. Lloyd and Mrs. Collier, were its mistresses, "ancient women, large in size," good souls high in favour

with all who knew them. They were wont to sit before their door on a rustic seat under two great oaks, chatting and tea-drinking with their visitors. After their death their house was pulled down to give place to a larger, which existed up to 1866. When it, too, had had its day the tea-gardens were made part of Finsbury Park. I do not know whether the present Hornsey Wood Tavern is actually on the site of the old ones, but if not, it is probably very near the spot where Mrs. Lloyd and Mrs. Collier sat under their oaks and took tea with their customers.

The title Finsbury Park, as applied to the fine gardens which have replaced the former wood, has been called an absurd misnomer. But as the ancient Liberty of Finsbury, once extending as far north as Whetstone, still includes all this neighbourhood, the absurdity is not so very great except in the eyes of those whose view of "Finsbury" is limited by Finsbury Circus and Finsbury Pavement.

Harringay, or Hornsey, like most other places, was divided at one time into small estates or manors. There was the manor of Ducketts, near what is now Turnpike Lane, partly in this parish and partly in Tottenham, and once a possession of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. There was Farne, or Fernefields, now represented by Ferme Park; Brownswood, which still gives its name to a prebendal stall in St. Paul's Cathedral; and Toppefelde, in the neighbourhood of Crouch End. Topsfield Parade, a brand-new row of shops, is not at first sight a likely lurking-place

for picturesque memories; yet in enshrining the name of the old manor it recalls the quaint terms on which, when Edward the Third was king, a tenement "in the town of Haryngey, of the manor called Toppesfeldes," was held by one Geoffrey atte Crouche, namely, a yearly tribute to the lord of the manor, Stephen Maynarde, of a *garland of red roses*.

Another member of the Maynard family about this time granted to "Adam in the Felde," carpenter, of the town of Haryngeye, and Margaret, his wife, a plot of land with a cottage thereon, in the place called the Greenhawe, "over against the gate of Stephen atte Crouch of Haryngeye." Other fields, or crofts, were Threnacres and Stebensfeld, or Stevensfelde, the Down Hill, and Lanerdislond, names doubtless quite lost by this time. "Strode," however, still survives in Stroud Green. "Cruche," of course, signifies cross, and Crouch End yet marks the place where the cross once stood.

These records, while preserving old local place-names, are interesting also as illustrative of the ancient custom by which persons were called after their places of abode. We see that a Geoffrey and Stephen "atte Cruche" were identified by their proximity to

the cross. Another deed speaks of "William atte Felde, of Haryngey, son and heir of Stephen atte Felde, son and heir of Adam atte Felde"—three generations bearing a surname drawn from their dwelling-place. Adam at Felde was doubtless the carpenter mentioned above.

Hornsey Church was built, it is said, from the remains of the episcopal palace on Lodge Hill. Only the tower now remains. The nave was rebuilt early in the last century, and contains two fifteenth-century brasses and an incised slab, saved from the old church. These monuments were witnesses of the punishment meted out to a certain Jane Jones, spinster, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Jane, who has left her footprints on the sands of time by reason of having stolen a kerchief worth fivepence and a "neckercher" worth fourpence from one William Danyell, was condemned to confess this offence in Hornsey Church on the next Lord's Day after her conviction, in the presence of the parishioners.

The old church having been superseded by a large new one, built close by, is now wholly disused. The body of Samuel Rogers, the poet, lies in the churchyard, and a daughter of Thomas Moore, who died while her father was living at his cottage on Muswell Hill, is also buried here.

Review of the Month

THE first day of December saw the publication of some very interesting love-letters in the *Revue de Paris*. They were addressed by Gambetta to his friend and adviser Madame Léonie Léon. The strength and weakness of the statesman's character are well displayed in them, and the form of his passionate attachment to his "*bon ange gardien*" is very characteristic. The following example is interesting, and it throws some light on Gambetta's view of his own personality :

Gènes, 13 février, 1882.

Chère femme adorée,—Que de souvenirs et aussi de poignants regrets me donne ce séjour ! Ici, je t'ai promise, adorée, embrassée et tu es absente, et je me sens trop seul dans cette grande cité de marbre que je me suis toujours été mon berceau. J'y respire plus librement qu'ailleurs, et loin de me trouver dépaysé, c'est toute une histoire qui me revient comme une tradition au vent. Je me laisse aller à cette rêverie du passé, et je m'oublie dans l'admirable aventure de Colomb, les audacieuses courses marines des Doria, les grands coups d'épée des Spinola, les fantaisies dorées des Doges ; j'éprouve, quoique bien Français, un regret de race à retrouver tous ces grands témoins de la fortune de la superbe République de Gènes, une République où la force et la dignité marchaient de pair avec la liberté populaire. Mais trêve de rêveries : ce qui est positif, c'est que je ne puis vivre loin de ma dogaresse, et que je vais reprendre le chemin des Alpes pour la rejoindre. Mignonne, à mercredi, et tout à toi pour la vie.

On the same day presentations were made to Dr. Warre in "Upper School" Eton College. Lord Elgin, in his speech on the occasion, defended Eton against certain criticisms not uncommonly directed against it. He said : "The spirit of Eton, I think we are proud to acknowledge, has been a powerful, if not the most powerful, influence in any success we may have had in life." Dr. Warre showed much emotion in making his reply.

On the 1st also, at Christie's, a picture by Frans Hals of a man in brown dress playing a flute, on canvas 25½ in. by 24 in., the property of Princess Vera Koudacheff, was sold to Sir James Clinton for fifteen hundred guineas. This picture had once been sold at Christie's with two others for the sum of £2 10s.

The third reading of the Plural Voting Bill was taken in the House of Commons on December 3. The preceding division was upon an amendment, and showed a majority for the Government of 229. "After all," said the Premier in his speech which closed the debate, "one man one vote is a plain, common-sense doctrine."

On the 4th the second reading of the Trade Disputes Bill took place in the House of Lords without a division.

The opinion of Unionist Members of that Chamber was not accurately represented by this fact. Lord Lansdowne expressed the apprehension of very many people when he said, during the debate,

" Things might be done under the shelter of the Bill which would bring ruin, bodily suffering and mental anguish to individuals, and which would occasion loss, danger and inconvenience to the community as a whole."

Both Houses of Congress met at Washington on the same day, and President Roosevelt's out-spoken address to the United States Legislature evoked general admiration by its firm and manly tone. His utterances on the question of marriages wilfully made sterile showed a strong conviction: " When home ties are loosened; when men and women cease to regard a worthy family life, with all its duties fully performed and all its responsibilities lived up to, as the life best worth living; then evil days for the commonwealth are at hand. There are regions in our land and classes of our population where the birth-rate has sunk below the death-rate. Surely it should need no demonstration to show that wilful sterility is, from the standpoint of the nation, from the standpoint of the human race, the one sin for which the penalty is national death, race death; a sin for which there is no atonement; a sin which is the more dreadful exactly in proportion as the men and women guilty thereof are in other respects, in character, and bodily and mental powers, those whom for the sake of the State it would be well to see the fathers and mothers of many healthy children, well brought up in homes made happy by their presence. No man, no woman, can shirk the primary duties of life, whether for love of ease and pleasure or for any other

cause, and retain his or her self-respect."

Deep resentment was aroused in San Francisco by the President's entirely justified remark that to exclude Japanese children from the public schools was " a wicked absurdity." The problem, to what extent a State dependent upon the Central Government for its protection from attack by foreign powers can properly assert a right to act in such a manner as to involve the Central Government in diplomatic complications which it desires to avoid, was brought into very clear relief by the President's Message.

On the 5th the Land Tenure Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords without a division. Lord St. Aldwyn remarked, during the debate, that the relations between English landlords and their tenants were not as a rule of a strictly business but of a friendly nature—a maxim not widely applicable without careful reservation of the excepted cases.

On the 6th the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries issued a circular with reference to the American Gooseberry Mildew. In this it was stated that *sphaerotheca mors-uvae* had been discovered in more than one place in England, and that there was reason to believe that the disease, in at least one case, was of some years' standing. It was afterwards alleged that the Board's scientific adviser had minimised the matter, and a somewhat animated controversy arose upon the subject. Possessors of gooseberry bushes should, as a precaution, obtain and read the circular issued by the Board.

At the Savoy Theatre, on the 8th, a return was made to the sner form of comic opera by the successful revival of *The Yeomen of the Guard* under the direction of Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

On the 10th was published a parliamentary paper with the title "Correspondence respecting the Newfoundland Fisheries." This illustrated a dispute in which, *longo intervallo*, the British Government occupied a position in relation to Newfoundland similar to that of the Washington Administration in relation to California in the matter of Japanese children at public schools, while the United States Government itself occupied, towards the British Cabinet the position of Japan in the other controversy. Unfortunately, the extent to which Lord Elgin conceded the American demands and overruled the Newfoundland legislature raised very bitter resentment in that ancient colony, and left an awkward problem open for solution.

On the same day the House of Lords declined to consider the Plural Voting Bill. There were many dry eyes at the burial of this measure. In the House of Commons the Lords' Amendments to the Education Bill were considered. Mr. Birrell said of the measure as altered by the Upper House, "It is a miserable, mangled, tortured, twisted *tertium quid*. It is something which no man will father."

On the 11th, in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister moved, "That the question of agreement or disagreement with the Lords' Amendments to the Education Bill be put with respect

to the Amendments as a whole." He said, in the course of his speech, "We desire not to shut the door against compromise." The motion was carried by a majority of 228. Mr. Lough then moved, "That this House do disagree with the Lords' Amendments." The debate upon this resolution was adjourned, and resumed upon the following day, when the most striking feature of the discussion was a speech unexpectedly made at its close by Mr. Balfour. He said, in replying to Mr. Birrell, "By the substance, not by the temper, of his speech, and by the resolution in support of which he spoke, the Right Hon. gentleman has sent back the Bill from the House of Commons with a challenge." The subsequent failure of the negotiations directed to securing a compromise between the two Houses upon the Education question was widely attributed to this speech by Mr. Balfour. Mr. Lough's motion was carried by a majority of 309.

The 11th had seen the commencement of the open combat between Church and State in France, for on that day the Papal Representative, Mgr. Montagnini, was expelled from the country. On the 13th the law rendering a congregation engaged in public worship an unauthorised public assembly in the absence of certain conditions, the fulfilment of which by the Faithful the Vatican declined to sanction, became operative. The serious disturbances prophesied by the Catholic party in France did not take place.

On the 13th, also, the Reichstag was dissolved by an Imperial message, upon refusing to comply with

the Chancellor's demands as to the supply and maintenance of troops in German South Africa.

This day saw the publication of Letters Patent providing for the Constitution of Responsible Government in the Transvaal. The terms of the grant were generally regarded with favour in this country as a statesmanlike embodiment of Liberal policy. But in South Africa the drastic reservation of the right to deal with the coloured races and a certain reference to "conditions of employment or residence of a servile character" aroused indignation among a large class of the populace.

The King and Queen of Norway and Prince Olaf left Dover for the Continent on the 14th on the conclusion of their visit to the King.

On the 15th the new measure designed to meet the uncompromising attitude of Catholics in France towards the changed *régime* between Church and State was introduced into the Chamber of Deputies. It was prefaced by an interesting explanatory statement, containing the Government's defence of its action.

On the same day Mr. Lloyd-George, as President of the Board of Trade, formally opened the Great Northern, Piccadilly and Brompton Railway—the electric "tube" connecting Finsbury Park with Hammersmith and passing through Bloomsbury, Covent Garden, Leicester Square, Knightsbridge, and South Kensington. Much useful intercommunication is made possible by this railway, which has added appreciably to the comfort of Londoners.

On the 17th the Education Bill

again appeared in the House of Lords, and the action of the Commons in rejecting *en bloc* the Amendments accepted in the Upper House was discussed. The debate was adjourned, and it was even at this date widely believed among Members of Parliament of both parties that a compromise would be reached. The new Transvaal Constitution was somewhat inadequately discussed in both Houses.

On this day a Bill was deposited in Parliament "to incorporate the Channel Tunnel Company, and to authorise the construction of works which shall form part of the scheme intended to connect England and France by means of a railway tunnel under the English Channel." The strong objections entertained by the military authorities to such a scheme a quarter of a century ago are little likely to be diminished in the minds of their successors by recent developments of possibilities in war.

On the 18th a strong deputation, headed by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, waited upon Mr. McKenna, Financial Secretary of the Treasury, who received it in the absence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in order to impress upon the Treasury authorities the importance of continuing the biological research in the North Sea which has been undertaken on behalf of the Government by the Marine Biological Association during the last five years. The deputation received a favourable but not conclusive reply.

On the 19th the Education Bill passed out of existence. The Lords insisted upon their amend-

ments. Extremists in all the camps concerned rejoiced, but a very large body of moderate men shared the feeling of the Duke of Devonshire, who protested against the rupture of negotiations from which a happier issue had been widely and reasonably expected. "I admit," he said, "I am so impressed by the prospect of uncertainty and doubt over the future of our voluntary schools—and, indeed, over the possibility of the effective continuance of real religious teaching in our elementary schools at all in the future—that personally I should have been inclined to make almost any concession in provisions which were not of an irrevocable character rather than relegate the decision of this question to another Session of the present Parliament or the next which would have to deal with this subject." Under the circumstances, a controversy which arouses keen religious animosity, diverts attention from educational efficiency in general, and has been discussed *ad nauseam* has been reopened, in conditions that tend to increase the rancour which it too often excites.

On the same day the Admiralty published the completed results of the Gunlayers' Test in the Fleet for 1906. Their Lordships "noted with extreme satisfaction the very marked improvements in the results as compared with former years, including even those of 1905, when the shooting showed so great an advance over previous results." In fact the percentage of hits to rounds fired rose from 31.86 in 1897 to 56.58 in 1905, and to 71.12 in 1906. This brilliant advance is largely due to

the efforts of Captain J. R. Jellicoe, R.N., Director of Naval Ordnance.

On the 20th the action of the House of Lords with regard to the Education Bill was discussed in the Commons. The Premier said, "A settlement of this grave question of education has been prevented, and for that calamity we know, and the country knows, upon whom the responsibility rests. But the resources of the British Constitution are not wholly exhausted, the resources of the House of Commons are not exhausted, and I say with conviction that a way must be found, a way will be found, by which the will of the people expressed through their elected representatives in this House will be made to prevail." This utterance was received on the Liberal benches with loud cheers. The Public Trustee Bill, a useful little measure which Sir Howard Vincent has been zealous in promoting, was read a third time.

On the 21st the House of Commons agreed to the Lords' Amendments to the Provision of Meals Bill. Among the measures which received the Royal assent were the Street Betting Act, the Trade Disputes Act, the Merchant Shipping Act, the Census of Production Act, the Workmen's Compensation Act and the Agricultural Holdings Act. Parliament was prorogued to February 12.

The measure most likely to affect all the more prosperous classes somewhat closely is that which includes domestic servants among those who benefit by statutory provision for compensation in certain events. It has been pro-

phesied that much inconvenience and hardship will result for people who find the "servant difficulty" oppressive enough already. But probably insurance at a low premium will relieve the householder of most of his anxiety in this respect.

On the 21st the Upper Chamber of the Austrian Reichsrath adopted the Bill which enfranchises every male citizen at the beginning of his twenty-fifth year.

The 22nd saw the assassination at Tver of Count Alexis Ignatieff. He was shot in the Nobles' Assembly Room, where the provincial Zemstvo was holding its session. A young workman obtained access to the building by means of a forged ticket, and fired five shots at the Count, whose death was almost instantaneous.

The appointment of Mr. Bryce to the Embassy at Washington, which was the chief item of Christmas news, was a matter of satisfaction to all scholars, though it by no means escaped criticism in the Press. Speculation as to the ensuing promotion to the Cabinet and the possible change of posts for members of that body at once became active. There was a general consensus of opinion that Mr. Winston Churchill would obtain Cabinet rank, though the advancement of so young a man and so recent a recruit to Liberalism would be likely to give umbrage to many of the party who consider that the honour should be bestowed upon some one of those who have borne the heat and burden of the day in the years when the party's fortunes were adverse.

Severe weather commenced on Boxing Day. A heavy fall of snow, with high wind, rising in many districts to the force of a gale—and frequently alluded to in newspapers as "a blizzard"—caused serious interruptions to traffic. Some gallant rescue work was performed at sea.

On the 28th a railway accident occurred at Elliot Junction, near Arbroath in Forfarshire, in which twenty persons were killed and ten injured. The main line of the North British Railway from Edinburgh to Aberdeen had been blocked by snow drifts for some twenty-four hours, but by great exertions the line was so far cleared that an express from Edinburgh went through to Arbroath. Further progress being impossible, it was resolved that the train should return to Edinburgh. There being no turn-table at Arbroath large enough to serve the engine, it proceeded on the southward journey tender first, and after travelling about two miles came into collision with a Caledonian train, which had been brought to a standstill owing to the derailing of a good's train, and was awaiting the signal to advance. Subsequently, a very serious charge was made against the driver of the express, and he was arrested. On the 30th a railway collision at Terra Cotta Station, three miles from Washington on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, caused the death of fifty-three persons and injury to fifty.

An epidemic of influenza prevailed throughout the month, which was, generally, a period of gloom.

Obituary

On December 3 his Grand Ducal Highness PRINCE KARL OF BADEN, only surviving brother of the reigning Grand Duke of Baden, died at Karlsruhe. He was the youngest son of the Grand Duke Leopold of Baden and of the Grand Duchess Sophie of Baden, *née* Princess Vasa of Sweden, and was born at Karlsruhe in 1832. He had seen service at Solferino and was a major-general in the German Army. In 1871 he marriedmorganatically Baroness Rosalie von Beust, who was subsequently created Countess Rhena, and the one son who was the issue of the marriage, Count Frederick Rhena, is at present attached to the German Embassy in London.

On the 6th was announced the death of the Rev. ARTHUR BELL NICHOLLS, husband of Charlotte Brontë, which took place at Banagher, King's County, Ireland, where he had lived for many years. His wife died in the spring of 1855; thus he had outlived her more than half a century. He was in his ninetieth year. Graduating at Trinity College, Dublin, Mr. Nicholls went to Haworth in 1844 as curate under the Rev. Patrick Brontë, and remained there until 1861. After overcoming some opposition on the part of Mr. Brontë he married Charlotte Brontë at the church at Haworth on June 29, 1854. His wife died in the following March. Mr. Nicholls continued to act as curate until the death of his father-in-law, after which he left England and settled as a farmer in the West of Ireland. He married

a second time, and lived a quiet rural life to the end.

On the 9th the death was announced from Paris of M. FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE. The son of a naval inspector, Brunetière passed rapidly through the subordinate stages of his academical career, and, in 1885, at the age of thirty-six, became a lecturer on French literary history at the Normal School in the rue d'Ulm, where the critical authority of Taine was all-powerful. There he gained a reputation for an intimate knowledge of every period of modern literature; and it was soon discovered that his scholarship was equalled by a synthetic power, which is rare among professors, by vigorous logic, and by a perhaps excessive love of system. Respect for tradition and authority was in his temperament, and it is not surprising that the drift of his teaching was to exalt the great age of Louis XIV. Among his more important works are the three volumes of criticism called "Histoire et Littérature," the "Questions et Nouvelles Questions de Critique," the essays on contemporary literature, and the "Manuel de l'Histoire de la Littérature Française," which he considered as the nucleus of a much larger work, a history of classical French literature in five volumes. Of this, which would have been the great work of his life, not a full volume (only two *fascicules*) has appeared. Brunetière, who was long a Positivist, announced his reconciliation with the Catholic Church some years ago; and he had in

the last phases of the struggle between Catholicism and the French Government taken a somewhat prominent part.

December 12. This day Sir JOHN LENG died at Delmonte, California. Accompanied by Lady and Miss Leng, Sir John left England in September for a tour round the world. While travelling in Canada he was seized with illness, and was conveyed to Delmonte for rest. Sir John, who was born in Hull in 1828, represented Dundee in the Liberal interest from 1889, and retired at the last General Election. He was created a knight in 1893, and held the honorary degree of LL.D., and was a D.L. and J.P. He entered the journalistic profession at an early age and became editor and proprietor of the *Dundee Advertiser* in 1851, and afterwards established the *People's Journal*, the *People's Friend*, and the *Dundee Evening Telegraph*.

The EARL OF SHANNON died on December 12 at Monachty Mansion, Ciliau-Aeron, Cardiganshire, where he had been in residence for the last five years. Richard Henry Boyle, sixth Earl of Shannon, Viscount Boyle, Baron Castle-Martyr in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Carleton in that of Great Britain, was the son of the fifth earl by his marriage with Lady Blanche Emma, daughter of the third Earl of Harewood, and was born in 1860. He was educated at Eton, and served for a short time in the Rifle Brigade. He afterwards settled in Canada as a ranch owner, and became a member of the Canadian Parliament. He succeeded his father in 1890, and five years later

married Nellie, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Thompson. He is succeeded by his son, Viscount Boyle, who was born in November 1897.

The death of Mr. CHARLES HAMILTON AIDÉ occurred in London on the 12th from an attack of pneumonia. He was born in Paris, his father being a Greek and his mother a daughter of Sir George Collier. He was educated at Bonn University, and after serving for a few years in the Army turned his attention to literature, producing several novels and some volumes of verse. In 1872 he wrote a play entitled *Philip*, which was produced by the late Sir Henry Irving. He was also the author of *A Great Catch*, and adapted *Doctor Bill* from the French. Alike in novel, play and poem, Mr. Aidé showed a subtle appreciation of beauty—a quality which as a painter he manifested in a marked degree. His artistic power was displayed in May of last year in the exhibition at the Dickinson Galleries of his "Sketches in Many Lands."

December 21. This day was announced the death of Dr. F. W. MAITLAND, Downing Professor of English Law since 1888 at the University of Cambridge. The event took place at Grand Canary. He was born in 1850, and was a son of Mr. John Gorham Maitland. In 1886 he married a daughter of Mr. Herbert Fisher. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, Dr. Maitland became a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and he was a corresponding member of the Russian and Bavarian Academies, and an honorary Fellow of Trinity. His works included "Gloucester

Pleas," 1884; "Justice and Police," 1885; "Brecton's Notebook," 1887; "History of English Law" (jointly with Sir F. Pollock), 1895; "Domesday Book and Beyond," 1897; "Township and Borough," 1898; "Canon Law in England," 1898; "Political Theories of the Middle Ages" (translated), 1900; and "English Law and the Renaissance," 1901. Professor Maitland received the hon. degree of LL.D. from Glasgow University, and he produced several volumes for the Selden Society.

Mr. W. R. McCONNELL, K.C., Chairman of the County of London Court of Sessions since 1896, died on December 21 at his London residence after a long illness. He was born in Ireland in 1837, and was the only child of Mr. David McConnell, of Castlereagh, County Down. He married the eldest daughter of Mr. Edward Marshall. Educated at the Royal Academical Institution, Belfast, and London University, of which he was a B.A., he was called to the bar at the Inner Temple, and practised on the Northern Circuit. He became Revising Barrister for Liverpool in 1868, Junior Counsel to the Board of Trade in 1875, and Junior Counsel to the Board of Customs in the following year. Mr. McConnell was one of the Royal Commissioners who inquired into corrupt practices at elections in the City of Gloucester. Besides being one of the most familiar figures in London legal circles, he possessed literary tastes which secured for him a large body of friends outside those with whom he came in contact in his own profession.

December 22. This day died Principal RAINY, head of the United Free Church of Scotland. The event took place at Melbourne, where he had been sojourning with his elder daughter, the wife of Dr. Harper, of the University of Sydney. He was within ten days of attaining his eighty-first birthday, but despite his great age was in the enjoyment of good health until lately. It had been hoped that he would benefit by a trip to Australia. Robert Rainy was born in Glasgow on New Year's Day, 1826, and was of Highland lineage. His father was Professor Harry Rainy, who occupied the Chair of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Glasgow. At the High School of his native city and at the University, where he entered upon medical studies, he greatly distinguished himself. In 1843, however, when he was but seventeen years old and still far from having completed the course which he had begun, there occurred in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland an event which made a deep impression on young Rainy, and induced him in the end to make the Church and not medicine the business of his life. That event was the Disruption, when upwards of four hundred ministers seceded from the Established Kirk and moved in procession from St. Andrew's Church down the northern slope of Edinburgh to Canonmills, where they formed a distinct religious community under the name of the Free Church of Scotland, with Dr. Chalmers at their head. Robert Rainy then informed his father of his desire to be trained for the pulpit. A year

later he proceeded to Edinburgh and entered the New College. There he came under the influence of Dr. Cunningham, the Professor of Church History, with whom he formed a lasting friendship. After the death of the Rev. Dr. Robert Gordon in 1854 he received a unanimous call, which he accepted, to the Free High Church in Edinburgh. During his incumbency there he succeeded Dr. Cunningham in the Professorship of Church History. Throughout the twelve years while he held that post he enjoyed the confidence of Dr. Candlish, who had been appointed to the Principalship of the New College and had been a great worker with Dr. Chalmers after the Disruption in organising, consolidating and extending the Free Church. When Candlish died in 1873 Dr. Rainy became Principal, and from that time he continued to be head of his Church in the fullest sense. The most important work of his life was doubtless the union of the Free and the United Presbyterian Churches. In the course of the crisis that followed the House of Lords' decision that the endowments of the Free Church belonged to a protesting non-unionist minority, mainly Highland ministers, colloquially described as the "Wee Frees," Dr. Rainy's leadership was marked by a spirit of forbearance and restraint. The dispute was afterwards dealt with by the Commission over which the Earl of Elgin presided; but in considering the causes which led to the ultimate breakdown of the health of Dr. Rainy, the strain arising from the union litigation cannot be left out of account. The

highest honour which his followers could confer upon him was bestowed in 1900, when in the first General Assembly of the United Free Church he officiated as Moderator. From time to time he made valuable contributions to theological literature. Principal Rainy, whose wife died last year, left one son—Mr. A. R. Rainy, M.P. for the Kilmarnock Burghs—and two daughters.

The Very Rev. RICHARD WILLIAM RANDALL, D.D., formerly Dean of Chichester, died at Pelham, Bournemouth, on the 23rd, aged eighty-two years. Dean Randall was the eldest son of Archdeacon James Randall, and his brother is Bishop-Suffragan of Reading. Born in London in April 1824, he was educated at Winchester and Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1846. He was ordained deacon in 1847 as curate to his father at Binfield, Berks, and entered priest's orders in the following year. In 1851 Archdeacon Manning (afterwards Cardinal) resigned the rectory of Woollavington—or Lavington, as it is more frequently called—and seceded from the English Church, and the curate of Binfield was selected to succeed him. For seventeen years Mr. Randall held this Sussex benefice, which is in the patronage of the Wilberforce family, and won universal esteem in the county as an able preacher and hard-working parish priest. In 1868 an effort which had long been in the making to provide a church for Clifton, Bristol, where the seats should be free and the services of a different type from that which prevailed in the district, was brought to a successful issue

by the erection of a chancel and temporary nave, pending the erection of a permanent building from the designs of G. E. Street. On the recommendation of Bishop Woodford, then vicar of Kempstord, Gloucestershire, the new mission was placed in charge of Mr. Randall. All Saints, Clifton, soon became the model high church of the West, and new missions under the same dedication sprang up in neighbouring towns. The name of Randall of Clifton became a household word. He was occasionally involved in controversies, but his tact and judgment and refined geniality enabled him to weather these storms. After some differences he won the confidence and esteem of his diocesan Bishop Ellicott, who in 1891 appointed him honorary canon in Bristol Cathedral. When Dean Pigou was transferred from the deanery of Chichester to that of Bristol in 1892, Canon Randall was appointed to succeed him, to the great regret of Cliftonians. Dean Randall threw himself with energy into the cathedral routine, the work of renovation and restoration, which at Chichester never ceases, and the decoration and improvement of the interior. Not content with his capitular duties, Dr. Randall undertook for a time the office of rural dean of Chichester city, and presided at the clerical conferences, and he was a prominent figure at different centres of the diocese. In 1902 he felt it his duty to resign, and since that time had resided in the parish of St. Matthias, Earl's Court, where he rendered valuable assistance while health and strength lasted. Dean Randall threw in

his lot with the Tractarian movement in its first decade, and his whole life was a continual protest against the oft-reiterated assertion that the term Catholic is the same as Roman Catholic.

December 28. This day a telegram from Calcutta announced that Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, late M.P. for Flintshire, had died suddenly from heart failure. He was born in Kirkcudbright in 1836, and started in business at Liverpool at the age of twenty-four. He was very successful as a cotton broker, and retired with a large fortune in 1883. During many years he was an active member of the Liverpool Corporation, and in 1882 entered Parliament as member for that city, winning a Conservative seat which had been vacated by the accession of Viscount Sandon to the earldom of Harrowby. He was defeated in 1885, but in the following year he was returned for Flintshire at a bye-election, and retained the seat till his retirement at the last dissolution. He was an extreme Radical, and a Presbyterian, and took a leading part in movements for the suppression of gambling and the protection of women. He was a Home Ruler and a staunch supporter of the movement represented by the Indian National Congress. In addition, he was generous and practical in his benefactions, an authority on many matters of Poor Law administration, particularly the boarding-out of pauper children, a munificent friend to Nonconformity, and an unostentatious giver to many good works. He was appointed a member of the Privy Council in November, and

his last public appearance was at a banquet given by the Junior Reform Club of Liverpool on the 16th of that month to congratulate him on the honour. Mr. Smith was the author of several works, which testify to the variety of his interests in life. The best known are "The Credibility of the Christian Religion" (1872), "Occasional Essays" (1874), "India Revisited" (1886), and "The Bi - Metallic Question" (1887).

On December 30 occurred the death of BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS, which took place at her residence, 1, Stratton Street, Piccadilly. She had reached the great age of ninety-two. The Baroness had for several days been suffering from acute bronchitis. She was the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, for many years Liberal M.P. for Westminster, and was born in St. James's Place in the month of April 1814. Her mother was Sophia, daughter of Mr. Thomas Coutts, the eminent banker in the Strand. In the year 1837 she succeeded to her grandfather's wealth through the will of his second wife and widow, *née* Harriett Mellon, who, after the death of Mr. Coutts, married as her second husband the ninth Duke of St. Albans. On inheriting this fortune, Miss Angela Georgina Burdett assumed the additional name of Coutts by Royal License, and from that day conceived and carried out the idea of using her wealth in such a way as to promote the good of her fellow-creatures. In addition to subscribing largely to the charitable institutions of the metropolis, she

worked out many useful projects of her own, which, for the most part, showed by the success which attended them that they had been well and carefully considered. She was an attached and zealous member of the Church of England, and made her munificence historical by the foundation of three colonial bishoprics—British Columbia, Cape Town, and Adelaide—and also by building two handsome churches, one at Carlisle (St. Stephen's) and the other (dedicated to the same saint) in a densely inhabited part of Westminster with which her father's name had been associated. She provided the necessary funds for carrying out the late Sir Henry James's topographical survey of Jerusalem, and she offered to restore at her own cost the ancient aqueducts of King Solomon; but this proposal fell through. She also obtained from various sources in the East valuable Greek manuscripts in order to assist scholars at home and on the Continent in the elucidation and interpretation of the Scriptures. These were by no means the only channels in which the stream of Miss Burdett-Coutts's generosity continued through her long life to flow. From early days she acted as the pioneer of charitable agencies on behalf of the poor and unfortunate of her own sex. She erected at her own cost one of the first "refuges" for young women who had lost their characters; and, helping to send many of them out into the colonies, had the satisfaction of learning that a considerable proportion of them had entered on an improved life. Another sphere of her charitable labours

was the unpromising district of Spitalfields, where overcrowding and destitution prevailed to an appalling extent. Here she opened a sewing school in which grown-up women were taught to sew and were also provided with food and work, so as to enable them to undertake Government contracts. From the headquarters of this school nurses are sent out among the sick poor, while outfits of clothing are distributed among servants out of situations and deserving women of the poorer classes. In the same neighbourhood Miss Burdett-Coutts bought a considerable area of dilapidated buildings and erected in their place a large block of model lodging-houses, now called Columbia Square, consisting of separate tenements let at low weekly rentals to some three hundred different families. Not far off is Columbia Market, which she bought and rebuilt and gave as a free gift to the Corporation of the City of London in order that it might be the centre of a cheap and wholesome supply of food, and especially of fish, for the poor of North-East London. Near this market is a noble drinking fountain erected by her, and other fountains of the same kind in the Victoria Park and at the entrance to the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's park also attest her munificence. She took a strong interest in the preservation and improvement of urban churchyards, and having, as the possessor of the great tithes of the living of old St. Pancras, a special connection with the parish, she had the churchyard laid out as a garden for the enjoyment of the poor, besides erecting

a memorial sun-dial to the illustrious dead who had there found sepulture. Miss Burdett-Coutts took an active part in dealing with the problem of relieving congested districts by the encouragement of schemes of emigration, and she allied herself with Sir Samuel Cunard in helping poor families to find new homes in Canada and Australia. When a cry of distress arose some years ago in the town of Girvan, in Scotland, she advanced large sums to enable the destitute families to emigrate to Australia. The services which she rendered to the Irish fishermen of Cape Clear can hardly be over-estimated. She established, with the aid of Father Davis, a fishing station near Baltimore and Skibbereen, where the young people are taught how to make nets and the fishermen provided with suitable boats for the pursuit of their calling. She also afforded Sir James Brooke assistance in improving the condition of the Dyaks of Sarawak in Borneo, where she established and supported a model farm, in which the natives are instructed in improved methods of agriculture. In 1877, when accounts reached this country of the sufferings of the Turkish peasants flying from their homes before the Russian invasion, Lady Burdett-Coutts instituted the Turkish Compassionate Fund, by means of which a large sum of money was raised and entrusted to the British Ambassador at Constantinople for distribution among the needy. In recognition of this important service the Order of the Medjidieh was conferred on her. Besides her public works of charity and philanthropy she contributed very

largely for many years towards other schemes of a private nature. She was a liberal patron of art, and her hospitality was as great and wide-spreading as her charity. Of late years she rejoiced to give encouragement to a variety of measures for improving the breed of English horses, and for promoting the kinder treatment of animals in general. In the summer of 1871 Miss Burdett-Coutts was raised to the peerage, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, as "Baroness Burdett-Coutts, of Holly Lodge, Highgate, in the County of Middlesex." Lady Burdett-Coutts was admitted to the freedom of the City of London on July 11, 1872, and to the freedom of the City of Edinburgh on January 15, 1874. On November 1, 1880, the Haberdashers' Com-

pany publicly conferred on her their freedom and livery in "recognition of her judicious and extensive benevolence and her munificent support of educational, charitable, and religious institutions throughout the country." The Baroness had also taken a leading part in promoting and supporting the Children's Protection Society, of which she was asked to become president on the death of the Earl of Shaftesbury. In 1881 she married Mr. W. L. Ashmead Bartlett, who thereupon took by Royal Licence the name of "Burdett-Coutts," and who has continued to represent the City of Westminster in Parliament in the Conservative interest since 1885. Her title, not having been conferred with any special remainder, has become extinct with her decease.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

*The Centenary of
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Born February 27, 1807
Died March 24, 1882

FICHTE has observed¹ that the literature of every epoch is the expression of a Divine idea which, though essentially the same throughout, is in continual need of fresh interpretation. Each period, therefore, tends to emphasise a particular mode of the idea, which becomes its dominant note and is the philosophic basis of all its poetry. Now in the nineteenth century this dominant note was Humanity—human progress and freedom; and as American poetry may be said to have been non-existent before, Humanity, in one or other of its many phases, rings clear in the work of the most diverse American poets. Of all these, incomparably the greatest is Longfellow. True, there are certain points in which he falls short of several of his contemporaries. Whittier, as we shall see, sometimes rises to a passionate intensity of feeling unattainable by a poet of Longfellow's placid temperament. Poe is his superior in imagination and in analytic power, Walt Whitman in originality of thought and in strength of personality. But Whittier's outlook was narrowed by the limitations of his life and

¹ "Ueber das Wesen des Gelehrten": a course of lectures on the Profession of Letters, delivered in 1805 to the students of Erlangen University.

education; he lacks metrical finish, and his simplicity continually sinks to commonplace. Poe and Walt Whitman are extremes which meet. The former is a morbid visionary, the embodiment of literary form divorced from sense; the latter a healthy barbarian, who has discarded metre altogether, and both in thought and style harks back to a primitive naturalism. And both appeal by their eccentricity to the craze for novelty and bizarrerie that is one of the most prominent characteristics of decadence. Longfellow, on the other hand, is anything but decadent. He cannot give us new thoughts; he is no inspired prophet with a mission to raise mankind to a higher plane; but he has given adequate expression, in verse always sweet and melodious, to the highest sentiments and aspirations of the average humanity of his time.

Whitman sought to found a new and distinctively national school by ignoring the past; Longfellow recognised that American poetry is necessarily a continuation of English. Yet it is not easy to affiliate him to any English poet. Perhaps he has most in common with Wordsworth. Both have the same predilection for ordinary, homely life, for the simplest and most elemental sentiments of the human heart. Both are perpetually striving to elevate the commonplace. And both, though themselves devoid of passion and dramatic vision, are strongly attracted by the impassioned rapture of Dante and the introspective imagination of Chaucer. But Wordsworth at his best exhibits a profound insight into the human heart and an intense pathos in his treatment of its emotions that we seek in vain from Longfellow. His nature-worship reveals the sympathetic knowledge of one who has passed his life in close association with all her varied aspects; whereas Longfellow's only suggests the hasty and superficial admiration of the tourist. And he is infinitely superior in perfection of form. A single example from each must suffice. In "Vittoria Colonna"¹ Longfellow has given us a study of the sorrow of a loving woman

¹ "Birds of Passage," Flight v.

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for the death of her husband in battle. It contains some fine lines, especially in the stanzas where trees and flowers, "the song of birds," and "the silence of deserted rooms" are invoked, with sea and air, as "ministers of her despair":

Till the o'erburdened heart, so long
Imprisoned in itself, found vent
And voice in one impassioned song
Of inconsolable lament.

The melody of the verse in these stanzas, the simple pathos and the sureness of touch by which Nature herself is made to swell Vittoria's grief are scarcely surpassed by Wordsworth. But the beauty of the poem, as a whole, is marred by its conventional setting, which reduces it to the sentimental reflection of a traveller as he gazes at an old castle and sees in imagination the family ghost gliding to and fro upon the terrace. Let us now consider Wordsworth's treatment of the same theme in "Laodamia." The poem has the graceful symmetry of a Greek statue. The passionate prayer of the Thessalian Queen with which it opens: "Restore him to my sight, Great Jove, restore"; her expectant attitude as in perfect faith she awaits the answer of the gods; the vision of her dead husband's spirit; the heroic level of their conversation, suggestive of the calm dignity and noble blessedness of a patriot's death; the pathetic close when

Swift, towards the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay,

while her soul, stained with the crime

Of lovers that in reason's spite have loved,
Was doomed to wander in a grosser clime
Apart from happy ghosts;

—all combine to produce a masterpiece of design in which every part is duly subordinated to the structure of the whole.

Most men of literary tastes have tried their hands at versification, and Longfellow's youthful efforts showed no

special promise. But there is a freshness and spontaneity in these early poems which is wanting in his later work. For his European travel so thoroughly imbued him with the spirit of mediævalism that ever after he seems to have regarded nature through the haze of romantic sentiment. Henceforth

Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of eld

chiefly interest him: it is the keynote struck in the "Prelude" to his first volume of poems—"Voices of the Night." One of the earliest "voices" was the "Psalm of Life." In spite of worn-out metaphors and hackneyed allusions, its manifest sincerity and gentle simplicity went straight to men's hearts.

These two qualities of sincerity and simplicity are characteristic of many of Longfellow's shorter poems; and to it they owe much of their popularity. The human interest of "The Village Blacksmith" is felt by every one; the treatment is spirited and the platitude at the end neatly turned. "Maidenhood" is quite Wordsworthian in its subtle suggestiveness. Perhaps the harmony of the poem is impaired somewhat by the change of metaphor from a river to a bough. But the picture of the maiden

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet,

is drawn with skilful strokes that indelibly impress it upon the memory. "Excelsior" at once leapt into popular favour. It gave expression to one of the catch-words at the time. It is a hymn of aimless aspiration under the type of a crazy youth who, if he had attained the heights of Parnassus or of Olympus, would have stood gaping in stupefaction—and fluttered helplessly over a precipice. *Haud sic itur ad astra!* And when we can see a voice, we may, perhaps, be able to understand its resemblance to a falling star. The verses "To a Child" suggest careful observation without a trace of insight. And there is an artificial ring about the geographical and historical

allusions and the meditative anticipation of futurity that accords ill with the natural simplicity of the theme. Contrast Longfellow's book-mediated sentiment with the deep insight and the pathos, free from all extraneous ornament, of Swinburne's "Cradle Songs." But the quaint charm of "The Old Clock on the Stair" appeals to a certain universality of taste in us all. And "The Arrow and the Song" has the neat, clear-cut outlines of a cameo, and approaches, in simple brevity, the *curiosa felicitas* of Horace.

Longfellow is always at his best when he tries to work upon the people's feelings. Hence his marked success as a ballad-writer. The essentials of a ballad are simple motive and swift action. Subtle thought and delicate harmonies are out of place. And this is why Longfellow succeeded where greater poets have sometimes failed. His most popular ballad is "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*," a fine description of a ship in a storm. Unfortunately it is overloaded with similes; the ceaseless reiteration of the words "like" and "as" becomes wearisome. Moreover "whooping" is hardly a suitable epithet for "billow." And Poe was probably right in his criticism of the salt tears frozen in the maiden's eyes as a false touch that sins against good taste. The stirring "Ballad of Carmilhan"¹ is free from these defects. We seem to see the hurricane swooping down upon the doomed ship, while

The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud,
And rent the sky in two;
A jagged flame, a single jet
Of white fire, like a bayonet,
That pierced the eyeballs through;

in its glare we catch a glimpse of the "Ship of the Dead" and her crew of ghosts, with the "Chimneys Three" in the background; and we watch with breathless interest the onward rush of the *Valdemar* "Right through the Phantom Bark" till she "crashed, a hopeless wreck," upon the Chimneys. In varied rhythm and imaginative power, as

¹ "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Part ii.

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well as in a certain supernatural weirdness of atmosphere, it recalls Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

But if Longfellow's appeal to popular feeling was successful in the ballads, his "Poems on Slavery" were less fortunate. Though unquestionably sincere, they seemed wanting in earnestness, doubtless owing to the distaste of a bookish temperament for heated controversy. "The Slave's Dream" is an example of a perverted imagination common among philanthropists. It would be pathetic, were it not untrue to nature. The sentiments described presuppose a degree of mental cultivation inconceivable in a West African savage. "The Slave in the Dismal Swamp" is lurid melodrama. But it merely describes, without much imaginative force, an incident that had become a regular stock-in-trade of Abolitionist orators. By far the best of the poems is "The Quadroon Girl." The theme is skilfully elaborated, and the very restraint of the diction serves to increase our indignation. The whole scene rises before our eyes in all its grim horror; the old man clutching the Slaver's gold that was the price of his daughter's shame and the timid girl, her cheek "pale as death" when "the Slaver led her from the door." But in Whittier's "Voices of Freedom" the human heart beats with quicker pulse. We select two passages for comparison. The first, from "Toussaint L'Ouverture," describes the horrors of a servile insurrection in Hayti :

Round the white man's lordly hall
Trode, fierce and free, the brute he made ;
And those who crept along the wall,
And answered to his lightest call
 With more than spaniel dread—
The creatures of his lawless beck,
Were trampling on his very neck !

The other, from "The Christian Slave," describes a human auction :

A Christian, going, gone !
Who bids for God's own image ?—for His grace,
Which that poor victim of the market-place
Hath in her suffering won ?

How different, this, from the academic deliberation of Longfellow's emotion. Such language springs from the heart—and appeals to the heart. Compared with the strength of Whittier's moral indignation, the elegant platitudes of Longfellow seem tame and spiritless.

A similar absence of emotional power is noticeable in "The Spanish Student," a sentimental drama of small artistic merit. The characters—with the sole exception of Chispa, Victorian's servant, whose humour reminds one somewhat of Launcelot Gobbo in the *Merchant of Venice*—are mere lay figures. The dramatic action frequently lapses into narrative. And it is obviously plot-ridden. The artifice of the second ring, by which Victorian is led to doubt the fidelity of his mistress, lacks ingenuity. Even less convincing is the scene between Preciosa and the Count of Lara,¹ where Victorian enters just in time to overhear a compromising speech that no woman in her senses would ever have made—unless driven thereto by the exigencies of a plot. But the character of Preciosa is the least satisfactory of all. The theme required a study of deep emotion and subtle characterisation. And the plain truth is that Longfellow was as incapable of experiencing the one as he was of understanding the other.

It is these limitations of temperament that are mainly responsible for the failure of "Evangeline" to do more than gently ruffle the surface of our emotions. The subject was sufficiently inspiring. We expect to hear the passionate cry of humanity, to see deep despair and silent grief at the heroic level—and we are ushered into a gallery of pretty pictures! We may concede, however, that both landscapes and interiors are elaborated with a simplicity and fulness of detail suggestive of the Dutch School of Painters. And here and there we come across lines such as

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music,
or,

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him,

¹ Act ii. sc. 4.

that have rarely been surpassed for delicacy of thought and rhythmic cadence. Longfellow seems to have taken for his model "The Children of the Lord's Supper"—a Swedish pastoral by Bishop Tegner—which he had previously translated into English. From it he borrowed both the pictorial method of treatment and the hexameter. We cannot help thinking that his choice of the latter was unfortunate. We are far from holding that he should have tried to reproduce the contrapuntal arrangement of quantitative dactyls and spondees in classical verse. English rhythm is accentual, not quantitative. But he throws the verse-accent on an unaccented syllable, or robs an accented syllable of its accent altogether, with such licence that the scansion of the line is often in doubt. His hexameters are not verse at all; they are merely rhythmical prose arbitrarily cut up into six-foot lines. Let us try the experiment of printing them as prose, with the poetical inversions re-inverted :

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder, she stood still, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder ran through her frame, and the flowerets dropped forgotten from her fingers, and the light and bloom of the morning from her eyes and cheeks. Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish that the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.

It will be seen that very few alterations were necessitated by the conversion. And the passage undoubtedly gains in vigour. The stilted diction due to artificial metrical stress is replaced by a steady, even flow that gives freedom and naturalness to the thought. For both in "Evangeline" and in the other hexameter poems the theme is marred by the form.

In "The Seaside and the Fireside" Longfellow returns to his earlier lyric vein. "The Building of the Ship" is the delight of all patriotic Americans. It is full of lofty sentiment and fine descriptive power. But the end of the poem is mere oratory. Very fine oratory, if you like, but still—oratory. The gentle pathos and conventional treatment of "Resignation" have always appealed to that large section of the community which likes to

read its own thoughts and aspirations neatly and succinctly expressed, and "The Singers" voices a sentiment—that of the harmony underlying the apparent discord of great minds—which is so obvious that it wins immediate acceptance and immediate disregard.

But Longfellow now attempted a more imaginative work, which he intended to be a faithful mirror of mediæval life and thought. "The Golden Legend" is a lyric drama founded on the German poem "Der Arme Heinrich," by Hartmann von der Aue, a Minnesinger of the twelfth century. The dramatic motive is the religious devotion of a young peasant girl, Elsie, who,

of her own accord
Offers her life for that of her lord,

to cure his strange hypochondria. The temptation of Prince Henry in the first scene necessarily invites comparison with the temptation of Faust in Goethe's masterpiece. Viewed in the light of Faust's profound metaphysical and ethical reflections, Prince Henry's soliloquies appear trivial, as do the mild flippancies of Lucifer when contrasted with the malign cunning of Mephistopheles. And the significance of the flask of Alcohol is lost sight of in the subsequent scenes; whereas the subtle bargain of Faust with the fiend

Werd ich zum Augenblicke sagen :
Verweile doch ! du bist so schön !
Dann magst du mich in Fesseln schlagen,
Dann will ich gern zu Grunde gehn !¹

preserves its full force throughout both parts of the drama; if the fiend can deaden his higher nature and make him content to wallow in the mire without an effort to free himself the bond shall be due. The characterisation of "The Golden Legend" shows a slight advance on that of "The Spanish Student." But here again

¹ When to the moment fleeting past me,
Tarry ! I cry, so fair thou art !
Then into fetters mayst thou cast me,
Then let come doom, with all my heart !

(LATHAM'S Translation.)

Longfellow has the misfortune to challenge comparison with an acknowledged masterpiece. The plot inevitably recalls the "Alcestis" of Euripides. And the parallelism between the characters of Admetus and Prince Henry is very close. Both are repulsively selfish and utterly unworthy of the devotion which they evoked. But Alcestis is a much finer character than Elsie. And her sacrifice is the greater, inasmuch as she is filled with the healthy Greek joy of living; to her "nothing is more precious than life," and she is only inspired to resign it by the intensity of her love for her husband. Elsie is steeped in the unnatural asceticism of the Middle Ages; to her "The life of woman is full of woe"; and she is eager to die that she may pass the sooner to the bliss of the life beyond the grave. But the chief defect of the play is its lack of unity. The journey to Salern is protracted to a tedious length. And the numerous episodes, though interesting in themselves, retard the action, and give a suggestion of incoherence to the plot.

A collection of episodes, loosely strung together round a central idea, seems to have had a peculiar attraction for Longfellow. And in the legends and myths of the North American Indians he found a congenial subject and one well adapted to this method of treatment. It was a matter of national necessity that these should be preserved in some permanent literary form. And few men were better fitted for the task. His selection of unrhymed trochaics modelled on the Finnish "Kalevala" was a singularly happy one. He had to embody the legends and reproduce the tone of thought of a primitive people, with few ideas and only a scanty vocabulary in which to express them. And in these simple, mobile Finnish runes, with their monotonous cadences and frequent parallelism, he found an excellent vehicle for his purpose. "Hiawatha" resembles a symphony built up from one of the limited tonic modes of primitive music. The monotony of the verse has the subtle charm of bird-music; it is pitched in the minor key throughout and suggests the plaintive note of the whippoorwill. It is never tedious; sufficient variety

being imparted by the occasional interposition of an extra syllable at the end of a line, by the substitution of a spondee in the last foot, and by skilful phrasing that further subdivides the four trochaic feet into two or three groups. We must, however, admit that the epic is wanting in warmth and passion. But in some of the episodes there is a simple pathos and a graceful sweetness unequalled in any of Longfellow's other poems. Who that has once read it can ever forget the beautiful love-story of Osseo, son of the Evening Star, and the "silent, dreamy maiden," Oweenee? It would be difficult to find a more fitting expression of that love which age cannot weaken nor time change; which can transform "soiled and tattered garments" to "robes of ermine," and the wrinkles of old to immortal youth—because it is of the immortal soul. Hiawatha's plaintive lament for Chibiabos, "the sweetest of all singers," is too familiar for more than a passing notice. And the "Death of Kwasind," at the hands of the Puk-Wudjies, "the envious Little People," resembles a soft, dreamy nocturne of Chopin in a minor key. The delicate irony of the strong man succumbing to an attack of pigmies appeals to our sense of humour. And the droning melody of the verse, that seems as though inspired by the very "Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin," breathes over us a drowsy spell from which we are suddenly awakened by the shrill war-cry of the Puk-Wudjies and the headlong plunge of Kwasind "beneath the sluggish water." In the death of Minnehaha, stricken by Famine and Fever personified as two unbidden guests, we have an almost perfect picture of a bereaved husband's anguish.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Towards the end of the poem Hiawatha in a fine prophetic vision foreshadows the decadence of his race,

Sweeping westward, wild and woeful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of autumn.

In "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Longfellow deserts the aborigines to become the bard of their supplanters. It is a story of the Puritan Colonists of Massachusetts; of two bashful lovers, and of "Priscilla the Puritan Maiden," for whose hand they were rivals. It gives a faithful picture of the early struggles and religious earnestness of the Plymouth Colonists, and shows us some historic New England characters in the sombre setting of the backwoods and Indian warfare. And there is more psychological insight than usual in the passage where Priscilla says to John Alden :

It is the fate of a woman
 Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
 Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.
 Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
 Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
 Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,
 Chafing their channels of stone with endless and profitless murmurs.

But we cannot help thinking that a swinging anapaest metre, or rhymed pentameters, would have done greater justice to the simple love and rough jealousy of the sturdy captain.

A more pretentious work is the "Tales of a Wayside Inn"; for here Longfellow ventured to make an incursion into that enchanted realm where Chaucer reigns supreme. The inn was the "Red Horse Tavern" in Sudbury, a town some twenty miles from Cambridge (Mass.). All the story-tellers were personally known to the poet and were drawn from life. And though his pen-portraits in the "Prelude" do not bear comparison with Chaucer's either for rich humour or for deep insight, it must be admitted that they are skilfully limned. But Longfellow is content with surface-truth; he cannot penetrate the secret of personality; whereas Chaucer, like Shakespeare, though in a less degree, has the true dramatic insight that grasps the type, and then, transcending it, creates the individual. And in the craftsmanship of the tales themselves Chaucer exhibits a still more striking superiority. The dominant idea of his age was Chivalry. And Chivalry is the very soul that animates all Chaucer's

work. It permeates all the stories of the "gentils" in the "Canterbury Tales." And that the ribald coarseness of those told by the churls was intended as a foil is evident from the profuse apologies with which they are invariably introduced. In Longfellow's tales the idea—Humanity—may indeed be traced, but its pulsation is feebler, and at times scarcely distinguishable. The sole end of the interludes is to form a framework linking the tales together and gently emphasising the alternation of tragedy and comedy, action and sentiment. Most of the tales are interesting and are well told in graceful and melodious verse. The best are "The Ballad of Carmilhan"; "King Robert of Sicily," a delightful blending of dry humour and simple pathos; and "Paul Revere's Ride," a rousing story of Revolution times, in which the rhythm successfully imitates "the hurrying hoof-beats" of a galloping horse. Longfellow's fund of unflinching good humour and his wide reading in mediæval and modern lore have combined to make him a charming *raconteur*. Hence it is to be regretted that the tales are by no means as popular as some of his work that is much inferior to them in merit.

We come now to a succession of poems which have little or no claim to originality. "Judas Maccabæus" is merely a metrical version of certain portions of Maccabees I. and II. "The Divine Tragedy" is little more than a glorified Miracle Play, based on the Gospel narratives supplemented by patristic tradition. The best character-sketch is that of Pilate,¹ which brings out the antithesis between the Roman and Jewish conceptions of religion. In the "New England Tragedies" we have the old Colonial chronicles done into verse of no special merit beyond good intention. "John Endicott" is a study of religious intolerance as exemplified in the Quaker persecution at the hands of orthodox Puritanism. "Giles Corey" is an even more repulsive study of the witchcraft mania. None of these dramas was ever popular, and none has any permanent literary value. About the same time

¹ Third Passover, vi.

the translation of the "Divina Commedia" was finished. It is literal and accurate, but lacks the fire and verve of the original.

As Longfellow grew older Greek naturalism seems to have had a strong attraction for him. He gave expression to this in "The Masque of Pandora," a drama based on the classic myth, related by Hesiod, of the temptation of Epimetheus by Pandora, which brought death and suffering into the world. Though structurally weak, it contains some fine passages, especially in the Garden scene,¹ where Epimetheus, unlike Adam in a similar case, takes the blame upon himself:—

Mine is the fault, not thine. On me shall fall
The vengeance of the Gods, for I betrayed
Their secret when, in evil hour, I said
It was a secret;

while Pandora, not to be outdone in generosity, prays that their vengeance may fall on her. She is proud, however, and cannot bear her lover's pity:

Pity me not; pity is degradation.
Love me, and kill me.

The key to the meaning of the myth is probably the familiar doctrine of German pessimism: that suffering is the price of all higher development.

In his Sonnets Longfellow was only moderately successful. He had neither Rossetti's perfect ear for subtle harmonies nor Keats's wealth of imagery. But they are generally musical; though the perfection of the thought is occasionally marred by a weak line. The best, both in sentiment and in execution, are those on the "Divina Commedia," "Nature" (though the concluding line "How far the unknown transcends the what we know" is prosaic and clumsily expressed), and "Three Friends of Mine," in which Longfellow pathetically laments the death of Felton, Agassiz and Sumner.

His own life was now drawing to its close. Among his later poems are the touching farewell to Bayard Taylor,

¹ Sc. viii.

“Auf Wiedersehen,” with its brave confidence in a future life where parted friends shall meet again, and, latest of all, “The Bells of San Blas,” the last lines of which are a fitting close to his life-work :

Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light ;
It is daybreak everywhere.

His tragedy of “Michael Angelo” was published after his death. Its theme is the hopeless passion of the great artist for Vittoria Colonna. There is much talk of Art, and Titian, Benvenuto Cellini, Vasari, and other celebrated Italians are introduced among the characters. The casting of Benvenuto Cellini’s statue of Perseus¹ is a fine piece of descriptive writing. But the play has Longfellow’s usual defect ; narrative is continually superseding and interrupting the action, to the detriment of organic unity.

Sainte-Beuve somewhere observes that the key to every man’s life-work is his personality. In his youth Longfellow seems to have been cold, phlegmatic, a model of propriety to the verge of priggishness. His temperament was essentially Puritan, essentially *bourgeois* ; and he was the incarnation of all the Puritan and *bourgeois* virtues. He was incapable alike of soaring to the heights of heroism and of sinking to the depths of shame. Greatness, whether for good or ill, presupposes strength—genius ; “*ἄψος μεγαλοφροσύνης ἀπήχημα,*” says Longinus² ; a remark which Longfellow himself has echoed in a passage that might serve as a translation of the Greek aphorism :

All great achievements are the natural fruits
Of a great character.³

But this is precisely what Longfellow lacked. His sympathies were widely diffused—and diluted in the process. His placid conventionality was equally impatient of scepticism and of dogma. Steeped in the spirit of tradition, he was content to take life as it came, supplementing a personal agnosticism by a faith rooted in authority. The

¹ Part iii. sc. 5.

² “*περὶ ὕψους,*” ix. 2.

³ “Michael Angelo,” iii. 2.

romantic exuberance of his style was incompatible with classic symmetry of form. Yet neither in his life nor in his verse does he ever seem to have been swept away by passion. His talent was essentially academic, and this gave his work a bookish flavour suggestive of wide reading rather than deep and varied experience. Hence, too, his vision was often faulty; probably the most salient example of this is "The Leap of Roushan Beg,"¹ where we are utterly unable to grasp the details of the picture presented to us.

In spite of these defects, however, few poets have enjoyed a greater popularity. He was thoroughly attuned to the Spirit of the Age—to the more rudimentary phases of the Divine Idea that are universal in their appeal. His reputation, therefore, has always stood highest with the humbler and less cultivated reader. He is the middleman of ideas, with a mission to propagate the Romantic Spirit in American soil. And it was his proud boast—and achievement—

To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great army of the poor.

But contemporary popularity is no guarantee of permanent fame. That is the inalienable gift of Personality. It is ever the Spirit that quickeneth :

We see but what we have the gift
Of seeing; what we bring, we find.²

And if we are merely observers, looking only on the surface for the truth of the passing hour, we have our day, and pass. Very little of Longfellow's work will stand the test of time. "The Psalm of Life" bids fair to endure as a hymn of patient toil appealing to elementary, though permanent, hopes and aspirations. The popularity of "Excelsior" is already on the wane. "Maidenhood" will live for the beauty of the imagery and the delicate charm of the sentiment. "Evangeline" has been adopted as the national poem of the French Canadians; in spite of its defects this circumstance, aided by its descriptive beauty and melancholy sweetness, should enable it to escape

¹ "Birds of Passage," Flight v.

² "In the Harbour," "Moonlight."

oblivion. Several of the ballads have won their way to the hearts of the people, where, since the people are necessarily the ultimate judges of this class of verse, they seem likely to remain. "The Golden Legend" owes its present favour quite as much to Sullivan's musical setting as to any intrinsic merit; but is doomed by its inherent weakness. It is on "Hiawatha" that Longfellow's fame will most securely rest. The epic is unique as embodying in a compact form the legends of the North American Indians; and it is not likely to be superseded. Moreover, it contains the finest poem that Longfellow ever penned—the beautiful legend of the "Son of the Evening Star."

The Parting of the Ways

THE democracy of Great Britain is at a point where it has to make its choice between a form of Socialism, scientific or unscientific, thorough or partial, and continuance under the quasi-Individualistic conditions which have hitherto prevailed in the land. As it is not the habit of the British, and especially the English, people to face changes of social creed or ideal in the form of an accepted statement of principles or corpus of doctrine, or in any abstract shape whatever, it is possible that they may pass into practical Socialism *sans le savoir*, by a series of lapses, just as it is possible that they may maintain an Individualistic system without recognition of that fact or its consequences.

The drift has for some time tended towards Socialism: that is, to minor measures of empirical Socialism which commend themselves to sentiment or to the sense of expediency. For instance, there has been a strong inclination to relieve the poorer parents in the community of a part of the burden of their duty to their children, and to help the more indigent class generally to avoid the full results of their economic disadvantages. This, being done by a common effort of the other members of the State, is a step within the bounds of Socialism.

Here one comes at once upon a criticism which applies to the arguments of convinced Individualists, at least as to their practical bearing, and when their practical bearing is disregarded they have only an academic value. To ask people to permit the unrestricted results of Individualist methods to operate among the poorest is to ask them to repudiate all the dictates of compassion, and to deny the fundamental principles of the religion which most of them profess. It is absurd to teach a student on one day of the week in a lecture-room that Free Competition, unhampered and unmitigated, is the essential condition of the progress of the race and the nation, and to teach him on another day of the week, in a church or chapel, that he should love his neighbour as himself and do to his neighbour as he would that his neighbour should do to him.

And this leads to another criticism which strengthens the hands of those who seek to promote Socialism. Individualists, as a school, are not prepared to offer any humane system as an alternative to it. Many do little more than denounce the creed of Marx and his successors with equal vehemence and honesty; but mere denunciation, in the end, strengthens a plausible case by arousing interest in it and some sympathy for it, and invective is a weapon which grows weaker the oftener it is used against the same opponent. What is wanted, at least for people who prefer to hold their opinions in a logical form, is a system for the amelioration of social conditions which will satisfy the human conscience as it exists in Western lands to-day without destroying the sound foundations of society in accordance with socialistic incitements; in a word, construction instead of destruction, or healthy evolution instead of a revolution prompted by visionaries and carried out in despair.

It is well to admit that the Individualist *pur sang* has failed as a social philosopher and will fail, precisely because he ignores the human conscience and fails to realise that sympathy is as natural and inherent a force in human nature as selfishness itself; indeed, it is one of the

basal laws of life, long antecedent to the appearance of man upon the earth, and one of the primary factors of the individual. And, in face of this fact, in order to criticise Socialism effectively, it is expedient to give due recognition to some of its strongest positions and not to advance against the whole line without making due allowance for them.

It is often urged that all progress in evolution from the protozoa to man has been accomplished by the aid of unrestricted competition in the struggle for life. And if this be granted, the Individualist says, "How will you ensure further progress if this mainspring of evolution be taken away?" But the argument is fallacious. Considering the matter from the biological point of view, it is plain that unrestricted competition among the creatures lower than man evolved at length a power, thought, which overthrew the previous conditions and dominated the world of brute force and blind contest for survival. This force has its own way of dealing with things, and the more completely that is followed the greater is the success of those who follow it. No human beings approach so nearly to the kind of competition that prevails among beasts as the lowest races of mankind, who are rightly called the most backward. The proposal to eliminate the results of thought in order that we may revert to that condition of affairs over which thought has triumphed, and the belief that further progress can only be attained by returning to the form of competition which at last produced thought as its mastering term, are illusory; in fact the suggestion is that we should decapitate progress, so to speak, in order that advance may continue. Nor is the protective power of organised "social" life, as distinct from the free struggle of individuals, without example even outside humanity. The development of instinct gives examples of it. "The phases of social life exhibited by animals other than man," said Huxley, "sometimes curiously foreshadow human policy."¹ Instances in the insect world are well known,

¹ "The Anatomy of Invertebrated Animals."

and for one example among many in the case of the higher animals it is interesting to refer to the account given from personal observation by Mansfield Parkyns of the organisation of baboons in their forays on the corn-fields.¹

Nor, indeed, is a return to the Free Competition, the unrestricted struggle for existence, as it flourishes outside humanity, practicable; but this is what the Individualist system postulates if it is logical in its doctrine of progress. Law, from the point of view of the strict Individualists, is Socialism; at least, one of its most important functions is the use of the power of the community to protect those who are not strong enough to enforce their own rights. If it were the solemn duty of humanity to adopt consistent and thorough Individualism, law should be abolished; he only should preserve his property, or even his life, who could do so by his own hand or cunning; widows and orphans should be a prey to those strong enough to seize them. The decalogue should be deleted. Then we should indeed have reverted to the kind of competition which prevails in the ocean and the forest. But it would hardly mean progress.

As compared with a doctrine which, pushed to its logical extreme, involves the disappearance of morality, the creed of Socialism appears, in the abstract, a most beneficent gospel. It proposes to use the individual for the best advantage of the State and to organise the State for the best advantage of the individual. And if practice could be made to conform to theory, Socialism would have a claim upon humanity that could not rightly be repudiated.

A principle enunciated in a few lines in the late Professor W. Wallace's "Prolegomena to the Study of Hegel's Philosophy" may be cited:

The apprehension of a thing from one side or aspect—the apprehension of one thing apart from its connexions—the retention of a term or formula apart from its context—is what Hegel terms "abstract"

¹ "Life in Abyssinia."

... To abstract is a necessary stage in the process of knowledge. But it is equally necessary to insist on the danger of clinging, as to an ultimate truth, to the pseudo-simplicity of abstraction, which forgets altogether what it is in certain situations desirable for a time to overlook.

In this sense, Socialism is a system full of the error of "abstraction." It regards men and women as uniform units for the construction of that State which the visionary sees completed in his dreams. If Individualism ignores conscience, Socialism ignores character. But the development of character with the consequent multiplication of the objects to which human energy directs itself is one of the strongest motive forces of civilisation. Diversity of character is necessary in a healthy, progressive community, and it cannot flourish in a dead level sameness of surroundings. Moreover, Socialism ignores that love of independence which is not only an incentive to work, but an element in nobility of disposition. And it condemns the good form of acquisitiveness as well as the bad. The abuses of the desire for property are patent to everybody. But there is a sense in which a man is denied the exercise of his best relations with the world if the right of individual possession is denied to him. In family life this is especially manifest. A parent should not be the servant of the State to administer as concerns his children a system decreed by it. There should be safeguards against the abuse of parental power, but, these being provided, the family should be the very means of developing to the best the individual characters of the parents. And the fruit of a man's art, handicraft or labour should be his own, in order to satisfy that basal concept of right in the human mind that he who creates should have power to dispose; lacking this, how can a man have that love of his work which alone prompts him to give to it his finest energy? He may dedicate his output to the common use; but the gift should be voluntary.

Though the Hegelian system has been abandoned as an explanation of the Universe, it remains a very valuable indicator of the course of the human mind; and one may

well hope that the movement of the twentieth century will be neither to a creed of Individualism nor to a creed of Socialism, but to a plan which, rising above both, will eliminate the brutality of the one and the futility of the other, and harmonise all that is found to be good in the two seemingly contradictory conceptions of a right civilisation.

Francis Bacon at the Bar of History

THE more careful study of history in recent years has caused a mitigation of the verdicts passed on many of our greatest men. Pope, expressing the conventional view of his contemporaries, denounced Bacon as the meanest of mankind, and in the same breath condemned Cromwell to everlasting infamy. Those who most condemn the public acts of Cromwell will admit that his reputation stands to-day on a very different level from that to which it was relegated by Pope. In the case of Bacon the result is more doubtful. Basil Montagu's attempt to rehabilitate him was smothered as soon as it was born by Macaulay's review. But a few years later Bacon found a new advocate in the most conscientious, most indefatigable, most capable of biographers. Nearly a generation has passed away since Mr. Spedding's great work appeared. It was hailed with enthusiasm by scholars in every quarter, and for the first time the case for Bacon received a fair and impartial hearing. Nobody doubts that we have heard the last word for the defence, and after this interval of time it may be interesting to look round and inquire to what extent Mr. Spedding's conclusions are likely to be permanently adopted.

"I believed myself born for the service of mankind." In these words we have the keynote to Bacon's life. From a very early age the sense of a mission for which he was specially ordained, which he alone could fulfil,

had been growing up in his mind. He tells how, when only fifteen, he wrote a scientific treatise which, "with great confidence and a magnificent title," he named "The Greatest Birth of Time." The character of his mission he defines in the preface to his "Interpretation of Nature," written in 1603:

When I searched, I found no work so meritorious as the discovery and development of the arts and inventions that tend to civilise the life of man. . . . Above all, if any man could succeed—not in merely bringing to light one particular invention, however useful—but in kindling in nature a luminary which would, at its first rising, shed some light on the present limits and borders of human discoveries, and which afterwards, as it rose still higher, would reveal and bring into clear view every nook and cranny of darkness—it seemed to me that such a discoverer would deserve to be called the true Extender of the Kingdom of man over the Universe.

After reviewing his qualifications for such a task, he adds, with an almost sublime self-sufficiency, "For all these reasons I considered that my nature and disposition had, as it were, a kind of kindship and connection with truth."¹ Such were Bacon's real aims; such to the end they remained. A year before his death he can still say, "The ardour and constancy of my mind . . . in this pursuit has not grown old nor cooled." Looking back on a long life spent in quite different occupations, it seems to him that he has been "borne by some destiny against the inclination of my genius."

Bacon, then, begins with the conviction that he is designed for a life of contemplation and research. Wealth and honours do not attract him. He is shy and brusque in manner; like others who are "of nature bashful," he is "mistaken for proud." He is not apt to flatter; his friend Essex makes excuses for his "natural freedom and plainness of speech," and he has to cure himself of a habit of "speaking with panting, and labour of breath and voice." He writes to his uncle Burghley that he has "as vast contemplative ends as he has moderate civil ends."

¹ Spedding's "Edition of Bacon's Works," iii. 519.

It is easy to censure Bacon for forsaking his true destiny, but in the first instance he was forced by poverty to seek some kind of employment. While drudging at the Bar he had no leisure for philosophy, and he was continually harassed by petty pecuniary worries. He therefore applied to Burghley to help him to obtain some modest position about the Court. For some reason, neither Burghley nor the Queen was willing to promote him. Bacon believed that Burghley deliberately kept him back for fear that his interests might clash with those of Robert Cecil.¹ Why the Queen disliked or distrusted him we have no means of knowing. But it is certain that all his appeals after the death of his father, in 1579, failed to bring him the moderate assistance he needed.

Nine years later,² in an unlucky hour, he made the acquaintance of Essex. Essex, then not quite twenty-one, was at the beginning of his meteorlike career. His rise had been so sudden and so brilliant that it seemed for the moment that he must carry everything before him. He attached himself to Bacon with a romantic ardour unparalleled in the whole history of literary patronage; to quote Mr. Spedding, "a good opinion more confident, an interest more earnest and unmistakably sincere," than Essex expresses in his letters, "could not be conveyed in English." The injustice with which Bacon was treated roused his keenest sympathy, and he engaged to "spend his uttermost credit, friendship and authority against whomsoever" to secure Bacon's preferment. Nobody—not Mr. Spedding, certainly not Bacon himself—has ever denied that he kept his word. To Bacon, depressed by nine years' unsuccessful supplication, this unexpected support must have given new life, and not the least of his obligations to Essex lay in this, that he believed in him when, among persons of influence at any rate, no

¹ In his letter to Burghley (January 1592) he says: "If . . . I do seek or affect any place whereunto any that is nearer unto your lordship shall be concurrent, say then that I am a most dishonest man."

² We find Essex pleading Bacon's claims as early as 1588. See Dr. Abbott's "Introduction to Bacon's Essays," p. 10.

one else did. It was perhaps due to the fresh hopes thus excited that Bacon's "civil ends" gradually became less moderate. With the support of his powerful and enthusiastic patron, the highest offices in the State might not be beyond his reach. Power to Bacon would mean power to do good; no one saw, as he thought he saw, the real needs and dangers of the country. And Science would share in his advancement. It was impossible for a private individual to work out schemes so vast as his; and he reflects that "good thoughts, though God accept them, yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act, and that cannot be without power and place."¹

In 1594 the Attorney-Generalship became vacant, and Essex undertook to secure it for Bacon. The attempt was most unfair to the Solicitor-General, Coke, who had clearly a prior claim; but minor points like this Essex, in his headlong zeal, would not stop to consider. He was opposed by Burghley, who represented that Bacon was too inexperienced for the post. The Queen chose to be guided by Burghley; Coke was appointed, and became thenceforth Bacon's bitter enemy.

Essex then tried to get Bacon appointed Solicitor-General. He showed in Bacon's interests a degree of constancy hardly to be expected of his impulsive nature. For a year and a half he urged Bacon's claims, in season—and, more often, out of season—till the Queen and the whole Court were weary of Bacon's very name. Mr. Spedding conjectures that Essex's injudicious vehemence spoiled Bacon's chance; but Burghley told Bacon that the real difficulty lay in the offence which the Queen had taken at a speech he had made in Parliament. It is to Bacon's credit that, believing himself to be in the right in the matter of this speech, he neither apologised for nor retracted it. At last the Queen decided against Bacon, and in that hour of cruel discouragement he half resolved to give up public life and return to philosophy. Essex was almost equally upset. He generously took upon

¹ Essay, "Of Great Place."

himself the whole blame of the failure; "you fare ill," he said, "because you have chosen me for your mean and dependence," and he presented Bacon with "a piece of land" worth in our money about £6000. When telling the story in after years,¹ Bacon paused to pay a tribute to the grace with which Essex bestowed his gift: "such kind and noble circumstances as the manner was worth as much as the matter."

In estimating the extent of Bacon's obligations to Essex, Mr. Spedding reminds us that "during the last five or six years Bacon and his brother² had been performing for Essex a kind of service for which £1000 a year would not nowadays be thought very high pay, and for which he had as yet received in money or money's worth nothing whatever. Such services were in those days paid by great men, not in salaries, but in patronage. . . . Bacon lost the Solicitorship because Essex urged his claims so intemperately. In such a case what more natural than to feel that he *owed* him something?"³ That Essex may have spoilt Bacon's chance is quite arguable, though Burghley, who was in a position to know, took a different view. However that may be, it is safe to assert that any patron but Essex would have thought Bacon's services more than repaid by his unparalleled exertions on his behalf. Mr. Sidney Lee finds Essex "quixotic" in giving Bacon anything.⁴ In fact the interest Essex had shown, the affectionate enthusiasm, the "manner worth as much as the matter," were such as cannot be valued in money or services. Macaulay says finely of Essex that "unlike the vulgar herd of benefactors, he desired to inspire not gratitude, but affection."

Bacon asserted that when he accepted Essex's gift he stipulated that "it must be with the ancient savings"—that is, of duty to the Queen and country;⁵ and in

¹ "Sir Francis Bacon, his apology in certain imputations concerning the late Earl of Essex."

² Anthony Bacon, who was Essex's private secretary. He was invaluable to Essex in the way of supplying him with foreign intelligence.

³ "Evenings with a Reviewer," i. 106.

⁴ "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century" (p. 221).

⁵ Bacon's "Apology."

a letter to Essex of this period he makes the curious reservation, "I reckon myself to be a *common* . . . and so much as is lawful to be enclosed of a common, so much your Lordship shall be sure to have." The sentiment is in every way appropriate to one who, born for mankind, could not be expected to narrow his mind to the condition of a vulgar partisan; but it cannot be supposed that Bacon meant thus to release himself from the ordinary obligations which every honest man owes to those who have befriended him.

Not many years later Bacon found himself called upon to reconcile the claims of Essex with those of the Queen and country, and also of mankind, in so far as they were bound up with his own prospects. When Essex returned from Ireland Bacon honestly did what he could to bring about his restoration to favour. The Queen seems to have been in the habit of consulting Bacon at this time, though she still failed to promote him; and it is clear that for the first six months of the year 1600 Bacon was faithfully devoted to his patron's interests. When Essex was summoned to answer for his mismanagement in Ireland, Bacon wrote offering to appear as one of the prosecuting counsel; but he explains that he did so with a view to serving Essex more effectually afterwards. Then Essex passed into open treason, after which no one could have blamed Bacon for holding aloof. Unfortunately, he did not hold aloof. When Essex was put on trial for his life Bacon again appeared against him. In the "Apology" Bacon protests that he did not on this occasion offer his services; the work "was merely laid upon me with the rest of my fellows." The fact is that he was, occasionally and irregularly, employed as counsel for the crown; he was not one of the ordinary counsel, and was not always called to appear at State trials. Unless it can be shown not only that Essex's conviction was necessary to the safety of the State, but that without Bacon's help there was no reasonable chance of securing it, it seems obvious that common good feeling should have prompted him to stay away; and nothing could be more

cold-blooded than the manner in which he turned and addressed his attack to Essex personally. Professor Gardiner, while admitting that Bacon's conduct indicated "poverty of moral feeling," points out that "our sentiment of the precedence of personal over political ties is based upon our increased sense of political security, and is hardly applicable" to a period when "a government without an armed force was liable to be overturned by a man who, like Essex, was the darling of the military class."¹ Mr. Spedding justifies Bacon on the plea that public duty must supersede all others; among later writers there is much divergence of opinion.²

Nothing is more certain than that Bacon believed himself to have acted rightly. "There is nothing in my lifetime," he wrote afterwards, "which comes to my mind with more clearness and less check of conscience." To understand his point of view it would perhaps be necessary to be transported to the sixteenth century; yet he admits that even in his own day his conduct was widely censured "in common speech."³ After the execution of Essex, Bacon was employed to draw up the official "Declaration" of his "treasons attempted and committed." For

¹ "Dictionary of National Biography"; art. Bacon.

² Mr. Sidney Lee considers that Bacon "sacrificed all ordinary considerations of honour in his treatment of Essex." (*Great Englishmen*," p. 223.) Dean Church takes the same view (*English Men of Letters: Bacon*"). Mr. Goldwin Smith says: "Bacon's impeachment of his friend and benefactor is a repulsive relic of the servility which, in the Court of Henry VIII., laid nature and friendship, as well as truth and justice, at the despot's feet." (*The United Kingdom*," i. 402.) Dr. Abbott regards it as "a sin, but not a sin of weakness, or pusillanimity, or inconsistency," and as showing "how morally dangerous it is to be so imbued and penetrated with the notion that one is born for the service of mankind as to be rendered absolutely blind to all the claims of commonplace morality." (*Introduction to Bacon's Essays*," p. 45.) Professor Fowler (*English Philosophers*") and Mr. Aldis Wright (*Introduction to the Advancement of Learning*") follow Mr. Spedding. Professor Nicol considers that Essex's guilt was of a kind "from the consequences of which past favours could not release him." (*Philosophical Classics: Bacon*," i. 67.)

³ Bacon's "Apology."

this, and his services at the trial, he received a grant of £1200; "the Queen hath done somewhat for me," he wrote, "but not in the proportion I had hoped." One wishes that he had refused it. Brutus might think it his duty to stab Cæsar, but would have scorned to take a pecuniary recompense.

This grant was the only reward Bacon received. He had not advanced a fraction in the confidence of the Queen or Cecil.¹ But the reign of Elizabeth was drawing to a close, and all men's eyes were turning towards her successor. On the accession of James, Bacon was naturally anxious to secure a good reception; he therefore strove to ingratiate himself with every one who seemed likely to have any influence. He desires Cecil's agent to "let him know that he is the person in the State that I love most." The Earl of Northumberland was thought to be coming to the front, and Bacon discovers, what apparently no one had suspected, that there had "long lain in his mind a seed of affection and zeal towards his lordship." He even importunes the friends of Essex; he assures Southampton, newly released from the Tower, "I can now safely be to your Lordship what I truly was before"; and to the Earl of Devonshire he dedicates his "Apology," excusing and explaining his conduct to Essex. To modern ideas all this is undignified; it would hardly appear so to Bacon's contemporaries. In those days, when everything went by influence, men habitually addressed one another in the language of exorbitant adulation. In his letters, in his essays, in his private notes, Bacon frankly avows his belief that the way to greatness lay through the favour of great men. Not being naturally a courtier, he set himself with the utmost deliberation to study and profit by their weaknesses. Of this "morigeration," as Bacon calls it, Mr. Spedding says,² "I do not myself recommend it for imitation, and if it be true that no man can be known to do such a thing in these days without forfeiting his reputation

¹ Robert Cecil succeeded his father as chief minister in 1598.

² "Letters and Life," iv. 34.

for veracity, I am glad to hear it." That worldly men have at all times done such things is true enough. From Bacon perhaps something better might have been expected.

Who would not laugh if such a man there be ?

Who would not weep if Atticus were he ?

Yet one can understand how keenly Bacon must have longed for power at this moment. A new era was opening ; a king had succeeded who was certainly a scholar, and might be a lover of science. Clouds were gathering on the political horizon, and every Englishman who loved his country must have wished to do something to avert the threatened storm. In the interests of science, and in the interests of England, Bacon could not but wish for power ; while he was too shrewd to " expect to command the end, and not to endure the mean." With patient care he trimmed his sail to every breeze of fortune. Northumberland's star sank as rapidly as it had risen, and Bacon's " seed of affection and zeal" withered away. The direction of State affairs was still in the hands of Cecil (now Earl of Salisbury), and to him Bacon " applied himself" with a constancy which nothing could wear out. It was in vain that Bacon assured him that he counted all things but loss " in comparison of having the honour and happiness of being a near and well-accepted kinsman to so worthy a counsellor, governor, and patriot," and that " if I knew in what course of life to do you best service, I could take it, and make my thoughts, which now fly to many pieces, be reduced to that centre." In vain does he study to " correspond with Salisbury in a habit of natural but no ways perilous boldness," and " at Council Table chiefly to make good my Lord of Salisbury's motions and speeches." Nothing could remove the rooted distrust, due probably to jealousy, with which Salisbury regarded him ; long as Salisbury lived Bacon remained, in his own words, " as a hawk tied to another's fist." On Salisbury's death, in 1612, all his pent-up bitterness burst forth. Salisbury is hardly buried when Bacon writes to the King, urging his policy—" these courses and others the like

are gone, I hope, with the deviser of them"—and he can hardly refrain from openly congratulating him on the goodness of Heaven as shown in "the taking away of that man."

It is evident that Bacon had never really approved of Salisbury's policy. Nothing could be less to his mind than Salisbury's way of haggling and bargaining with the Commons. All Bacon's political views were on a grand scale. There is no doubt as to the sincerity of his monarchical principles. To him, as to other statesmen of his time, it seemed better to strengthen the royal prerogative than to entrust the government of the country to the House of Commons as it was then. His ideal was that of a wise king taking the lead in matters of reform, while a grateful parliament willingly voted supplies. Bacon was a lover of parliaments, though he did not wish to see them encroaching on the authority of the King; and he was frequently employed to mediate in disputes between the King and the Houses. Religious differences he would have removed by a more comprehensive ecclesiastical policy, while by a warlike foreign policy he would have diverted the Commons from the contemplation of their "grievances." Bacon was full of plans for the aggrandisement of the country; for the pacification of Ireland; for the civilising of "the wilds of Scotland"; for English supremacy abroad, as the centre of a vast Protestant coalition. Professor Gardiner says, that "if James had been other than he was, the name of Bacon would have come down to us as great in politics as it is in science."¹ But Bacon was never to have a free hand to work out his ideals. James had thrown off the yoke of Salisbury only to submit to that of a favourite; and Bacon must either give up the pursuit of power, or follow it by humouring the caprice and vanity of Villiers. At first, with characteristic optimism, he hopes great things of Villiers. He gives him excellent advice, reminding him that "it is the life of an ox or beast to eat and never to exercise; but men are born (and especially

¹ "History of England from the Accession of James I.," i. 181.

Christian men) not to cram in their fortunes, but to exercise their virtues." Villiers soon tired of this kind of exhortation, if he ever liked it; the King remonstrated with Bacon on the "parental tone" which he had presumed to adopt towards the favourite. Flattery was what Villiers wanted, and flattery—"laid on with a trowel"—is what Bacon henceforth gives him. It was now certain that Bacon would never have any real power in the State. Promotion came to him, with honours and rank, but never the power to do good, either to science or the country. James turned from the *Novum Organum* with a sneer; and one by one Bacon's political schemes fell to the ground. He had wished to see reform going hand in hand with the prerogative; all he in effect accomplished was to strengthen the hands of an oppressive government.

It would doubtless have been better if Bacon, when he saw his advice neglected, had done as other men have done in such a case—thrown up office, and refused to associate himself with measures of which he disapproved. But it is to be remembered that Bacon was by conviction a "peremptory royalist"; though not in sympathy with the policy of the government, he may yet have believed that the government of a despotic king was to be preferred to that of an untried and half-organised House of Commons. When he strove to strengthen the prerogative against Coke and the lawyers, his action is not to be attributed to mere "servility"; he took what he honestly believed to be the better side.

Too much has been made of Bacon's action at the trial of Peacham, a half-mad clergyman, in whose study an unpublished sermon was found, containing disloyal reflections on the King and government. Peacham was ordered to be tortured. Bacon did not (so far as we know) advise the torture in this case, though he seems, like many good and wise men of the period, to have regarded torture as a regrettable necessity. The torture producing no result, it was determined to consult the judges of the Court of King's Bench in order to make sure of a convic-

tion. There was nothing unusual in this. For a prisoner to be tried and acquitted would have been considered equivalent to a defeat of the government, and it was customary in difficult cases to take the opinion of the judges before bringing the accused to trial. The judges whom Bacon consulted in Peacham's case were not those who were to try him. Bacon, it is true, introduced a dangerous precedent. Fearing that the judges might be overborne by Coke, he recommended that they should be consulted separately, which was done, Coke loudly protesting. Equally defensible from the point of view of a royalist of that time were the proceedings against St. John. The King had tried to raise money by a "Benevolence." The contributions were really voluntary, all undue pressure on the part of government agents being forbidden. St. John, however, declaimed against all Benevolences, and expressed his opinion in terms so coarse and insulting to the King that it was resolved to prosecute him. He was sentenced to a heavy fine and imprisonment, both of which were remitted on his submission. It is far more difficult to defend Bacon's action at the trial, some years after, of his old friend and colleague, Sir Henry Yelverton. Yelverton was not accused of anything worse than mistaking the King's verbal orders, and having made an ample submission and apology, might have expected to get off easily. Bacon, then Lord Keeper, pronounced a ruinous sentence. Professor Gardiner says significantly, "Looked at from the point of view of a guardian of official duty, the sentence on Yelverton might easily be justified. What did not appear in Court was that Buckingham was hostile to Yelverton."¹

It must be concluded that Bacon, though not the unscrupulous timeserver that has been represented, was wanting in moral fibre. He had not sufficient decision of character to assert his own right principles when they were likely to meet with disapproval in high places. When at last he became Lord Chancellor, nothing could be more excellent than his intentions. Years before he

¹ "Dictionary of National Biography."

had written to Villiers (now Marquis of Buckingham), "By no means be you persuaded to interpose yourself by word or letter in any cause depending, or like to be depending, in any Court of Justice." But from the first he was worried by a continual stream of letters from Buckingham, urging him to show favour to this or that suitor, with—or sometimes without—the conventional reservation that he should do so in so far as justice should permit. More than once Bacon remonstrated, and once at least Buckingham promised to desist. But Buckingham forgot his promise, and Bacon ceased to remonstrate. Mr. Spedding suggests that Buckingham's letters were meant, not to influence Bacon's decisions, but to satisfy the persons who asked for them; that "he would direct his secretary to draw up a letter for his signature in the usual form," but that it would be understood that Bacon would give no heed to it.¹ Buckingham's letters, which have been preserved, hardly bear that complexion. In one he "doubts not, but as his Majesty is satisfied with the equity" of a suit, the Lord Chancellor will be satisfied too; and he frequently urges Bacon to "show what favour you can" to suitors, "for my sake." Buckingham's letters attest that Bacon's decisions did not always meet his views, and there is only one instance in which Bacon is *proved* to have been influenced by him. This was the case of a Dr. Steward, in which, judgment being already given, Buckingham urged him to reconsider it; "although I know it is unusual to your Lordship to make alterations when things are so far past, yet in regard I owe him a good turn which I know not how to perform but in this way, I desire your Lordship, if there be any case for mitigation, your Lordship should show him what favour you may for my sake." Upon this Bacon referred the matter to commissioners, who reversed his own earlier decision.² There is room to hope that this case was

¹ "Letters and Life," vi. 259.

² *Ibid.* vii. 585. Mr. Spedding referred this case to Mr. Heath, the editor of Bacon's legal works, who decided emphatically against Bacon. Dr. Abbott discusses it fully in his "Francis Bacon": Introduction, pp. 27-29.

exceptional; but as he allowed himself to be thus influenced in a matter which had been actually decided, it is difficult to believe that he was never influenced at all in cases which were still pending.¹ This is the only sense in which Bacon can be suspected of perverting justice. To suggest that he sold it for money is so wildly absurd as not to be worth arguing about.

Yet this is what his contemporaries were led to believe! In 1621 Parliament was again summoned. It does not seem to have crossed Bacon's mind that he might be less acceptable to the Commons than formerly. He feared that there might be some trouble about the monopolies, and advised that the more oppressive should be removed; but his advice was not followed, and Parliament met in an angry humour. At first there appeared a disposition to make Bacon responsible in his official character for the monopolies; but soon rumours of a more ominous kind began to be heard. It was said that the Lord Chancellor had received gratuities, not only from suitors whose cases had been decided—that was merely the usual custom—but from some whose cases were still awaiting judgment. Secure in the consciousness of rectitude, Bacon heard the charge almost with indifference. "My mind is calm," he wrote, ". . . I know that I have clean hands and a clean heart." It was only by degrees that the conviction was forced upon him that, however innocent as to the spirit, he had so far transgressed the letter of the law, that the charges against him might be made to look very black indeed. Presents had been sent to him, even while cases were pending; but while disapproving of the practice, and warning the other judges against it, he, sure of his own incorruptibility, had not troubled to send them back. "I take myself," he wrote, "to be innocent in my heart"; but he had no longer any hope of making his innocence clear to the world. "The proofs" were "too pregnant to the contrary." His nerve

¹ Dean Church suggests that Bacon's compliance may generally have gone no further than to expedite the cases of Buckingham's friends. Sometimes, no doubt, they would happen to be in the right, and Bacon could honestly decide in their favour.

broke down utterly, and he acknowledged himself guilty without reservation. His contemporaries, believing him to be guilty of corruption in its fullest sense, stood aghast in horror; "his offence foul, his confession pitiful." Coke unearthed the precedent of a judge who had been hanged for bribery. Southampton urged that Bacon should be degraded from the peerage. Neither of these charitable suggestions was adopted; but Bacon was effectually driven from public life. The few years remaining to him he devoted to philosophy, lamenting, with manifest sincerity and pellucid truth, that he had misspent his life in things for which he was least fit. "I have read in books," he said, "that it is accounted great bliss for a man to have leisure with honour. That was never my fortune. Time was when I had honour without leisure, and now I have leisure without honour." He died in his sixty-sixth year, leaving his reputation to "men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages."

It cannot be that the historian of the future will adopt Mr. Spedding's magnificent apology in its entirety. A reaction has already set in. Mr. Sidney Lee, for instance, is hardly less severe than Macaulay in judging Bacon's conduct to Essex. Professor Gardiner, though anxious to place Bacon's character in the best light, laments his flattery and obsequiousness, and his "reliance on management at the expense of truthfulness." Grave charges remain; but those who see faultiness in the details of his life will nevertheless recognise the nobility of his general scheme. No one will ever again assert with Macaulay that Bacon's "desires were set on things below" to the exclusion of high and unselfish aspirations; or that—difficult as it was for him "to feel strong affections, to face great dangers, or to make great sacrifices"—he had no loftier ambition than the acquisition of "wealth, precedence, titles, patronage, the mace, the seals, the coronet," and things of the sort. To these things Bacon was not indifferent; but he had, to a degree unbelievable by the ordinary man, the wish to benefit mankind, to improve and civilise human life, to heal and pacify the

divisions of the nation. It is reasonable to judge with some indulgence the mistakes and weaknesses of one the benevolence of whose heart was "large enough to take in all races and all ages."¹

A Valentine Rhyme

Now Andrew, Anthony and William
For Valentines draw Prue, Kate, Gillian.
"POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK," 1676.

ANDREW is the Miller's son
And such a dusty Miller!
Free of jest with every one,
And frugal with his siller.
Gillian's eyes are black as sloes;
Kate is red as any rose
That in tended garden grows
And sweeter than vanilla.

Anthony's the Miller's man.
Long and lithe and lusty.
Never yet, since Time began
To turn the world's wheels rusty,
Did a prettier fellow woo
Girl with eyes of brighter blue.
'Tis no wonder he and Prue
Walk the mill-path dusty.

Andy loves both Kate and Gill.
Prue's in love with Tony;
So what's left for luckless Will,
Who is Andy's crony?
Why, to him Dame Fate assigns
Skill of rhyming Valentines;
So he rhymes instead of whines
To hearts that will be stony.

¹ Macaulay: "Essay on Bacon."

Among the Head-hunters of New Georgia

HAVING been appointed to H.M.S. *Penguin*, then refitting at Hong Kong, I left England in the small troopship *Tyne* to join her at that port. The great feature of our voyage out was a trial of deep-sea fishing under way, a sport we had often heard of, but never seen in practice. Once through the canal "Number One" and I started in to rig our tackle. We lashed a long bamboo to one of the after davits and rove our line. Seventy-five fathoms of cod-line, through a thimble at its outer end, brought in and turned up to a cleat near the heel of it. We joined two fathoms of thin flexible steel wire to the cod-line and to this secured the fly.

Two albacore hooks snouded together, their shanks covered with tin foil, with a piece of red and of white bunting for wings, made a capital fly, and having allowed it all to drift astern, we "stood by" with the keenest anxiety for results. It had not been out over an hour before the sentry on the life-buoy, who had orders to that effect from "Number One," yelled out that there was a fish on. Great excitement was shown by all hands. The ship's way was stopped, and in a few minutes we had a seventy pound fish flopping on the deck. To make a long story short, our fishing gear was a complete success, and few days passed without a big fish being caught, or rather hooked; for we did not always get them inboard, though the skipper very kindly stopped the ship for us every time.

Poor "Number One" had a joke played on him nearly every afternoon till it became stale. He was fond of "forty winks" after he had told off the watch, and generally retired to his cabin, leaving strict orders that he was to be called if anything agitated the line. No sooner did we think him safely asleep in his cabin on the upper deck than a head was thrust through the door—"Fish on, old son!"

Up rushed "Number One," sometimes minus his coat, only to find the sentry peacefully pacing the poop with no tidings of even a kink in the line.

He was such a keen fisherman that he was invariably drawn, and so good-natured over it that he seldom, if ever, got very wild; "and the world went very well then."

The *Penguin* was soon ready for sea, and we left for Thursday Island in the Torres Straits, calling at Manila and Amboina in the Molucca Islands on the way. At the latter place some of us thought we would go for a day after pig, having been told that they abounded within easy distance of the town. One fine morning we started off with a large retinue of beaters and many dogs. We toiled till lunch-time over very difficult country, and we toiled till evening, but no wild animal of any sort hove in sight.

On our way back to the ship the head beater became wildly excited, and, after a conference with his mates, he led us into a very rough bit of scrub with a narrow path running through it. A frantic yell, "Pig-i, pig-i!" and I blazed at something I took to be a pig crossing the path, and one of my messmates brought him down. Sure enough it was a small white pig, shot in orthodox fashion through the shoulder. Such rejoicing! We found that we were on the outskirts of a village, and we all went to the nearest place of refreshment to celebrate the event. Our beaters came down to the boat with us, carrying the bag. Their charges seemed to be very ruinous, and we wondered, till a remark from one of the boat's crew to his mate, "That ain't no wild pig," made suspicion a certainty, and we realised that the beaters' charge included the cost of the pig. Thus ended our day after "big game," and many a laugh did we have over it.

Thursday Island is a strange spot, full of pearl-fishers of every nationality and "beach-combers" in large numbers. Drink-shops abound, and the fun is often fast and furious. We took sights here for rating our chronometers, and then sailed for Samarai, New Guinea,

which was to be one end of our meridian distance, Rendova Island, New Georgia, in the Solomon Islands, being the other end. At Samarai we made our first acquaintance with the Papuan savage, those of us, that is, who had not been in these parts before. Their chief article of clothing seems to be a comb stuck into a very shock head of hair. We began to amass many curios, shell ornaments, spears, fish-hooks, and all sorts of oddments. The gangways were a busy sight in the dinner-hour. Old hats, old pipes, coloured beads, tobacco—there was very little that would not do for barter, though before we left harbour these children of nature had begun to get rather *blasé*.

The sun was not very kind to us, and it was some days before we got a satisfactory set of sights, and could start under sail and steam for New Georgia.

The first few weeks after our arrival at Rendova anchorage were very busy ones. There was much "shooting the sun" to determine our accurate position, and when that was successfully obtained, we set about the big business of an extended survey.

Three of us, S., W., and myself, with our boats' crews and camp equipment, were landed some eighty miles off on the other side of the group to work out a detailed survey of the Marovo Lagoon, and connect with the Rendova work by means of true bearings of mountain peaks visible from both sides. We made our camp on one of the lagoon islands, and a very jolly little camp it was. There was fresh water close to us, and a good anchorage for the boats; also a splendid sandy beach for bathing, and a village about a mile away.

The natives were very shy at first, but soon became friendly as they got accustomed to us.

About a mile across the lagoon, was a long chain of Barrier Islands covered with scrub, an occasional coconut palm rising from it. Outside that again was a wide expanse of flat coral reef with the surf breaking on its outer fringe. Inside of us, the thickly wooded mountains of New Georgia rose out of a dense belt of mangroves

between them and the water. The lagoon itself was calm and peaceful, but very dangerous for navigation amongst its myriad patches of coral reef, and steamboat work was enough to turn one's hair grey. We soon made friends with King Béra, the Chief of the Marovo district. He was an enormous old man of about seventy. He wore practically no clothes, but a plentiful supply of shell bracelets and ear-and nose-rings adorned his portly person. I came across S. one day bathing in a river near the village with Béra and two of his grandsons. S. had soaped the three of them all over to their huge delight, and the old Chief was sunning himself on the bank, purring contentedly. I came behind him softly and pushed him into a deep pool. We all roared to see the old man come to the top, puffing and blowing like a grampus. He could not swim, and had to be rescued, patted into a good temper, and sent home with a couple of sticks of tobacco to keep him amiable.

These people have a quaint idea that their shadow is a bad spirit and their reflection a good one; so they are never tired of looking at themselves in the still water, and we found that some cheap trade mirrors we had with us were worth great store of curios. We made out a tariff on lines like these :

2 Sticks of tobacco	= 1 Pipe or 1 box of matches,
3 Pipes	= 1 Highly-coloured handkerchief,
2 Handkerchiefs	= 1 Fathom of calico,
3 Fathoms of calico	= 1 Small axe,

and so on, and it proved very useful to us.

We often employed the natives in clearing the hill-sides for us, and in the evening they came to our camp for their pay. It was very hard at first to find out what they wanted; but, bit by bit, S. and I picked up the Marovo language, which we, later on, put into a rudimentary book-form, S. doing the clever part whilst I collected most of the words.

We never succeeded in getting our woodsmen within a couple of hundred yards of the summit of any mountain

peak. They told us that the Good Spirit lived up there, and they were afraid of offending him. He was a water-god, and took the form of a clam. Strange though it may sound, surely on the very top of every peak we visited there was an enormous clam-shell, some of them being of a hundredweight or more. How did they get there? On one of our expeditions we climbed a mountain some way back from the coast, and, having a lot of theodolite work to do, it was late when we started back to the boat, eight miles or so away. We had only one blue-jacket with us, and no arms but an old scatter-gun of mine.

There we were, with a following of some two dozen natives, all reputed to be head-hunters and cannibals, eight miles from home, with night falling. I do not imagine that we thought about it at the time, but I fancy that the skipper would have done some talking had he known. The darkness grew so intense as we wound along between the trees that I began to light wax matches one by one, till I had run through three boxes, and we were still some miles away. Suddenly we came upon what looked like a sheet of fire-flies spread over the ground for hundreds of yards round us, and the man who was acting as guide ran to it with a shout of delight, and caught up a big bunch of what proved to be a phosphorescent lichen on his stick. By the light of several of these torches we got along capitally, and the river soon hove in sight. A most amusing surprise was in store for us.

W., who had stayed behind to look after the camp, became anxious as night drew on, and there was no sign of us, for we had expected to be back early; so he manned the whaler, and pulled to the village. He got King Béra into the boat by some means, and then started for the river where we began our expedition. Having made Béra understand that we were very late, he swore that he would kill him if anything happened to us. When we arrived, we discovered W. and his crew armed to the teeth, wondering what manner of death Béra should die. Béra was in the boat groaning, and rolling his fat carcase from side to

side in abject misery. A lot of grog and some tobacco sent him home happy once more but subdued, and with a holy fear of the white man and his guns.

One day Béra took us to see a big feast. As there was no human flesh, pig had to take its place. The pigs had been only stunned, and then laid on the top of large heaps of hot stones to cook. They were well warmed through when we arrived, and the feast soon began. The men sat down in a circle round the pigs, with the women in a ring outside them. When the signal to fall to was given by old Béra, the pigs were dragged down from the stones half-cooked, and were torn asunder. It was a disgusting spectacle, and we soon had enough of it. From time to time bits were thrown over the men's shoulders to the women, who devoured them like so many dogs. It made one's flesh creep a bit to think that it might be one of us some day.

S. was a most enthusiastic anthropologist, and having instructions from his Society to bring many skulls from the Islands, we hunted daily, or whenever we got a chance, on the mainland for burial-places. For a long time we were baffled in getting a clue, as we never came across any sign of burial rites.

One evening S. came back from work with delight and success writ large on his face. "I've found them!" said he. "Tons of them! You will take the whaler tomorrow, and whilst I decoy any stray natives away, you will pull out to the Barrier Islands, and on any one of them you will find skulls galore. Fill the boat and come back." It was asking a good deal. But orders are given to be obeyed, so next morning found me and five trusty sailormen *en route* for the Barrier. "Body-snatchers" the remainder of the crew on shore called us, and so we were.

We soon landed and found the places of burial. Each man picked a brace of skulls, and after carefully hiding them in the bow and stern sheets we made for home. Meeting some canoes on the way I wished their occupants a cheery "good-night," with an easy air of unconcern. Inwardly I was horribly nervous. "Is that all you've

got?" said S. on my arrival. But he was delighted all the same, and after burying the skulls in a deep hole under our tent floor, we went to sleep over them dreaming of the Society's gold medal for S. and "a little putty one" thrown in for me. As soon as we could, we shifted our camp higher up the lagoon, and, strange to relate, the natives never came near us again. The ship picked us up shortly after this, and we went to Sydney to refit and work up our charts. The first paper we saw told of the death of a trader with his boat's crew. This man had a trading-station not far from our work, and he often dined with us. He and his crew were killed and eaten not a week after our ship left the Islands. We were relieved to hear later on that King Béra's subjects were not mixed up in this murder.

We found the natives a good-humoured, cheery lot on the whole, but they had a cunning look and were reputed to be very treacherous. On one occasion my guide, who was following me with my gun, asked me to let him walk in front, because, if a sudden lust for blood came over him, the temptation to kill would be too great. I was not long in changing places, and had my gun back in my own hands in no time. On our return to these parts in the following year we visited an island off our survey that we had been to once before. The natives had shown a great partiality for a deep shade of red beads, and as curios of all sorts were very plentiful there, we laid in a big stock of the favourite colour before leaving Sydney.

When the canoes came alongside on anchoring, we produced our red beads in payment for spears, arrows, etc. No use! They would not look at them. The fashion in beads had evidently changed.

We asked what they wanted. As far as we could make out, it was a yellowish-gold sort of bead they were keen about. What was to be done? We had nothing of the kind on board.

Suddenly we missed W., always an enthusiastic barterer, and we caught sight of him on the fore-castle, deep in

earnest conversation with the Skipper. They seemed to be discussing the Deep Sea Sounding Machine. Something impelled us to watch him. He soon left the Skipper engrossed in his beloved machine, came bounding aft with a sweet smile on his face, and was lost in the Captain's cabin under the poop. Out he came directly with a bundle of something under his tunic.

Lawless wretch that he was! He had decoyed the skipper forward, whispering honeyed words about the machine, and then abstracted many lengths of amber-coloured beads from a curtain between the captain's sleeping and fore-cabin. There were howls of joy from the natives. This was indeed the fashionable colour. When the skipper, tiring of his pet machine, later on went aft, the canoes were cleared of every curio, and so was his cabin of every amber bead.

We spent a most enjoyable two years in the New Georgia Islands, and besides the hydrographic and other knowledge, we collected much store for the British Museum and the Botanical and other societies. Though we moved freely amongst these cannibals, often unarmed, on no occasion, I think, did they try to molest us.

If any one wishes to visit an interesting and little-explored country let him go to these islands and see for himself. I feel sure that he will not regret it; but I will give him one word of warning: Don't trust the native further than you can throw him.

The Celtic Year

Winter and Spring

THE fire had been kept alive all night, and candles had been burning till the dawn proclaimed the advent of a new day and a new year. No one but friends had been allowed near the fire on the last evening of the year—Candle Night, as it was sometimes called. An incantation had been said when feeding the

fire, so that evil might be kept away from the house in the coming year. It was a sad mischance if the fire went out. No light was obtainable from any one. It was unlucky to give it, and it meant destruction to the cattle and their produce by witches and evil-disposed persons. The women had been busy baking the bread for New Year's Day. The old men had been often outside to note in what direction the wind blew. It was to be the prevailing wind for the ensuing year, and was full of omen :

South wind—heat and produce ;
 North wind—cold and tempest ;
 West wind—fish and milk ;
 East wind—fruit on trees.

At last the New Year *Latha na Bliadhn' ùr*, or the day of Little Christmas, dawned. The head of the house was early astir, and treated all its inmates to a dram, followed by a spoonful of half-boiled sowens. This for luck. Salutations were exchanged : "A good New Year to you"—"The same to you, and many of them." Then followed the breakfast—a better repast than on an ordinary day.

Nothing whatever was allowed to be carried out of the house—neither ashes, nor sweepings, nor dirty water. If a woman was the first to enter it was unlucky, also if a man appeared empty-handed. It was an excellent omen of coming prosperity if a young man was the "first foot," and especially if he bore with him an armful of corn. The advent of an old woman asking for kindling for her fire was ominous of disaster. To see the sun on New Year's Day was an omen of good. Towards mid-day the men assembled for the great shinty match, played by two parties, the leaders selecting their men alternately. Or perhaps the match was between two parishes, districts, or villages. In daylight a wooden ball was used ; a ball of thread if the day was dark, or if the game was played by moonlight. The chief, the proprietor, the priest or minister, the principal person present began the game. The beginning and end of the game were signalled

by the screeching of the bagpipes. The women, in their best frocks, watched the varying fortunes of the game. After it was over a dinner was given by the laird or chief, and this was followed by a dance.

New Year's Day was what was called a great *saining* day—a day for taking precautions against evil coming to the cattle, the crops, and the homes. Juniper was burned in byre, the animals were washed with tar, the houses were decked with mountain-ash, and the door-posts and walls, and even the cattle, were sprinkled with wine.

The nights by this time had become shorter. "There is an hour of greater length to the day at Little Christmas." This means that owing to the lengthening of the day the "fuel lad" has to go one trip less for kindling to make a light. Even Christmas Day was longer by a cock's stride or walk. The bird had time to walk to a neighbour's dung-hill, crow three times and come back again. The weather of the first twelve days of the year was significant of the weather during the year. These days were called "the black cuttings of Christmas," because they were often tempestuous. The first Monday after New Year's Day was "*Di-luain an-tsainnseil*"—"Handsel Monday." It was the principal day of the whole year for making trials and forecasts of the future. Every visitor to the house received a "handsel," *i.e.*, a gift. The children at school took presents to the schoolmaster and engaged in cock-fighting. It is now, of course, the dead season of the year. There is a Gaelic saying that "Winter comes not till after New Year, nor Spring till after St. Patrick's Day (17th of March)."

And yet Spring is on its way. February is at hand. The season of *Faoilleach* comes. *Faoilleach* is the last fourteen days of Winter and the first fourteen days of Spring—the Winter *Faoilleach* and the Spring *Faoilleach*—*Am Faoilleach géambraidh* and *am Faoilleach Ear-raich*. By some this name is derived from *Faol*, a wolf or wild-dog. It is the wolf month, in which these animals, once plentiful in the Highlands, abounded, and became more daring and dangerous. Others derive it

from *Faoile*, welcome, joy—a derivation supported by the rhyming proverbs :

February cold and keen,
Welcome hath it ever been ;
Sheep and cattle running hot,
Sorrow that will bring, I wot.

or this variation :

February cows in heat,
Sorrow will the season greet ;
February cows in wood,
Welcome is the weather good.

Old people liked the month to commence with a storm and to end with a calm—"to come in with the head of a serpent, and to go out with a peacock's tail." An old proverb said: "For every song the mavis sings in February she'll lament ere Spring be over"; or, as it is said in Lowland Scots, "As lang as the bird sings before Candlemas, he greets after it." Another saying is, "Better foray coming to the land than mild mornings in the cold month of storms." This corresponds to our

February fill the dike
Either with the black or white :
But if it be white, it's better to like.

Again :

The hind had as lief see his wife on the bier
As that Candlemas Day should be pleasant and clear.

And

A' the months o' the year
Curse a fair Februeer.

Other Candlemas proverbs are ; "The snow that comes not at Hallomas will come thick at Candlemas"; "When Candlemas is past the fox won't hurt his tail on the ice"; and

For New Year cold, good is woollen cloth:
For Candlemas cold, mixed stuff will do.

Of anything out of season it was said "That were the bramble-berries in February," "Bramble-berries in February, and seagull's eggs in Spring." And yet it is a

very old saying that there were always three days of August in February and three days of February in August. Both the February calm and the August storm have, however, become proverbial for their short duration and uncertainty. The most fickle things in the world are "February calm and August wind." It was said that to hear thunder in this month was as unnatural as to hear a calf lowing in its mother's womb. Seasonable weather at this time of the year is expressed in the couplet :

Seven bolls of February snow
Through an auger-hole to go.

The period of the year from Christmas (Nollaig) to St. Bride's Day (1st February, old style—13th new style) was called "The Little Spring of Whelks." That kind of shellfish is then at its best, and the soup made from it was much relished. As in the case of many Celtic festivals St. Bride's Day is of Irish origin. St. Bridget is said to have been the first nun in Ireland. In 585 she founded her first cell where the city of Kildare now stands. A native of Ulster, she built many monasteries, performed many miracles, and became the Patroness of Ireland. Her body is said to have been found in the same grave as those of St. Patrick and St. Columba. A well near her church in Fleet Street gave its name, Bride-well, to a palace given by Edward VI. to the City of London for a courthouse and a house of correction. "The honoured name of St. Bride," says Mr. Gregorson Campbell,¹ "who, during many ages, was celebrated for her sanctity and piety, has thus, by accident, become associated with the criminal population." Martin, in his "Western Islands" (1716), tells us that on this day "the mistress and servants of each family take a sheaf of oats and dress it up in woman's apparel, put it in a large

¹ "Witchcraft and Second-sight in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland." Tales and traditions collected entirely from oral sources by the late John Gregorson Campbell, author of "Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland." (Glasgow: James MacLehose and Co., publishers to the University. 1902.)

basket and lay a wooden club by it, and this they call 'Briid's bed,' and then the mistress and servants cry three times 'Briid is come, Briid is welcome.'" The custom is, however, long extinct in the part of the country with which Mr. Gregorson Campbell was acquainted, and the only particulars connected with it he had heard were that on St. Bride's Day a bed of beech twigs was made by the women, and that they then cried at the door, "Bride, Bride, come in; your bed is ready." In his parish, the island of Tiree, cock-fighting was practised and gratuities given to the schoolmaster, and at night there was a ball. On this day it is said that the raven begins to build and the lark to sing with a clearer voice. The rhyme regarding the raven is :

A nest on St. Bridget's Day,
An egg at Shrove-tide,
And a bird at Easter.
If a raven have not these
Then it dies.

Sheriff Nicolson, in his "Gaelic Proverbs,"¹ quotes two sayings in regard to St. Bride's Day and the adder or serpent: "On St. Bride's Day the nymph will come out of the hole: I won't touch the nymph (*Ribhinn*) and she won't touch me," and "A week before St. Bride's Day Ivor's Daughter (*nigh'n Iombair*) will come out of the knoll; I won't molest her, and she won't touch me." The Sheriff adds: "The '*Ribhinn*' and '*nigh'n Iombair*' are both euphemistic or deprecatory names for the adder, the one known in Skye, the other in Rannoch." A lady called *Nighean Iombair*, wife of John Mackenzie, constable of *Eilean Dounain* Castle, was suspected of having poisoned (1550) John Glaisich of Gairloch, who claimed the Kentail estates. This may possibly have given rise to the application of her name to the serpent. Another

¹ "A Collection of Gaelic Proverbs and Familiar Phrases," based on Macintosh's collection, edited by Alexander Nicholson, M.A., LL.D. second edition. (Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart; London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1882.)

version is "*An nimhair*," the Venomous One. Others say that it is a week previous to St. Bridget's Day that the serpents are obliged to leave their holes underground, and if there be snow they perish.

Another saying with regard to St. Bride's Day is :

On St. Bride's even, supper with daylight;
On St. Patrick's, bed by daylight.

The period from Nollaig (Christmas) to Feill Bride (St. Bride's Day) was reckoned at one month and three days. Sheriff Nicolson tells us that the season of spring was more especially a matter of observation to his Celtic ancestors than any of the other seasons on account of its importance as the time of the year on the character of which their existence and comfort so much depended. Accordingly we find it divided into various periods, with fanciful names founded, as far as their meaning can be guessed, on the imaginary causes of the various changes of weather. These names appear to have no equivalents in any other language. The divisions of time denoted by them extend to the beginning of Summer. Mr. Gregorson Campbell supplements Sheriff Nicolson's opinion as to the origin of the names, by saying that each name, in accordance with the genius of the Gaelic language as shown in names of places, nicknames, etc., is descriptive. The longest period of the Spring, as we saw, was called the *Faoilleach*—the Winter and the Spring *Faoilleach*, corresponding, if we go by the Old Style, roughly to our month of February.

Next to this comes the *Feadag*—the Plover or Whistle. In M'Leod and Dewar's Dictionary it is said to be the third week in February, which, reckoned by Old Style, is the first week in March. In a poem by Hugh M'Lachlan of Aberdeen it is said :

Season in which comes the flying wolf month,
Cold hail stones, a storm of bullets,
Feadag, *Squabag*, the *Gearrain's* gloom,
And shrivelling *Cailleach*, sharp bristled.

The boisterous character of this week is shown in the rhyme :

Feadag, Feadag, mother (daughter ?) of the cold *Faailleach* !
It kills sheep and lambs :
It kills the big kine one by one,
And horses at the same time.

There is another rhyme in regard to it :

Said the Plover to the Stormy
" Where did it leave the poor wee calf ? "
It left him behind the wall
With his eyes mere swollen lumps.

Then comes *Gobag*, the sharp-billed one, lasting from a week to nine days. It is followed by *Sguabag*, the sweeper. Mr. Gregorson Campbell seems to think that this is the same as the three days called "The Eddy winds of the Storm Month." Signs of Spring are on their way, but the bad weather has not yet passed, and the wind is gusty and uncertain. They well deserve the name, "The Eddy Winds from February."

This is succeeded by the *Gearran*, a gelding ; or perhaps *Gearan*, complaint. Mr. Campbell thinks it quite possible that the latter name may have been the original one, as there is always associated with it a period called *Caoile*, leanness. M'Leod and Dewar's Gaelic Dictionary says it is from *gearr* and *sian*, storm as of rain, hail or snow, the season of brief squalls. It is said to extend for a month. The weather in *Feadag* is severe. In the *Gearran* it is no better :

I'm the bare swift-leggy Plover,
I can kill both sheep and lamb.
I'm the white lame Gelding,
And not one bit better.
I'll put the cow into the hole
Till the waves come o'er her head.

Mr. Gregorson Campbell says : "In Tìree, from which the lofty hills of Rum form a conspicuous sight, and to the green appearance of which, in frosty weather, their snow-covered summits form a striking contrast, it is said that at this season 'the big mare of Rum turns three times to her colt,' *i.e.*, from cold and hunger." The

expression refers to times when a little hardy breed of horses was found in the Western Islands, like the Shetland ponies, and left to shift for themselves during winter. It was also said :

Then said *Gearran* to *Faivleach*
 Where left you the poor stirk ?
 I left it with Him who made the elements
 Staring at a stack of fodder.
 If I catch it, said the May month,
 With the breath in the point of his ears,
 I will send it racing to the hill
 With its tail upon its shoulders.

The beast will pull through if it can "lift its ear higher than its horn," which at that age (one year) it ought to do.

The *Gearran* is deemed the best time for sowing seeds. The high winds dry the ground, and the dry ground affords a good bed for the seeds.

After the *Gearran* came the *Cailleach*, or old woman or wife. This week may roughly be dated from the 12th to the 18th of April. She is the same as the old hag of whom the people were afraid in harvest, whom the last to have done with the shearing had to feed until the next harvest, and to whom the boys bid defiance in their New Year Day rhyme "The Famine or Scarcity of the Farm." The grass by this time has begun to grow. But the *Cailleach*, representing a hostile and withering influence, sits down and tries hard with her *slachdan*, club or hammer, to beat it down. But she is unsuccessful. Finding her efforts in vain, she flings away her mallet in despair, and vanishes with a shriek into the realm of night, exclaiming :

It escapes me up and down
 Twixt my very ears has flown ;
 It escapes me here and there
 Twixt my feet and everywhere.
 This neath holly tree I'll throw,
 Where no grass or leaf shall grow.

On this Sheriff Nicolson well remarks that it is a lively description, and that the selection of the holly in particular

shows felicitous accuracy. Dr. Campbell gives this variation :

She strikes here, she strikes there,
 She strikes between her legs.
 She threw it beneath the hard holly tree,
 Where grass or haw has never grown.

After the *Cailleach* follow three hog days, or as Sheriff Nicolson calls them, "The three days of the ewes," corresponding to the three borrowing days of the Lowlands. According to the Lowland tradition, these three days were the last of March, and were said to be borrowed from April, which, however, borrowed three days again from March. These days are known as the Borrowing Days, and are the last three days of March, Old Style. The following couplet embodies the borrowing transaction :

March borrows frae April three days, and they are ill ;
 April borrows frae March again three days o' wind and rain.

The Stirlingshire version, quoted by Chambers, gives, as he says, the most dramatic account of this tradition.

March said to Averill
 " I see three hogs on yonder hill.
 And if you'll lend me days three
 I'll find a way to gar them dee."
 The first o' them was wind and weet,
 The second o' them was snaw and sleet,
 The third o' them was sic a freeze
 It froze the birds' feet to the trees :
 When the three days were past and gane
 The silly poor hogs cam' hirplin hame.

In point of fact, adds Sheriff Nicolson, the few days in March that might with any propriety be called borrowed are warm and summery and not the opposite. The idea of April lending cold days to March seems rather absurd. Be that as it may, the three days of the *Oisgean* are more probably to be considered wild days and borrowed from March. Both in Lowland and in Highland lore there is a tradition which ascribes the origin of the borrowing days to the three days allowed to the children of Israel for their journey into the wilderness to eat the Passover.

Dr. Jamieson, in his Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language, says: "Some of the vulgar imagine that these days receive their designation from the conduct of the Israelites in borrowing the property of the Egyptians. The Highland tradition says they were days borrowed by the Israelites for the killing of the Paschal Lamb." "Some went on this side of the hillock and some on that." Sheriff Nicolson says that "the name was derived from the idea that a few mild days are given in lambing time for the sake of the ewes and lambs, which is at once more probable and more pleasant than the opposite version."

And now we come to the seed time—*Mhart*, as it is called in Gaelic, derived no doubt from the Latin *Mars*, and corresponding to our month of March O.S. It, however, does not commence till the 24th of that month, and indeed the word has come to mean a busy time of the year, and is applied, though not so frequently, to harvest as well as to seed-time. *Seothair a Mhart* is the "busiest time of Spring," says Mr. Campbell, *a ghaothluath luimeineach Mhart* means "the bare swift March wind," frequently mentioned in the "Winter Evening Tales" to denote great speed, and *a Mhart tioram blath* means "dry, genial March." It is a favourable sign of the season when the ground is saturated with wet at its beginning. Old men wished

The full pool awaiting March,
And house-thatch in the furrows of the plough-land;

and deemed it a good sign if the violence of the wind stripped three layers of thatch from the houses. The advice for sowing seed now is:

Let past the first March (*i.e.*, Tuesday),
And second March if need be;
But be the weather good or bad,
Sow thy seed in the true March.

Or, as Sheriff Nicolson gives it: "The first Tuesday let pass; the second, if need be; the third, though you

couldn't send a stone a nail's breadth against the north wind, sow your seed." The reason for naming Tuesday seems to be that Monday was considered an unlucky day for beginning any work of importance. Other proverbs in reference to March are : " A night in March is swifter than two in harvest." " He that doesn't sow in March will not reap in autumn." " The grass that comes out in March shrinks away in April." " Whatever the weather be, sow your seed in March." " One night in March is worth three days in autumn."

Spring now goes on apace, and it is said, to quote the Gaelic literally, "once St. Patrick's Festival (17th March) has jumped, the limpet is better than the whelk," and "as horses grow lean, crabs grow fat." "Old men," says Mr. Campbell, "liked the days preceding it to be stormy, and to see, as they said, the furrows full of snow, of rain, and the thatch of houses." There are particularly high tides on St. Patrick's Day and at the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, according to the saying :

The Spring tides of Lady Day,
And the mad tides of Sf. Patrick's Day.

Marbhladh na Feill Paruig, the deadening of St. Patrick's Day, means the quiet, calm waters that sometimes occur at this season ; others say *Bog mbar bhlanm*, and that it means the swelling (*to calth*) observable at the time in the sea from the increasing heat. Two other sayings are, "The spring-tide of Lady's Day : the fury of St. Patrick's Day"; "A spotted calf will be found in every cowherd's house on St. Patrick's Day in Spring."

It is now getting late in Spring ; Easter is at hand. About Shrove, or Maundy, Thursday, called in the Hebrides "the day of the big porridge," if the winter had failed to cast a sufficient supply of sea-weed on the shores, "it was time," says Mr. Campbell, "to resort to extraordinary measures to secure the necessary manure for the land." A large pot of porridge was prepared, with butter and other ingredients, and taken to the headlands near creeks where sea-weed rested. A quantity was

poured into the sea from each headland with certain incantations or rhymes, and, in consequence, it was believed the harbours were full of sea-ware. The ceremony should only be performed in stormy weather. Its object no doubt was, by throwing the produce of the land into the sea, to make the sea throw its produce on the land.

All the while the Spring goes on right merrily and hopefully. Summer is at hand "with the sunshine, the swallows, and the flowers." *Suas e'nt Earrach!* "Up with the Spring!" is shouted. And then comes the pleasant *Ceitein*, the foretaste of Summer. The cuckoo has come and tells the note to all the hills. Its wandering voice is heard incessantly and everywhere. Now comes yellow May Day, "*La buidhe Bealltain*," and the Summer begins her golden reign, "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."

Muncaster Castle and Hardknott

THERE is, perhaps, no more beautiful dwelling-place in this country than the Castle of Muncaster. It is a solid pile of red sandstone and granite buildings clustering round an old tower of Roman origin, called Agricola's Tower, the walls of which are nine feet, or thereabouts, in thickness. It stands high on the fellside on a kind of shoulder of the hill, gazing out over the valley of the Esk, out to sea to the west, away up to the mountain land, Sca Fell and his brethren, to the east.

The origin of Muncaster fades away into the mists of tradition. The original Roman Tower was said to have been built to guard St. Michael's ford over the Esk, which is just below the castle. This ford is very seldom used nowadays, as a bridge has been built "by men of

Grasmere." Formerly the river was crossed by means of stepping-stones at low tide. As the two churches of Muncaster and Waberthwaite, on opposite sides of the river, were served by the same cleric, the reverend gentleman had to fit in his discourse with the state of the tide, and it is related that on more than one occasion he was urged by the clerk to hasten as the tide was coming in over the bar.

The family of Pennington (the family name of the Lords of Muncaster) came originally from Pennington in Lancashire, and most of the Penningtons served their country in some way or another. The first Pennington who emerged into history was Gamel de Pennington, he who first removed from Lancashire to Muncaster, or Meolcastre, as it was originally called.

Tradition says that the family at first took up its abode at a residence now known as Walls Castle, quite close to the ancient harbour of Ravenglass, then an important place. Walls Castle is in itself most interesting. For many years it was believed that it was merely a relic of mediæval times. However, the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian Society took the matter up, and by a series of excavations in 1881 they proved beyond doubt that the ruins are those of a Roman house. The walls still stand some fourteen feet high in places, so it is evident that the original Roman who built it could not have been of the tribe of Jerry with which we are so cursed to-day. Here, probably, the Penningtons dwelt till some time in the Middle Ages, when they betook themselves to the Roman Tower, a mile further up the hill, which by this time had become metamorphosed into the usual "pele tower" style of residence adopted by the nobles and gentlemen of the Border country. Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and North Lancashire have many fine examples of these fortified manor-houses and castellated residences, whose existence is due to the proximity of the lawless moss-troopers, who pillaged the Border counties. None of them, however, can compare with Muncaster for beauty of situation.

About half a mile from the Castle, high on the fellside, is perched a curious old tower known as "Chapels." This building has a room at the bottom and an upper story, which can only be reached by a ladder from outside. It is said that King Henry VI., when he fled from his enemies in 1461, was refused asylum at Irton Hall, and was found by a shepherd wandering on the fell at the spot where Chapels now stands. The shepherd brought him in



Doorway, Wall's Castle

safety to Muncaster, whose master, Sir John de Pennington, took him in and concealed him. "Henry VI.'s room" is still at the Castle, and there is also a portrait of him painted on a wooden panel, in which he is represented as holding the glass goblet known as the "Luck of Muncaster" in his hand.

The Luck of Muncaster is still in existence. It is a curiously-shaped vessel of greenish glass, studded with gold and white spots. It has no stem, being more of a bowl than anything else, and is about six inches in diameter by two and a half in height. It has been used at baptisms

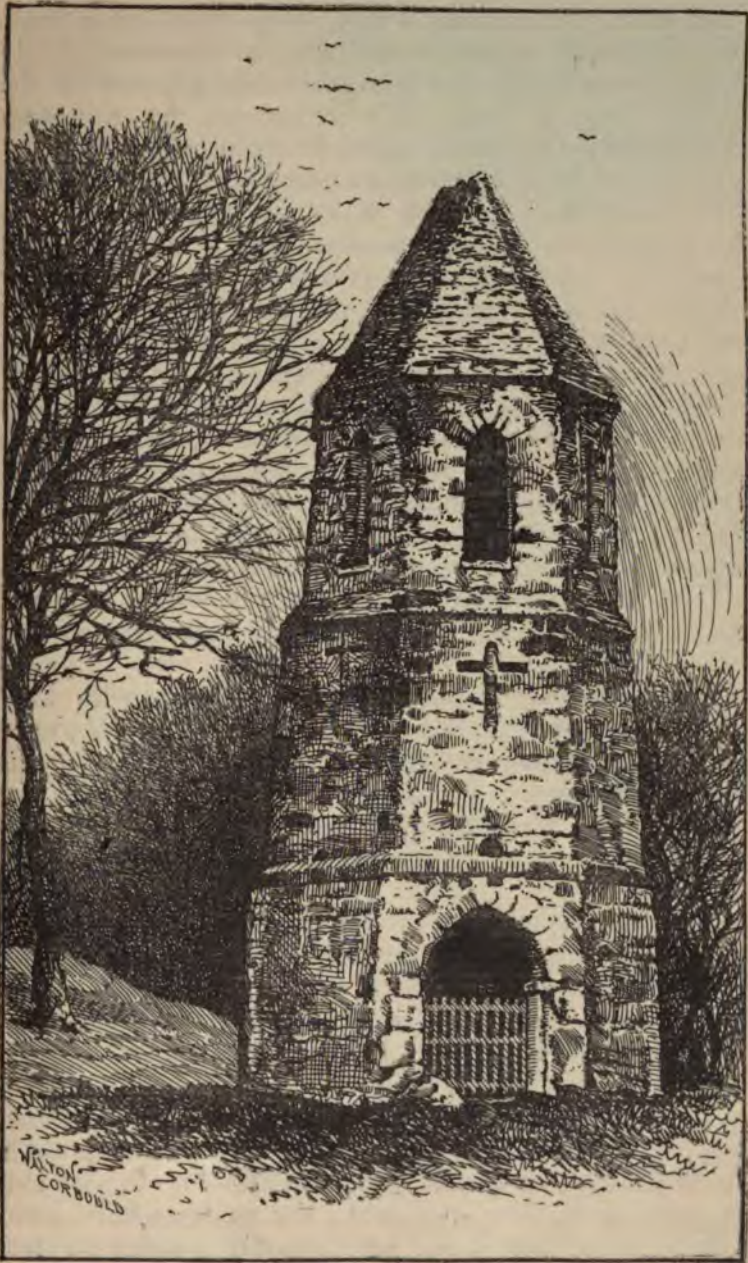
of members of the noble family to which it was given as a token of the gratitude of the fugitive King Henry.

The first of the Penningtons to be elevated to the peerage was Sir John, fifth baronet, who was created Baron Muncaster in 1783. It is said that when he entered into possession of Muncaster Castle on his elevation to the peerage, he found it still surrounded by a moat and defended with a portcullis. The house was in such a ruinous condition that he was obliged to rebuild it almost entirely, with the exception of the pele tower.

The present Lord Muncaster fought in the Crimea : he is a worthy representative of the powerful ancestors who have ruled the valley of the Esk since the days of King Henry II. Their great influence has always been wielded for good. His domain is a notable one, full of antiquarian and archæological interest, for it includes Ravenglass, Walls Castle and Hardknott, a country saturated with memories and traditions not only of the Romans, but of the Norse conquerors, and of those mysterious folk who inhabited our land before History had birth, the people of the Stone Age. On the moor near Devoke Water are the remains of a prehistoric village ; barrows, tumuli, and standing stones are dotted here and there ; one never knows what will be found. Fortunately, Lord Muncaster is interested in matters archæological, and is the President of the Antiquarian Society of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and the different relics of Roman occupation that have been discovered from time to time are preserved in safety at Muncaster.

It is probable that "Hardknott Castle" was not a popular post with the officers whose duty it was to take charge of the desolate fort perched high on the shoulder of Hardknott, a craggy mountain looking over the upper valley of the Esk to Sca Fell.

The camp may be traced easily to-day, and it is very interesting. It is some 500 feet above the river, and was evidently built to guard the road which winds on its right over the pass away to Keswick, Ambleside, and thence to York. Some ten miles to the westward this



"Chapels"

road ends at Ravensglass, a tiny village now, but in those far-off days an important military port where very likely troops were landed for the great headquarters of the Roman army at York. It is conjectured that this camp is identical with Maia, a station whose situation is judged probably to be in south-west Cumberland. Of the actual history of the camp little is known. It is mentioned by Camden, who suggests that though it may be a castle, it is possibly what remains of some church or chapel. It is also mentioned in "Hutchinson's History of Cumberland," and other works, but it was not systematically explored till 1889, when Mr. H. Swainson-Cowper, F.S.A., began the work of excavation by clearing the north tower. Sir Herbert Maxwell, in 1890 and 1891, continued the work thus begun, and a regular system of continuous operations was adopted in 1892 by the late Rev. W. S. Calverley, F.S.A., with Mr. Dymond, F.S.A., as engineer and surveyor.

They found much of great interest, tracing out the shape of the fort and determining its materials, and the relics enshrouded by its *débris*.

The fort itself is almost square in shape with four gates and a tower at each angle, N., S., E. and W., each being about twelve feet square. The north tower is the highest of these, and commands a magnificent view up the valley of the Upper Esk away to Sca Fell, and also down to the sea, in which on clear days the Isle of Man is visible.

The walls were originally built of the granite stone of the neighbourhood, but the angles were made of dressed red sandstone, which must have been brought from at least ten or eleven miles away. Mortar was used; it can be seen in the walls if carefully looked for. The walls were about five feet in thickness.

The *porta principalis sinistra* (the gate on the north-east side) has a road which leads to the Parade Ground, some six hundred feet beyond the fort. This Parade Ground is nearly three acres in extent; the boulders have been cleared away, and it has been roughly levelled for the

troops to exercise. On its north side is a great mound (of artificial construction) probably a kind of grand stand from which the officers could watch the manœuvres of their men.

At the south side of the camp, about two hundred feet below the east tower on the side of the road leading to the south-east gateway (the *porta prætoria*), are two buildings which were cleared under the immediate direction of Mr. Calverley. One of these buildings contains three large rooms and one small one. It is provided with the usual hypocausts for heating. The small apartment is supposed to be either a cistern or a bath; it is in the room at the northern end of the building. At the southern end of the house is a large *præfurnium* for heating the hypocausts. Adjacent, but quite separate, is a circular building some fifteen feet in diameter, which has evidently been plastered with a red-coloured plaster. Its use has not been definitely ascertained, though the late Chancellor Fergusson suggested that it might be a shrine of the goddess Feronia, while the building near by was a wayside tavern.¹

Inside the walls are three groups of buildings, the *prætorium* being in the middle; east of the *prætorium* is a smaller building that may have been officers' quarters, and west of it is another structure that some believe to have been stables, while other authorities incline to think that it formed soldiers' quarters.

Water for the camp was probably obtained from a stream issuing from the fell behind. In an account of the camp in Hutchinson's History given by Abraham Marshall, for many years incumbent of Eskdale (he rests now in the churchyard beside the river Esk), we read that pieces of a leaden water-pipe were found leading to the fort from a well called Maddock How. I have not heard, however, that the excavations yielded any further traces of water-pipes or conduits.

During the excavations many relics were found both of

¹ See "Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian Society," vol. xii. p. 389.

bronze and iron; also various kinds of pottery, though there was very little really fine Samian ware.

Many fragments of glass and lead showed that the windows of the fort were glazed. Several pieces of jewellery were found, one being a fish with an enamelled red eye. In the three-roomed house outside the fort remains of a cat and kittens (or dog and puppies) were found under the *débris* of the roof and walls. Slates were discovered amongst the ruins, showing that the dwellings had all been roofed with slates.

How the camp was overthrown after the departure of its Roman occupants we do not know, but its ruin was evidently completed by fire. Perhaps the barbarian hordes lurking amongst the grim fastnesses of the mountains around descended upon it. History, at any rate, is silent upon this point.

Many of the sandstone door-posts, corner-stones, etc., were carried away in later times. Some of them were found by Mr. Calverley in use as cheese-presses, etc., at farms in the neighbourhood. Still sufficient of the camp is left for us to build up in imagination what it once was. We can see what an imposing edifice it must have appeared to the wild hill men, perched in mid-air on the edge of a crag round which mists swirled and snow drove. It must have been a dreary spot in winter for those Roman soldiers, with the north wind from Sca Fell and Bow Fell howling round it, and wild boars and wolves prowling, perhaps, outside its gates.

A wild boar's tusk was found amongst its *débris*, and portions of the antlers of red deer. To-day hares and foxes may be found amongst its ruins, while ravens still have a nesting-place in the crags above, and buzzard hawks and peregrine falcons hover above it in its bleak desolation.

The view from the camp on a fine day is so beautiful as to make it well worth a visit independently of the great interest of its relics from an antiquarian point of view. It is doubly interesting, perhaps, by reason of the mystery which enshrouds it. Of its builders we know

definitely nothing save that they were Romans : of its subsequent history we know nothing. It was just a hill-station, a fort—probably one of a chain—guarding an important highway. With that we must rest content ; but in imagination, sitting up there, we may picture many



“ Hardknott Castle ”

things, trying to piece together its history. At present it is undisturbed. Doubtless in future times a railway will run to Keswick and Ambleside by way of Hardknott, and the ghosts of the Roman sentries will marvel as they pace outside the overthrown gates. But in our day it is a place of peace, a spot to wonder over and to think upon, a piece of Forgotten History.

Retrospective Review

*A Physician of the Seventeenth Century : Thomas
Brugis's "Vade Mecum" (1651)*

IN the old dark days, when the discovery of the circulation of the blood was but a score of years old, when that grim spectre the plague had begun to stalk through the land, when the physician was often more than half quack, his remedies still the remedies of Hippocrates, Galen and Paracelsus, his surgery mere bludgeon-work and his personal character too often a disgrace to the Reverend Society of Professors, lived

one Thomas Brugis, "Doctor in Physick, at Rickmansworth in Hertfordshire, near Watford." Here he undertook the cure "(by God's help) of all sorts of Agues in Young or Old, and all manner of old sores that are curable by Art," and here in 1651 he wrote his

Vade Mecum : or a Companion for a Chirurgion. Fitted for times of Peace or War. Briefly shewing The use of every Instrument necessary, and the Vertues and Qualities of such Medicines as are ordinarily used, with the way to make them. Likewise the Dressing of green Wounds either incised, or Contused, Ulcers, Fistula's, Fractures, and Dislocations. Together with the manner of making Reports, either to a Magistrate, or a Coroner's Enquest. Also, A Treatise concerning Bleeding at the Nose.

Of this book the author lovingly says, "Here is the whole Art of Chirurgery Epitomised." It was printed at the Sign of the Bible, in Little Britain, London, and ran through seven editions, the last of which appeared in 1670.

Dr. Brugis had served seven years as army surgeon during the Civil War, probably on the King's side, for he dedicates his *Vade Mecum* to William, Earl of Devonshire, who had been a prominent Royalist. Perhaps the old Cavalier was soured by the ruin of his cause; perhaps he found life very dull in the quiet country village after the stirring scenes of his past life; perhaps, indeed, he was hard put to it to make both ends meet; for he complains with some bitterness of the existence in every village of

—a sort of Mountebanks, Empiricks, Quacksalvers, Paracelsians (as they call themselves), Wizards, Alchemists, Poor-Vicars, cast Apothecaries, and Physician's men, Barbers and Good-wives that profess great skill, go with the name of Doctor, which Title perhaps they bought at some University beyond Sea, where they bestow this degree upon such people for their money; the Phrase they use, is, *Accipiamus pecuniam, dimittamus Asinum*, and so with the Title of Doctor-Asse, away he flies into all Countreys, possessing the people with stories and false tales, and leads them to the destruction of their bodies, if not of souls too, that an able Physician or Chirurgion, who hath undergone a great deal of hardship to benefit himself in his Art (in the late unnatural Civil Wars, for instance), can scarcely maintain himself, or know who shall be his Patients,

He also seems to have been troubled with a lady competitor "at Ruslippe in Middlesex, hard by me" of whom he writes with considerable and no doubt quite justifiable heat, as "an illiterate, bold, impudent, woman, and one who hath destroyed several honest people in and about where she lives, and maimed several by letting them blood."

The respectability of the Medical Profession seems indeed to have been at a low ebb in those troubled times.

I find [says Dr. Brugis] so many Empiricks, silly impudent women and fools, who are (in this age) bold practisers in Physick, and run on as confidently, as if they had been educated in the art all their days, venturing more boldly and blindly upon any person than an ordinary farrier would do upon a horse, having heard some things out of Culpepper (for perchance they could not read themselves) and out of some other fine books of receipts, and gained some broken terms of Art, they not only think themselves immediately artists, but will despise and undervalue every one that is a person of judgement, and amongst ignorant people advance their own name, and tell them of strange cures (which they never did) but the place so far off that they know it unlikely it should be disproved.

With so many unscrupulous rivals in the field, the honest old Army Surgeon's practice at Rickmansworth, near Watford, can hardly have been very lucrative, and one hopes the publisher of this popular little book treated him generously in the matter of terms.

In the Preface, after descanting at some length upon the "excellency of the subject which the Artist hath to work upon—this most noble Fabrick"—"this great master-piece of the Creator, the best part of nothing"—the Author proceeds to take his fellow practitioners severely to task for certain vices to which, it would seem, they were much addicted :

The Artist [says he] should eschew all bad qualities, especially pride, gluttony, covetousness, which as they are odious in any person, so they are most detestable in Chirurgions, he being so much drawn from his practice by these vices, that he ruins the bodies of many, yea and of divers the souls also; I would wish the Artist to be so free from the first, namely, pride, and that he vouchsafe to do for the meanest and poorest of people, as much as for the greatest and richest, for they are alike in the sight of God . . .

Gluttony is a vice which extremely hinders the Artist from following his Calling as he ought, being given up so much to the excess of meat & drink, that they are not capable of doing anything that is good: A great many there are, who term themselves Artists, who mind nothing but their bellies, some cannot pass away the day, unless they begin in the Ale-house, as soon as they rise out of their Beds, and so continue until night; some think they cannot entertain their friends, nor be accounted good fellows, nor good company, unless they drink so long as they can stand, which indeed, not only overthrows their own healths, but the healths also, and lives of others, who sending to them for help, run in a drunken fit, and fall to cutting, burning and torturing the poor patient, to their utter undoing, not knowing what they do, nor how to do anything aright, and this course of life is it which makes them so sottish, stupid and blockish, that they are not fit to undertake or do anything about a Christian: yet will they venture upon anything, though never so drunk, and from hence happen so many evil accidents, as are daily seen by Patients receiving Physick; bleeding, dressing, Etc., from drunken Artists; as Convulsions, Palsies, pricking of Nerves, distempers in wounds, and from thence Fevers, and Death itself. And this many will not be sensible of, but if they stand in need of the Artist's help, they find him at the Ale-house, where his discourse is scurrility, his summum bonum, a pot of good Ale; And to the first demands, he answers with three or four great oaths, and speaks high with some strange terms, neither understood by his Patient, nor himself, enough to fright him; O that's a brave man, a learned man, I warrant him, and ready in his work! when indeed he is skilful in nothing but unskilfulness; for how can a man expect any good from him who spends his time in such a manner?—let him therefore follow his practice and study, laying aside the Pot and Pipe, which will but render him odious & contemptible in the sight of God & man, and unapt and unprofitable to prosecute any good thing, either in his calling or otherwise.

Covetousness is as ill-beseeming an Artist as any other vice, being the root of all evils, from it arise all the mischiefs in the world . . . But be thou neither careless nor covetous, Harpy-like, to make a prey of the Patient, by prolonging and wire-drawing thy cure, so long as there is any hope of pay.

Next to God, we ought in all our extremities to seek to and rely upon the Physician, who is *Manus Dei*, and to whom he hath given knowledge, that he might be glorified in his wondrous works; Read Ecclesiasticus the 38 Chapter, where you may find what honour & respect belongs to the Physician, but not meaning every one that steals the name of a Physician; for there be many Mountebanks, Quack-salvers, Empiricks, in every street almost, and in every village, that take upon them this name, and make this divine, noble, and profitable Art to be evil spoken of, and contemned, by reason of such base & Illiterate artificers.

Dr. Brugis's literary style is not very elegant : "It doth not a little trouble me, that Nature hath been no more liberal to me in terms of Expression." Occasionally, too, he betakes himself to the rough vernacular of the Camp ; but he has an honest contempt for quacks and "empirical Idiots," and a high sense of the dignity of his profession.

Presume not too much on thine own wisdom and vertue, lest thou beest lifted up with a vain confidence, and puffed up with pride—for as I said before, the ignorant person that knoweth not himself to be such an one, but supposeth he knoweth that which he doth not, indeed is as unteachable a Beast as can be.

Next let him consider with what care, diligence, and respect, he ought to behave himself towards this noble piece of workmanship and to that end let the Artist be honest, having a good conscience and doing nothing in his profession negligently, or rashly, which may be offensive either to God or man ; but let him be godly, pitiful, affable, courteous, pleasant, bountiful, merry and mild towards his poor Patients, and profitable to the ignorant, not being moved to passion by their peevishness, but regarding wholly what they stand in need of, always having God the searcher of all hearts and judge of all actions before his eyes, who will crown those that do well, and discharge a good conscience towards their Patients, with greater and more precious rewards than ever can be had from any mortal man.

Let him have his Latin tongue at least, and that not only for a little matter of discourse, as many in these days conceive themselves to be thought Scholars if now and then they tumble out some short sentence of Latin, which they pronounce bad, and understand worse ; but let him have it after the purest manner, that he may not only understand any Latin Author, but also any Physician's Bill, and may be able to write a Bill himself. . . . He must endeavour himself to gain the knowledge of simples, their nature and quality, and the goodness of them, both by the sight, taste, smell, and touch, to know the good from the indifferent, and the indifferent from the bad, as also at what time he should gather his Roots, Herbs, Flowers, Seeds, and Fruits, and how to dry them and lay them up, that they may be kept from putrefaction ; he must also observe the due boyling of Emplaisters, Unguents, etc., to know what medicines shall be boyled in Brass, what in Tin, and what in Iron, and what are to be stirred with Iron Spatulaes, what with wooden, as you shall find in divers Compositions ; Let the Artist also have a strong, stable, and intrepid hand, and a mind resolute and merciless ; I mean so as that when he takes any to heal, he be not moved to make more haste than the time require, or to cut less than is needful, but let him do all things as if he were nothing affected with their cries, not giving heed to the judge-

ment of the vain common people, and idle prating women who speak ill of Artists meerly out of ignorance.

Never administer any Medicine, but first make thy supplication to the Almighty for his assistance to thine endeavours: and whensoever thou hast cured any Patient, forget not to give him humble thanks, for making thee the Instrument of His Glory, in restoring health to the sick.

☞ To the patient Dr. Brugis's advice is above all things to avoid quacks, and his observations on this point and some others might well be taken to heart by many good people in the present day:

Beware of these kind of creatures, and if thou needest the Artist's help, find him out by these Rules I have prescribed and conform thyself as much to him as possible, and be content to be ruled by him, else all his endeavours will be to no good end. Be not niggardly miserable of thy purse, or think it too much thou bestowest upon thyself; for in seeking to save charges, thou mayest endanger thy health: Do not conceal thy grief through bashfulness, but fully disclose it, otherways thou dost thyself great injury; have a strong desire to be cured and a great conceit that thou shalt receive cure [O wise Doctor!] defer not too long before thou seekest for help, *venienti occurrere morbo*; for by this means many times or through ignorance in not taking notice of the Disease, and the danger of it, contempt, shamefastness, supine negligence, extenuation, wretchedness, and peevishness, many undo themselves, and often out of a foolish humour of shamefastness they will rather dye than discover their Disease; on the other side, do not entertain that foolish fancy of aggravating thy grief that upon every small passion, slight imperfection, or petty impediment, if their finger do but ake, presently run, ride, send for the Doctor, and when he comes, all is not worth speaking of. Be constant to him thou beginnest with, not changing upon every slight occasion, or disliking him upon every toy, *Æger qui plurimos consulit medicos, plerumque in errorem singulorum cadit*. I have known those that have been so much guilty of this, that when things have not fallen out according to their mind, or that they have not present ease, to run to another, and they still promise all to cure them, try a thousand remedies, and by this means they increase their malady, and make it most dangerous and difficult to be cured. Be not bold in trying conclusions upon thyself, without a Physician's advice and consent; if thou readest a Receipt in a Book, makes thee believe a certain cure, yet trust it not; for many instead of Physick, have this way taken poyson, *Opererari ex libris absque cognitione et solerti ingenio periculosum est*.

Think not the worse of the Artist, if what he prescribes work not an immediate effect, for divers things may hinder the operation of a well applied Medicine. I. As if the Patient through the extraordinary corruption of his body, and the decay of *humidum radicale*, be come

to the last period of his life. 2. The Artist may chance to send his Bill to an unknown Apothecary, who through negligence or ignorance may alter the Medicine. 3. The working of the Medicine is hindered by the Patients staying too long before he seeks for help, and so the Disease hath got so much hold, that it hath too much over-mastered nature. 4. Because the Patient obeyeth not precisely the Rules prescribed. 5. Because every body is not so fit to receive Medicines at all times, as may happen by the evil influence of some Star [Oh, Doctor !] or the natural averseness of the Patient. 6. The miserableness and covetousness of the Patient, who thinks much to give or bestow anything, either upon the Artist, or upon himself, when to say the truth, no wages is gotten more honestly, nor earned more painfully. 7. Imagination as I have told, is a main matter; for the conceit and confidence of the Patient towards the Artist, will forward or hinder the cure of the malady. Possess not thyself with an opinion that many have, who when they are sick, refuse to send for the help of the Artist, saying, That if their time be come, they dye; that if they shall be ordained to cure, they shall be cured without the help of Art [We know them, Doctor, they are now promoted to the dignity of a sect, very appropriately called The Peculiar People], and with Pliny say, *Umnis morbus lethalis aut curabilis in vitam definit aut in mortem. Utroque igitur Medicina inutilis; si lethalis curari non potest, si curabilis non requirit medicum, natura expellet.* But if this Dilemma should hold good, God hath given the medicinal knowledge in vain, had also created divers things in vain, which is not to be disputed; for Physick is *Donum Dei*, and as great as any that ever God bestowed upon man, and by it is the life of Man preserved and the radical moisture nourished, even as the fire is increased and nourished by adding combustible matter. I shall not enlarge myself in discoursing the excellency of this Art, nor which of the three is most honourable, to wit, Physick, Pharmacy, or Chirurgery; but only add this much, that they are all three so depending one upon another, that they cannot be separated, and in times past, they were all performed by one man, though now pride and idleness hath made them three Professions; yet to say truly, whosoever professeth one, must be skilful in the other two, else he cannot perform his work aright.

To the reader, Dr. Brugis addresses the following remarks "concerning my writing this book":

Indeed I must confess, I do venture my credit upon a great uncertainty; But I must tell you, that perusing the Books that have lately issued into the publick, I find them so poor, barren, and nothing at all to that purpose they pretend unto by their Titles, either some kind of foolish Empirical Receipts collected out of old Manuscripts, or else invectives against the Divine art of healing, and the Sons therof, meerly out of a devilish mind, casting base scandalous aspersions upon the Reverend Society of Professors, whereby ignorant people are ex-

treably abused; now that I might discover the errors and abuses which these base Companions have hatched in these times; and withal, considering that *bonum quo communius eo melius*, I have taken pains to publish this Book.

So much for the Preface. The Doctor then proceeds to enumerate the instruments which the Physician, armed with "a handsome Plaister-box and Salvatory," should carry about with him, and those which he should keep in his study: the Emplasters, Unguents, Oils, Waters, Syrups, Electuaries, Opiates, Pills, Simples, Laxatives and Corrosives which he will require in his practice, with instructions showing

how to use every several instrument before-mentioned together with the Composition of all these rehearsed medicines, with the natures, qualities, and operations of every one of them, according to the most approved Authors, and the best modern practice.

The instruments described are few but terrible. The Uvula Spoon

serveth to put Pepper, salt, and fine bole in, and putting it under the Uvula, or palate of the mouth, being fallen, and blowing the powder into the cavity behind it thorow the hollow pipe: it also serveth to warm a medicine in, as Unguents to dip in Tents, when you want an ordinary spoon; also to pour scalding oil, or Liquor into a wound, whereto I do constantly use it in green wounds, as hereafter you shall find in the ensuing discourse, of cutting of wounds.

Then there is the "Head Saw" which can also be used to take off a finger or a toe, in preference to "cutting minets or chissels, they being so apt to shatter the bones," and the Dismembring Saw—"which the Artist shall never use without terror, knowing that the subject whereon he is to work is the most precious of all the creatures of God." The Cauterizing Irons

have been far more used of the Ancients, than now they are, they being terrible to the Patients, and therefore forborn in many cures. But they are very necessary to cauterize or sear the end of any vein or artery in a great flux of blood, which cannot otherwise be stayed and to cauterise the end of stump of the bone after dismembring, and also the end of the veins and arteries.

This treatment is described as "comforting much the parts adjacent." One is reminded of the cheerful

story of the mutilation of Stubbs which Sir Mungo Malagrowther related to Nigel Olifaunt in the Tower.

The dental apparatus consists only of forceps and a punch; the latter to "force out the stump of a hollow tooth."

Dr. Brugis gives some interesting information concerning the construction and use of the "Trafine" of his day, which, he says, "was first devised by Mr. John Woodall, a very learned man, whom I do chiefly follow in the method of this book." He considers this instrument to be greatly superior to the Trepan, but "a man can never be too wary in such a business; otherwise may kill his patient ere he doth find or perceive he is through. Mr. John Woodall adviseth the young Artist to make tryal on a calves head, or the like subject before he put in practice upon a man." What would the Anti-Vivisectionists say to this?

Then there is the "Speculum Oris plain," and the "Speculum Oris with a scrue, thereby by degrees to force, and wrest open the jaws in the Lethargy, Convulsions, Scurvy and many other dangerous diseases."

"Next we must look into the Salvatory to see what Unguents we have there, to declare the Composition of them, their virtues and uses." Here we find Basilicon, a sort of pitch plaister "having Virtue to heat, humect, and mitigate pain"; Liniment of Arceus, which "digesteth, mundifieth, incarnateth, and cicatrizeth" and contains among other ingredients "Old Hogs fat tried, and Rams suet old and tryed"; Unguent Apostolorum and Lucatullies Balsom, good for burns, inflammation, fresh wounds and ulcers, being, mark you, poured in scalding hot.

We now come to the Emplaisters, first among which is the admirable Stipticum Paracelsi. This seems to be useful for every ailment from "inflated head" to Cancer, and is a remedy of surprising efficacy for

the curing wounds and stabs, and also in the cure of all dangerous

wounds whatsoever ; it hath the precedence as well for contused wounds, as incised ; for it asswageth pain, defendeth from accidents, discusseth, mollifieth, attracteth, incarneth, digesteth, consolidates, and is good for any old ache proceeding of a cold cause ; it is especial good for ulcers on the legs or elsewhere. It is very excellent in wounds of the head. It is a sure remedy for cut nerves or bruised. It draws out Iron, Wood, or Lead from wounds, being only laid upon them.

It cures the biting and sting of venomous beasts, and draws out the poyson.

It matures apostumes of any sort, being laid upon them.

It is an especial remedy against cancers, scrophula's and fistula's.

Where the head is inflated shave away the hairs and lay on this emplaister and it cures it.

There are thirty-two ingredients in the emplaister. Among them are red lead, Litharge of gold and silver, "Vernish," Yellow Amber, Night Mummie, Loadstone, Bloodstone, White and red Coral, Mother of Pearl, Sealed Earth and Dragon's Blood. When kneading the ingredients, the hands must be annointed with the "oyls of Camomile roots, juniper, earthworms and Hypericon." Doubtless the function of the Loadstone is to "draw out iron, wood or lead from wounds being laid upon them" as in the case mentioned by Sir Thomas Brown in "Pseudodoxia" of the "Young man of Spruceland who casually swallowed a knife ten inches long" which was "attracted to a convenient situation" by the application of a plaister of powdered Loadstone.

And so much concerning Stipticum Paracelsi. Melilot Emplaister

is an especial secret, and the best and oneliest thing I ever knew in curing kibed heels and chilblains ; I do use it often upon gunshot wounds to keep the orifice open, and to warm and comfort the parts.

Pouring it in scalding hot, no doubt.

The Emplastrum Oxycroceum

is anodine, attracting, mollifying and comforting ; asswageth pains of the Gout proceeding of a cold cause and is good in cold aches, and by the attracting vertue it hath, it draweth out vapors per poros cutis, whereby it often unladeth the body of vicious and naughty humours.

The Emplastrum Ceroneum, containing "Pitch

pull'd from old ships" cures the "biting of mad dogs," but whether by application to the dog or the victim is not stated.

Hogs' fat, Calves' suet, "Weather suet," Goats' suet, "Earthwormes prepared," Ship Pitch, Red-lead and Sealed Earth enter into the composition of Basilicon Magnum, a sweet plaister for cuts.

"Sir Philip Paris his Emplaister," if laid upon the stomach, "provoketh appetite and taketh any grief from the same."

Let the Artist observe a true boiling of all Emplaisters; for over-much boiling not only makes the Emplaister too hard, but also evaporates the virtues of divers ingredients; likewise, too little boiling doth not incorporate them.

Among the Unguents are Unguentum Ægyptiacum, which "is of temperament hot and dry"; it "drieth vehemently," and is to be used (scalding hot, of course), "in any venemous wounds made either with poisoned shot, or bit with mad dogs"; and the admirable Unguentum Martiatum, which

as it is composed of many ingredients, so it is good for many griefs; for it discusseth cold causes in the head, sinews and joynts; it removeth pain from the breast and stomach, proceeding from cold; it prevaieth against convulsions, it helpeth the resolution of the sinews, dead palsie and the hip-gout, the gout in the hands or feet, etc. etc.

It contains fifty-nine ingredients, gathered impartially from the wayside, the Italian-warehouse and the nearest menagerie—and is probably quite harmless.

Among the "oils" are some fearful and wonderful things. Here is "Oil of Worms, which helpeth the aches of the joynts in any part of the body, and doth strengthen and comfort well the sinews weakened and pained; and is good against convulsions and cramps." It is made thus: "Earthworms, half a pound, wash them well in White Wine, and then put to them Common oil, two pounds. Wine, eight ounces. Boil them in a well glazed vessel, until the wine be consumed, then strain it, and put it up."

“Oil of Fox” for sciatica, gout, etc.

is compounded after this manner. The Fatest Fox you can get, of a middle age, and well hunted, and newly kill'd, and garbish him quickly, and slay him, and cut him in small pieces, and break all his bones well, then boil him in White Wine and Spring Water, six pound. Let him boil thus until half the liquor be wasted, very well scuming it at the first boiling, then put into the vessel of the sweetest old oil four pounds. Common Salt three ounces, Flowers of sage, and Thyme of each one pound. Then boil it again until almost all the water be consumed, and then poure into it eight pound of water, wherein hath been well boiled one good handful of Dill, and another of Thyme, then boil them all together, then strain it, and separate the Oil from the moisture, and keep it for thy use.

The oil of Amber is “the admirablest medicine in the Apoplexie and Epilepsie,” and is a singular remedy in “discussing” various diseases, including the “megrim,” “astonishtness,” “colick,” “the falling evil,” the Plague, Palsie, “Passion of the Heart” (alas, ye unhappy lovers, it is but fainting fits the good Doctor means), “ague, catarrhus rheum, toothache proceeding from cold, defluxions, jaundice, the stitch in the side,” and other “griefs.” Yet it contains but a trifle of Amber, Vinegar and powdered flints! No wonder it is “extolled by Grollius.” As an antidote to the plague, if one drop of this oil be rubbed on the nostrils morning and evening, “it preserveth the party.” After reading the particulars of the process of preparation, however, many parties would prefer rather to take their chance of the plague.

Oil of nutmegs “comforteth the Maw, expelleth Flegmatic and Melancholic humours, and makes a man merry.”

Oil of Elders, says the Doctor, falling suddenly into the colloquial “amendeth belly-ake”; also “It doth lenifie and purge the skin.”

Oil of Whelps, is another sweet thing in Oils: “Of wonderful force to asswage pain; It is thus made—Oil of Lillies or Violets four pounds. Boil in in it two Whelps newly whelped, until the flesh part from the bones; then put into them of Earth-worms

prepared, one pound. Boil them again, and strain them hard, and put to the oil Venice Turpentine, four ounces, Spirit of Wine, one ounce. Mingle them according to Art."

Oil of Vitriol "comforteth the stomach after a wonderful manner, and stirreth up the appetite." Moreover it cures the "Hickock, and conglutinateth ruptures of bones," and is good as a "gargarism in cases of squinancy."

But the most wonderful of the oils is undoubtedly the "Oil of Brick-bats and Tyle-Stones," called also, with unconscious humour, Oil of Philosophers. "It doth attenuate, and penetrate upward, and is profitable for cold affections of the spleen," etc., and is thus made :

Old bricks digged out of the ground, and broken in pieces to the bigness of an apple, heat them red hot in the fire, and quench them in Oil of Rosemary, or clear old Oil Olive, until they be full of Oil, then beat them small, and put the powder into a glass retort, or cucurbite, well fitted in a furnace and surely luted, and distil it by sublimation.

Next we come to the Waters: Balm Water which "hath a great respect to the heart"; Angelica Water, "very stomachical and cordial"; Wormwood Water, "very grateful in the stomach"; Aqua Cœlestis, largely consisting of powdered gems and forming an antidote against all poisons; "Dr. Stevens his Water," containing "grains of Paradise," Treacle Water and others. Among the Conserves are the Conserve of Berberies, which "healeth the small-pox and resisteth drunkenness"; Conserve of Quinces, "good for choler"; of Sloes, "very profitable to comfort a weak stomach oppressed with Crudities."

Of Electuaries, "Treacle Andromache" contains sixty-five ingredients; there is the usual basis of herbs, in which are embedded such miscellaneous curios as Camel's hair, Trochisks of Vipers, Earth of Lemnos, Bitumen of Judea, Old Canary Wine, Roman Copperas and "Hony."

In the Composition of "London Treacle," it is not

very surprising to learn, that there is no treacle—merely a mass of twenty-nine vegetables, some Canary wine, and honey.

The confection of Akermes, “a preservative from Apoplexies,” would appear to be rather an expensive mixture to judge by the nature of some of its ingredients. It contains raw silk, Azure Stone burned in a crucible, Orient pearls prepared, leaf gold and pure musk. Probably it was largely used by the Aristocracy and Nobility.

“Mithridate is in quality and virtue like unto Treacle, but hot and forcible against the Poyson of Serpents, mad Dogs, wild beasts, creeping things; being used as a plaister, or drunk it cureth all the cold affections of the head, helpeth the melancholick, or those that are fearful of waters.” It was composed of the usual vegetables with three drams of the “Great Phu” and an indefinite number of “the bellies of land Crocodils.”

Laudanum Paracelsi seems to be the most important of the Opiates. “This worthy medicine”—“commended by Oswaldus Grollius and lately by that learned man Mr. John Woodall, in his *Chirurgion's Mate*”—is good for a vast number of ailments, taken either with Water of Wormwood or “pill-wise alone.” It contains the following bric-a-brac on the usual vegetable basis; “The Powder of Diambre and Diamosc, Truely made; Choice mummie from beyond Sea; Salt of Pearls, Coral, The Liquor of White Amber; the bone of a Hart's heart, Bezoar Stone, Unicorn's horn, Mosch, Amber and right potable Gold not sophisticated.” “Make of all these a masse, or extract according to Chymistry, out of which you may form your pills.”

If we are not mistaken, Bezoar stones are found in the interior parts of Dragons, and have the property of stopping the flow of Blood from a wound. It will be remembered that Sir Thomas Browne expresses a cautious opinion, in “*Pseudodoxia*,” on the merits of Unicorn's Horn.

The Author then proceeds to Pills, and describes "Pillulæ Aureæ"; "these Pills are cholagogal, attracting choler, yea and phlegm too"; "Pills sine quibus, or without which I would not be, good against cataract and griefs of the ears"; "Pills of Ruffus, called pestilential Pills, because they are usually given in the pestilence," and others.

Then follows a list of Simples: Pitch, "hot and dry in the second degree; it discusseth, conglutinath, mollifieth, matureth"; Rosin, "taken inwardly is good against the cough"; Turpentine; Wax, "a good medicine to be drunk or eaten"; Hart's and Hog's suet; Mill dust, "in compositions to stay fluxes of bleeding wounds." There is also a list of Simples grouped according to their operations, as Repercussives, among which are "the yellow in the midst of the Rose" and clay; Astringents, Abstergives, Mundificatives, Maturatives, Stupefactive, Attractives (a particularly nasty group), Adusters, Corrosives (appropriately including "Gall of Creatures" and Ink), etc.

In the matter of letting blood, the Doctor maintains that—

It is better to offend in taking away too little, than too much, but indeed our Country is now so stored with a company of Empirical Idiots, who (whatever the disease be) presently . . . cry out to open a vein, and then they must either bleed twelve, fourteen or sixteen ounces, or else they think their Patient counts not his money well given.

The manner how to make Reports [is] taken out of Ambrosius Paræus, to which I have added what I have found by mine own practice. You may know when the skull is fractured . . . if by striking it with the end of a probe . . . it yield a base and imperfect sound like unto a pot sheard that is broken or an earthen pitcher that hath a crack; or by a thread holden betwixt the teeth & the other end in your fingers and strike upon it as upon a Fiddle string.

He quotes also a valuable statement concerning death by "blasting" or lightning:

If the lightning hath pierced into the body with making a wound therein (according to the judgement of Pliny) the wounded part is far

colder than all the rest of the body. For lightning driveth the most thin & fiery air before it, & striketh it into the body with great violence, by the force whereof the heat that was in the part is soon dispersed, wasted and consumed.

If a man be stricken with lightning while he is asleep, he will be found with eyes open; contrariwise, if he be stricken while he is awake, his eyes will be closed (as Pliny writes).

After reading of some of the remedies "before-mentioned," the force of the Doctor's pious exhortation to a prayerful frame of mind when administering them will be freely admitted, but it is a little startling to find that both Prayer and Physic are supererogatory, and that the recovery or death of the Patient really depends on the age of the Moon at the time when he became ill. Thus from the "direction to know by the daily judgment of the Moon, the danger of falling sick upon any of those days," it appears that the patient has no chance of recovery if he fall sick on the 1st, 7th, 17th, 21st, 23rd, or 30th day of the Month; if on the 8th, 11th or 22nd "he shall at last recover, though he be long sick"; if on the 13th, 16th or 24th, "he shall remain sick a long time." All the rest are good days; "He shall soon be restored to health," "After nine days he shall have health," "No fear but easily to escape death," and so on. A patient falling sick on the 16th, should be "kept from open air, and he shall be in the less danger." This table must have been of great value to the "Artist" in making a diagnosis.

Bleeding at the nose seems to have been much more prevalent in those days, and apparently more serious than it is considered now, for "Oftentimes and especially now in these days, divers people are suddenly taken with Bleeding at the nose, and the countries being stuffed with a sort of Quacks that profess themselves Physicians . . . I shall set down some few Rules for the cure of this lamentable grief."

The Doctor's remedies form an appalling list. "Symptomatic bleeding" is to be stayed by "pulling back the blood flowing to the nostrils . . . by checking the preposterous motion of the blood, and by evacuating

and correcting the thin sharp humours mingled with the Blood causing the flux." This "pulling back of the blood" is effected by the simple means of making a hole or holes elsewhere . . . "a large orifice in the vein in the arm on the same side from which the blood flows," and "if you find the flux stay not with this, then open a vein again; then you may cut the foot vein." Upon this "*clavum clavo peller*" principle, according to Burton, melancholy may be also cured, by pulling out a tooth, or wounding the patient. "I knew of such a one," says he, quaintly, "that was so cured of a quartan ague by the sudden coming of his enemies upon him."

Forrestius, in addition to opening veins, "bids fix cupping-glasses to the feet." Poor patient! "Crato, in his counsels, propounds the clinching close of the little finger of the hand, of the same side as the flux is of." Swooning is also "remedial by drawing the blood and spirits inwardly." How it is to be brought about Dr. Brugis saith not, but probably he would have no difficulty in the matter. "Zacutus Lusitanus" reports that he "hath cured a flux of blood at the nose, when all remedies failed, by applying an actual cautery to the sole of each foot."

The "aforesaid attractives having failed," Dr. Brugis recommends a "Pultis" on the forehead.

"Also Practitioners do much commend the blowing of powders into the nose, as the ashes of Egg-shells, of Paper, etc." But observe, "the Patient must hold his mouth full of cold water to stay the medicine from coming into his mouth." An operation attended with some peril to the practitioner, one would think.

You may also take the cotton out of an Ink-horn and crush the Ink a little out, and make it up into a pellet, then put it into the bleeding nostril, and it will much prevail.

If the

grief be still rebellious, the Juice of Nettles snuffed into the nose, and three or four ounces of it taken down the throat, and the Herb layed pultis-wise to the forehead and temples is said to be very good.

Some take the blood that flows & fry it in a frying pan, and give it to the patient to eat unknown.

Whilst these things are in doing we must see whether there be any thin, serous, or choleric humour mixed with the blood; if there be, then it must be purged out, if not at once, then do it again & again according as followeth.

The flow of blood being stopped and the patient still alive, let his

diet be thickning and of mean nourishment, as Calves Feet, Sheeps Feet, Goats Feet, new Cheese, Rice, hard eggs, and the like; his Fruits must be sowre, or at leastwise sharp. For his drink give him water wherein steel hath been quenched, and in such water let all his meat be boiled, having first boiled in it some Nettle Roots.

Let his face be covered and his eyes closed, that he see not the blood, for meerly conceit oftentimes moves the blood to a greater flux.

And then, when the wretched sufferer has been bled in the arm and in the foot, not to mention the nose, cupped and cauterised, plaistered and poulticed, his head shaved, a compress applied to the back of his neck; has had vinegar syringed into his ears, assorted nastinesses stuffed into his nose; has been dosed with juleps, drugged with Laudanum, bathed in vinegar and water; when his face is covered, his eyes closed, his little finger clenched, his mouth full of vinegar and water, and a collection of cold things lies upon his spleen; after all this, the Doctor has the cruelty to add "Finally let him shun passions of the mind, which disturb the blood, as anger, laughter, Joy, & the like!"

Correspondence

MR. URBAN,—With reference to the article on the Poetry of the Spanish Armada in your November number: Swinburne has an important poem on the Armada; there is "The Ballad of the Armada" in Austin Dobson's *Old World Idylls*; in *Nova Solyma*, attributed by the Rev. Walter Begley to Milton, there is the Latin text and a translation of a fragment of an epic on the

Armada; in Palgrave's *Visions of England* there is a poem "Elizabeth at Tilbury"; in the Rev. G. E. Maunsell's *Poems* (1861) there is one on the Armada, and one in F. J. Johnston-Smith's *Poetical Works* (1903). In 1874 Mr. W. H. K. Wright issued *The Spanish Armada: a Descriptive Historical Poem*, and Mr. John Parnell in 1888 a *Tercentenary Ballad*. In the *Ballad History of England*, by W. C. Bennett, there is an attempt at a continuation of Macaulay's fragment.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN H. SWANN

Sylvanus Urban's Notebook

SINCE notes under this heading were last written, the death has been recorded of the Editor of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. Mr. Fletcher Robinson had held the appointment only a few weeks; indeed, the January number was the first which should have shown his handiwork. But he was keenly interested in all the subjects with which our time-honoured magazine more especially deals, and he had been able to sketch out a broad policy which would preserve its traditions and extend its scope. It was his custom to throw the whole of his splendid energy into every enterprise to which he put his hand, and the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE has suffered an irreparable loss by his untimely death.

Mr. Robinson was born in Devonshire, and there, between Dartmoor and the sea, he acquired that love of nature which was deep-rooted in his character and appeared in many of his most charming short stories. He became also, as all good Devonshire men are, a sound sportsman, at home in the saddle and keen with the gun. His brilliant talents won him a scholarship at Jesus College, Cambridge, and here his brightness, geniality,

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and fine prowess in athletics gained for him unbounded popularity. He was a magnificent example of English manhood at its best, standing three inches above six feet, and as well-proportioned in body as he was well equipped in mind. He gained his "blue" in Rugby football, and was tried for the University eight. After graduating he was called to the bar, but turned to journalism, following the example of his eminent uncle, only lately dead, whose long and honourable connection with the *Daily News* is known to every one. During the conflict in South Africa, Mr. Robinson organised the war news service of the *Daily Express*, and here, too, he won the friendship of all who met him. He then edited the paper which he had thus served, and the fame of his light verse as the Protectionist Parrot spread throughout the Empire.

He next passed to the editorship of *Vanity Fair*, and it was here that the present writer came most closely into connection with him. It would seem over-praise to those who did not know him if one attempted to describe his lovable personality, his unfailing, cheery kindness, the charm of his humour, the glow and flashing of his versatile talent, the sunniness and breeziness which his presence brought into the lives of all who came in contact with him. His pen could be as delicate as it was forcible, and many a page of his paper shows him as a social satirist of the first rank; but below the brilliancy there was a reserved depth of sentiment which gave it its tone. His loss will leave a void in the hearts of his friends which can never be filled.

In the late autumn of last year he transferred his services to the *World*, becoming shortly after editor of this magazine. The brilliant period which his control would have inaugurated was cut short on the twenty-first of January. Attacked by typhoid fever in the very plenitude of his vigour, and when every prospect seemed bright before him, he died at the age of thirty-seven. It is a

tragedy which inevitably recalls to one's mind the bitterest and most poignant lines in *King Lear*.

Some excitement has been caused during the past month, among those who are not theologians, by the promulgation of a "new theology" by the Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple. It appears, indeed one might say without malice it is apparent, that Mr. Campbell never submitted himself to any regular course of theological training. The least appropriate epithet that could be applied to his opinions is "new." Canon Henson may have erred on the side of severity when he said, "Nine-tenths of the New Theology is made up of platitudes and the remaining tenth is a fallacy"; but it is certain that Mr. Campbell's appeal lies rather to the emotional classes than to the erudite class. It exemplifies, too, a modern doctrine which has obtained a wide and extending acceptance, though it is seldom clearly formulated. This is that religion, to maintain its claim upon human allegiance, must be judged by and conform itself to modern sentiment. The large number of people who, tacitly or explicitly, hold this conviction would themselves acknowledge how fortunate it is that religion was not moulded in accordance with the now infallible test by our forefathers in the seventh, *e.g.*, and the twelfth centuries; if this had been done, the life of the people would not have been raised towards the standard of religion, but religion would have been lowered towards the prevalent standard of thought and emotion among the people. And yet it is not clear that one epoch has a better claim than another to pronounce final judgment in such a matter; nor that the ancient, unadapted truths of Christian doctrine have lost their power to exalt even modern sentiment to a higher level. But the converse doctrine, that the sentiments and opinions of the hour should be judged by and conform themselves to the unchanging dogmas of Christian belief seems to be widely discredited at present.

any emoluments." Mr. Bryce "believed that this scheme would meet the wishes of the heads of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. The new college in Dublin would doubtless *mainly* be Roman Catholic, but it would give no more to Roman Catholics than Protestants had in Trinity College." One need not be an Irishman to appreciate the forcible irony of the italicised word. Mr. Birrell is a genial humourist and an honest man; he will still be a genial humourist when he propounds this plan in Parliament. Those who have even a rudimentary acquaintance with the subject are aware that any scheme for providing education which commends itself to the heads of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland will provide a strictly Roman Catholic education and no other; from the Roman Catholic point of view there can be no half measures—he who does not teach truth teaches error, and it is the first duty of the Church to teach the truth as the Church declares it. Either the new college will be an out-and-out Roman Catholic seminary or it will be a failure alike as an educational establishment and a political means of removing a grievance; but the Government does not intend it to be a failure; and Mr. Bryce, as the spokesman of his colleagues, should have had the courage to say that the Government proposed to give the Irish Catholics what they have so long demanded. The embroidery of non-sectarian principles is very poor material.

"To promote and encourage the physical culture of the English people" is, surely, a purpose that should commend itself to all who remember the recent discussion on physical degeneration and its results. This is one of the objects of the Royal Society of St. George, whose President is the Prince of Wales. Other aims it has are "to encourage and strengthen the spirit of patriotism amongst all of English birth or origin throughout the world irrespective of creed or party," and "to revive the recognition and celebration throughout the world of St. George's Day—the old English

festival day of St. George—and the anniversary of the birth and death of Shakespeare, April 23rd.” It is well for young and old alike, being members of an ancient State with splendid traditions and an equally splendid mission, to remind themselves both of their privileges and their duties; and the resolution duly to regard both is devoid of any connection whatever with blatant Jingoism. Among the Honorary Vice-Presidents of the Society of St. George are the Bishops of Winchester, London, Durham, Peterborough, and Liverpool, the Duke of Norfolk, General Baden-Powell, General Sir John French, Admiral Sir E. R. Fremantle, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Grey, Lord Kitchener, Lord Rayleigh, Sir William Huggins, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and the Right Hon. Alfred Deakin. The subscription for Fellows is one guinea, for Members half a guinea, and for Junior Associate Members half a crown. The office of the Society is at 241 Shaftesbury Avenue.

It is refreshing, in these conventional days, to be hailed with the cheery greeting, “Mr. Editor!” This is the form of salutation adopted by “The Association of Danish Professional Papers and Periodicals,” in inviting English journalists to the “International Exhibition of Professional Papers and Periodicals, besides Graphical Trades and the Art of Advertising,” which, in the words of the Association, is “occasioned by” itself, and will be held at Copenhagen in May and June next, under the presidency of “His Excellency Sigurd Berg, Esq., Minister of the Interior.” “Any respectable paper or periodical” may claim a place in the exhibition; it would be invidious to speculate as to which of our contemporaries are inadmissible under this proviso, or to inquire whether a Book Club can be held to be a periodical. Our Scandinavian brethren may have much useful instruction to impart in the matter of “Graphical Trades,” but one fears that they can teach their British colleagues little in the “Art of Advertising.” In a sentence containing a remarkable

instance of the *nominativus pendens*, the Association tells us that "the Exhibition will be held in the Exhibition Hall of the Society of Industrial Arts in Copenhagen; to which upwards of 5000 members of this society having free admission." And after this announcement one reads with a vague sentiment of regret: "The committee pledges itself to keep a staff for watch and control as long as the exhibition is accessible for the public, but otherwise it undertakes no responsibility before the exhibitors and the exhibited objects." Moreover, "separate exhibitions must undertake the insurance themselves." Sylvanus Urban wishes the Association and its Exhibition every success, and hopes that the secretary will long retain his quaint mastery of the English language.

"Death's Jest-Book" and its Author

JOHN FORSTER in his "Walter Savage Landor: A Biography," tells us that when the "Five Scenes," in which Landor dealt with the "sad and sacred drama" of the Cenci, were first sent to him in 1850 to be included in "Last Fruit off an Old Tree," they were inscribed to the memory of Beddoes, who had died in the previous year.

"In laying these scattered lines of mine," Landor wrote, "on the recently closed grave of Beddoes, *fungar inani munere*; but it is, if not a merit, at least a somewhat of self-satisfaction, to be among the earliest, if among the humblest, in my oblation. Nearly two centuries have elapsed since a work of the same wealth of genius as 'Death's Jest-Book' hath been given to the world."

The references to Beddoes made by his contemporaries are few indeed, and even this reference exists only in Forster, for Landor, to whom a live young girl was always more than many dead poets, substituted for the proposed inscription one to Eliza Lynn, afterwards Mrs. Lynn Linton, and no doubt did wisely.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes was born in Rodney Place, Clifton, on the 20th July, 1803. His father, Thomas Beddoes, was a celebrated physician, an M.D. of Oxford, and a lecturer on chemistry at that University, who won European recognition by his daring speculations in connection with his profession, and whose original and vigorous thought took shape in the foundation at Clifton of the Pneumatic Institution. The mother

of the poet was Anna, a sister of Maria Edgeworth, the novelist. When his son was only six years of age, Dr. Beddoes died, leaving the boy to the guardianship of an old college friend, Davies Giddy, better known as Sir Davies Gilbert, President of the Royal Society, Young Beddoes was sent by his guardian to Bath Grammar School, which he left in June 1817 for the Charterhouse. Here he began to write verses, and won the Latin theme prize allotted to the fifth form.

In May 1820 he left for Oxford, and was entered a commoner at Pembroke, which had been his father's college, and his guardian's. At Oxford Beddoes seems to have devoted his time more to the writing of poems than to an endeavour to win academic distinction. His career as an author commenced in 1821, when as a freshman of eighteen he published his first volume, "The Improvisatore," and dedicated it to his mother. It was this little volume of 128 pages which he was so zealous in later years in destroying. He followed this up in 1822 with "The Brides' Tragedy," published by Rivington. These two pamphlets form all that the poet published. The rest of his work was given to the world after his death.

The year 1823 was one of the most important in the life of Beddoes, for it was in the summer of that year that Procter gave him an introduction to Kelsall, who lived at Southampton, to which place Beddoes betook himself in order to read quietly for his bachelor's degree. There he settled down to work, but his

reading was much interfered with by the strong desire—never stronger than at this period of his life—for poetic composition.

On the 25th of May, 1825, Beddoes took an ordinary bachelor's degree at Oxford.

He now visited the Continent, and some of his correspondence thence is extant. It is chiefly by his letters that it is possible to trace his wayward career from this date onward. Suddenly he determined to follow his father's profession, and deeming Göttingen superior to Edinburgh as a place of medical study, he left at once for the university there.

At Göttingen Beddoes commenced a life which gradually transformed him from an Englishman into a German. His letters are full of German expressions and criticisms on the work of German writers, including Goethe, of whom he, at first, formed a low opinion, but one which he revised very considerably as time went on. He mentions the great Blumenbach as being his best friend, and he appears to have attended "the clever old humorous" Blumenbach's lectures, and occupied himself with his studies in medicine with great assiduity, only devoting from ten to eleven at night to writing a little "Death's Jest-Book," "which is," he declares "a horrible waste of time."

Early in 1828 Beddoes paid a hasty visit to England in order to take his M.A. degree at Oxford, and he returned as soon as possible to Germany, declaring that nothing could equal his impatience and weariness of this dull, idle, pampered isle. He stayed a couple of

days in London at his old lodgings at 6 Devereux Court.

In February 1829 he sent Kelsall from Göttingen, "the celebrated 'Fool's Tragedy: or Death's Jest - Book,'" begging that he and Procter would read it, and decide as to its fitness for publication.

There is no letter from Beddoes to his English friends between September 12, 1839, and one to Kelsall, dated November 13, 1844, five years later, written from Giessen, to which "wretched little town" he says he was attracted by Liebig's chemical school. He gives but a meagre account of his wanderings, referring his correspondent to Murray for descriptions of Basle, Strasburg, Mannheim, Mainz and Frankfurt, but includes in his letter matter more attractive in the transcription of two of his most beautiful poems, "In Lover's Ear a Wild Voice Cried," and "The Swallow Leaves her Nest."

In August 1846 Beddoes came to England for six weeks, but his stay was prolonged, and his movements impeded, by neuralgia. Mr. Gosse quotes a relative of Beddoes to the effect that "for six out of the ten months which he spent in England, he was shut up in a bedroom reading and smoking, and admitting no visitor."

In June 1847 Beddoes returned to Frankfurt, where he formed a friendship with a young baker named Degen. This Degen appears to have become to Beddoes all that the celebrated "Posh" became to the gifted translator of Omar Khayyam. For six months, we are told, he would see no one but Degen. In May 1848 he left

Frankfurt, taking Degen, whom he had persuaded to become an actor, with him. He actually rented the theatre in Zürich for one night in order that Degen might appear upon the boards as Hotspur, Beddoes having taught him English, and coached him in the part himself. Nothing more is known with any certainty as to the movements of Beddoes and his strange companion, save the facts told by Mr. Gosse. Briefly, those facts are that at Basle Beddoes was separated from Degen, and in a state of deep dejection took a room at the Cicogne Hotel, in which early next morning he made a deep gash in his right leg with a razor. The details need not here be entered into, suffice it to say that as a consequence of the patient's tearing off the bandages the wound became worse, and the leg had to be amputated below the knee-joint. After this he became somewhat better in health and spirits, and talked of going to Italy when fully recovered.

In December he was able to leave his room, and on the 26th of January, 1849, was allowed to go into the town. He appears to have seized this opportunity to obtain the deadly poison, kurara, and in the evening he was found lying on his back in bed insensible, with a letter written in pencil, and addressed to Revell Phillips, lying folded on his bosom. In this letter he says: "I ought to have been, among a variety of other things, a good poet. Life was too great a bore on one peg, and that a bad one." He died at ten o'clock the same night, and was buried under a cypress in the cemetery of the hospital.

Beddoes presents an instance of a physician who is also a poet, and it is curious that in this dual capacity of scientist and poet he should have realised the dictum of Wordsworth that "poetry is the finer breath of all science" by anticipating Charles Darwin's theory as surely as the great naturalist's grandfather anticipated the general conclusions of "The Origin of Species" in his "Love of the Plants."

Here is a remarkable passage which will be found in "Death's Jest-Book," Act v. sc. 1.:

I have a bit of FIAT in my soul,
And can myself create my little world.

Had I been born a four-legged child,
methinks

I might have found the steps from dog to man,
And crept into his nature.

But Beddoes, though a scientist, was also a true poet. His poems are full of beauty, and his songs are as "tender as sun-smitten dew." If there is in them a haunting echo of the Elizabethan dramatists, there also clings to

much of his work a reminiscence of Shelley at his prime; witness when he says:

I begin to hear
Strange but sweet sounds, and the
loud rocky dashing
Of waves, where time into Eternity
Falls over ruined worlds.

His songs are exquisite. The beauty of "The Swallow leaves her Nest," and "If Thou wilt ease Thine Heart," is only matched by the lyrics written "in the spacious times of the great Elizabeth," while the dirges might have been penned by Webster and the grim humour have emanated from Cyril Tourneur. But Beddoes, and he alone, could have written Isbrand's song, "Squats on a Toad Stool," which, in its imaginative grotesqueness, is unrivalled throughout our literature.

To the student of comparative literature Beddoes is interesting as marking the transition from Shelley to Browning, for there is not a little in his work suggestive of both poets.

Highgate

It is usually supposed that the name "Highgate" really means exactly what it says, that is, the high-gate, the gate on the hill-top, where tolls were collected. Another explanation, however, is that it is derived from hay-gate or hedge-gate (Anglo-Saxon *haga*, a hedge), or gate leading into a hedged enclosure, the enclosure in this instance being the demesne of the Bishop of London, Harringay

or Hornsey Park. But as the old forms of the word "high" were such as to admit of confusion with "hay"—a very common spelling of it was "hey"—it does not seem possible to decide positively for one derivation or the other. In any case the hay-gate, which certainly stood here, was also a high-gate, from its position on the hill-top. There is no doubt, however, as to what "gate" is meant

supposing we assume that the hedge-gate and the toll-gate were not identical, though this is not proved, so far as I know. The grant issued by Edward III., authorising the levying of a toll at this place, speaks of the locality as "Heghegate," thus showing that the name was in existence before the toll was dreamed of, and that the "gate" whose memory the name crystallises was the entrance into the Bishop's Park.

Highgate is approached from London by Islington and the Holloway Road. In former days this latter was veritably the Hollow Way, for it lay below the level of the ground on both sides, and since the water from the fields drained into it, it was a particularly damp and difficult thoroughfare. Even as late as the first quarter of the nineteenth century it bore the same character, and in addition to its natural disadvantages, travellers had to reckon with desperate and ferocious thieves. To this day there are parts of the Hollow Way which are considerably below the level of the shops and houses which now hem it in, and where steps lead down from pavement to roadway.

As early as 1364, and probably much earlier, there was a hermit living on Highgate Hill, where he had a cell and a chapel. One of these pious persons, William Phelippe by name, had probably seen many men, horses, and vehicles stuck in the mud of the Hollow Way, and in compassion he mended the miry thoroughfare with gravel brought from the top of the hill. For this public service he was

permitted by Edward III. to collect a toll from travellers during a period of one year, on condition that he kept the road in repair for the use of "our people passing between Heghegate and Smethfelde." This is the first instance of a toll levied for the maintenance of the highway. The Highgate hermit remained a settled institution for many years after this, the hermitage being in the gift of the Bishop of London. So far as can be gathered from the records, the last hermit of Highgate was William Forte, to whom Bishop Stokesley in 1531 gave, in addition to the chapel "in villa et parochia de Hornsey," a messuage, garden, and orchard.

But the hermit's toll was not that which was collected at the hay-gate. That had a different origin. In the latter half of the fourteenth century the old road to Barnet and St. Albans, hitherto going by Tallingdon Lane, and avoiding Highgate Hill, was superseded by a new road through Highgate and the Bishop's Park. For the privilege of using this much more convenient way a toll was exacted, and it is said that the spot where the toll-gate stood was marked by the old Gatehouse Tavern. One side of this tavern was pierced by an arch which spanned the roadway, and had rooms above. But the arch proved to be a hindrance to the passage of laden waggons, and it was pulled down in 1769.

As time passed on, the steep hill grew more and more of an impediment to traffic on a road that was London's chief outlet to the north, and Tallingdon Lane was too narrow and roundabout

to be taken into use again. Therefore, in 1811, Robert Vazie, with the sanction of Parliament, began to make a subterranean way, three hundred yards long, through the hill, to the right of the road then in use, but after some months' hard work, when about a hundred and thirty yards had been tunnelled, the top of the passage fell in, fortunately at a time when the workmen were absent. This catastrophe led to the substitution of a deep cutting instead of the tunnel, and this was opened to the public in 1813. An archway was carried over the cutting, and gave its name to the new road. It filled up the gap made by the cutting in the old Hornsey or Hagbush Lane. Tolls were taken here until 1876, when the Government bought out the holders, and made the Archway Road free. In 1900 the arch was removed, as its piers occupied too much space in the roadway.

Before ascending the hill we may notice that at its foot Lord Bacon caught the chill that ultimately cost him his life. He was driving in a coach with one of the king's physicians, and seeing snow on the ground it occurred to him that flesh might be preserved in snow just as well as in salt. To put his theory to the test he alighted and went to a cottage at the foot of the hill and purchased a fowl, desiring the woman of the cottage to kill it. The bird's body was then stuffed with snow, Bacon assisting in the process. "The snow so chilled him," says Aubrey, who tells the story, "that he immediately fell so ill that he could not return to his lodging (I suppose then at Gray's Inn), but went to

the Earle of Arundell's house at High-gate, where they putt him into a good bed, warmed with a panne; but it was a damp bed, that had not been layn in for about a yeare before, which gave him such a cold that in two or three days he died of suffocation."

A little way up the hill is Whittington's stone, supposed to mark the spot where Whittington heard the bells ringing: "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London." A cross originally stood here, for the purpose, it has been conjectured, of attracting the wayfarer's attention to the sufferings of the inmates of a lazar-house which stood near by. The cross was succeeded by a stone, and the stone by the present monument, which forms the base of a gas-lamp. It was set here in 1821. In 1869 the fading inscription was re-cut and the railings put up.

The inscription is as follows:

Whittington Stone.

Sir Richard Whittington, thrice
Lord Mayor of London.

1397. . . . Richard II.

1409. . . . Henry IV.

1419. . . . Henry V.

Sheriff 1393.

Like many other old legends, however, the story of Whittington, his cat, and the bells, has lived to see itself discredited, for to-day nobody believes it.

The lazar-house spoken of above was built by one William Pole, on land presented to him for the purpose by Edward IV. Pole's pity for lepers was the more sincere inasmuch as he was a leper him-

self. His hospital existed as late as the middle of the seventeenth century, but no part of it now remains.

Near by are the Whittington Almshouses, built early in the last century from the revenues of Whittington's estate by the Mercers' Company. Some fine old houses still stand on the slope of the hill. On the right hand of the ascent from Holloway is Cromwell House, believed to have been built by the Protector for his son-in-law, General Ireton. On Ireton's death his widow married another officer in her father's army, Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, who had a house at Stoke Newington. Cromwell House is traditionally said to possess the prescribed underground passage, which, during the existence of the old Highgate Mansion House, led thither. The site of the Mansion House is now occupied by the church. Cromwell House is at present the Convalescent Home to the Great Ormond Street Hospital. It has a beautiful oak staircase, decorated with carvings representing the soldiers of the time of the Commonwealth, according to their different ranks. From the turret there is so magnificent a view that Hood said that from here you might almost see into the middle of next week.

On the other side of the road is Waterlow Park, where still stands the mansion once known as Lauderdale House, the former residence of the Earls of Lauderdale. Here Nell Gwynne is said to have lived for some time, but the old house has been much altered since she smiled from its windows on the Merry Monarch. The beautiful

grounds are now public property, the gift of Sir Sydney Waterlow, and known by his name. Close to Lauderdale House stood the little cottage of Andrew Marvell, friend and colleague of Milton. Nothing remains of the cottage but its doorstep, now built into the wall on the edge of the pathway. An inscribed tablet has been placed above it to commemorate the residence here of one of Highgate's many notable inhabitants.

Marvell's cottage once looked on to Arundel House, the seat of the Earl of Arundel, which was on the opposite side of the road. This mansion, finally demolished in 1825, is said to have occupied, according to Lloyd's "History of Highgate," the site of "the two pairs of villas next below Channing House." At Arundel House Lord Chancellor Bacon died, and here, too, the Lady Arabella Stuart, cousin of James I., was imprisoned, for reasons of State policy. It is usually believed that she contrived to escape hence in a highly romantic fashion, disguising herself as a man, by "drawing on a pair of great French-fashioned hose over her petticoates, putting on a man's doublet, a man lyke perruque, with long locks over her hair, a blacke hat, blacke cloake, russet bootes with red tops, and a rapier by her side." But Lloyd, referred to above, says that after thirteen months' imprisonment at Arundel House the Lady Arabella was removed to East Barnet, and from there accomplished her famous flight.

We cannot now trace the dwellings of the many other notable folk who at one time and another

have lived in this favourite old suburb. We can but mention the names of Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, William and Mary Howitt, Ruskin, Dr. Sacheverell, Mr. Barbauld, who married Miss Aiken, Charles Matthews, the actor, and George Morland, the drunkard and painter. So much for the more remote past. The most celebrated inhabitant of recent years was the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who lived at Holly Lodge.

Highgate Church has no antiquity to boast of. It stands on the site of the Mansion House, built by Sir William Ashurst, Lord Mayor of London, a handsome dwelling with an Inigo Jones staircase and rich carvings and tapestry. The house was pulled down in 1830, and the new church built in its place and consecrated in 1832.

For the remains, or rather the memorial, of the ancient hermitage chapel we must go to the Grammar School, founded in 1562 by Sir Roger Cholmely, who was afterwards Lord Chief Justice. The school was enriched by Bishop Grindal, who gave it, with other property, the old chapel of St. Michael, once held by the hermits. But since this chapel was at that time the only place of worship in the neighbourhood, it still continued to be used by the inhabitants at large, and not exclusively by the school. Once a month, however, the congregation were obliged to communicate at their parish churches, that is to say, at St. Pancras or at Hornsey, between which two parishes Highgate was divided. The subsequent history of the hermitage chapel and its site is somewhat confused,

but the old building seems to have vanished among the additions and alterations made to Cholmely's school. The chapel erected in its stead may or may not have been on the same site. The probabilities are that it was, but I find it nowhere definitely stated that such was the case. This later chapel, finished in 1578, remained the place of worship for the whole neighbourhood, but in course of time it became dilapidated and was taken down. The Grammar School chapel, consecrated in 1867, stands on the exact site of the former Highgate chapel, but is not so long or so wide. Some of the monuments from the old building found a home in the new church, and others were removed to Hornsey.

The rules for the government of Cholmely's school were licensed by the Bishop of London and approved by Queen Elizabeth, and they concerned the master as much as the pupils. They enacted that the master was to be "honest and learned," a "graduate of good, sober, and honest conversation, and no light person." He was to read morning and evening prayers on Saturday, and on the vigils of feasts and holy days. But on the first Sunday of the month he was not to say morning prayer in the chapel, because the inhabitants of Highgate were then appointed to attend their parish churches. He was forbidden to commit any "manner of waste" upon any of the houses, or to "intermeddle with the felling or lopping of any of the timber-trees growing about the chapel," or upon any of the lands, without leave, and upon

penalties. He was not to be absent from his post more than ten days yearly, and not that much save for an urgent cause.

Every scholar upon admittance was to pay fourpence for books, which books were to remain the property of the school.

The old Gatehouse Tavern is believed to have stood where the Bishop's entrance or toll-gate anciently was. It owed a far wider celebrity, however, to the old ceremony of "swearing on the horns," a piece of witless nonsense which appears to have afforded great amusement to the patrons of the house. The company being assembled in the parlour, the "horns," fixed on a pole, were set near the person about to take the oath, while the landlord administered a lengthy address beginning thus:

"Upstanding and uncovered! Silence! Take notice what I now say to you, for that is the first word of your oath, mind that! You must acknowledge me to be your adopted father; I must acknowledge you to be my adopted son. If you do not call me father, you forfeit a bottle of wine; if I do not call you son, I forfeit the same. And now, my good son, if you are travelling through this village of Highgate, and you have no money in your pocket, go call for a bottle of wine at any house you think proper to go to, and book it to your father's score. If you have any friends with you, you may treat them as well, but if you have money of your own you must pay for it yourself," and so on, and so on, ending with an injunction to "kiss the horns, or a pretty girl if you see one here,

which you like best, and be free of Highgate."

To the Sunday ordinary at the Gate House, it is said, there once came a visitor who fell in love with the pretty maidservant who waited upon him. In due course he proposed marriage to her, and was accepted. The gentleman explained that he was occupied by business all the week, but that he should dine at home every Sunday, returning to his occupation on Monday morning. He promised to invest in his wife's name the sum of £2000, but he stipulated that she was never to seek to know who he was or what his occupation. She agreed and they were wedded, and lived happily for a while, till the lady's curiosity got the better of her. One Monday she surreptitiously followed her husband to London, and spying upon his movements discovered that he was a Strand crossing-sweeper. Then she came out of ambush and reviled him, and he, finding her faithless to her bargain, took leave of his wife, and was never seen by her again.

The Grove is memorable as having been the residence of Coleridge, who lived in the third house. He attracted to Highgate many notable visitors, among them Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, and Emerson. The Grove was once known as Highgate Green, and is so referred to in an old song:

Let us be seen on Hygate Green,
To dance for the honour of Hol-
loway,
Since we are come hither, let's
spare for no leather,
To dance for the honour of Hol-
loway.

Pond Square, close by, is named from the pond that was made when the hermit, William Phelippe, dug gravel here for the repair of the way between Highgate and Islington. The space left by the removal of the gravel became filled with water, to the joy and benefit of the Highgate villagers. The pond, however, is now a thing of the past.

Its large cemetery lends a melancholy celebrity to modern Highgate. It includes some of the grounds formerly belonging to the old Mansion House, and was consecrated by the Bishop of London in 1839. Here, among others who, when living, were remarkable among their fellows, George Eliot and G. H. Lewes lie side by side.

Societies and Institutes

Arrangements

THE following are among the lectures which will be given at the ROYAL INSTITUTION (Albemarle Street, W.) in February and March :

On February 16. Professor J. J. Thomson, "Röntgen, Cathode and Positive Rays," at three o'clock. Also on February 23, and March 2, 9, 16, and 23.

On February 28. Dr. W. Martin, Assistant-Director of the Royal Picture Gallery, at The Hague, "Old Dutch Paintings and Painters," at three o'clock. Also on March 7.

On March 1. Count de Bois-dari, Councillor of the Italian Embassy, "Dante in the Critical and Poetical Works of Carducci," at nine o'clock.

On March 14. Dr. C. W. Saleeby, "Biology and Progress," at three o'clock. Also on March 21.

On March 15. Professor J. J. Thomson, "Rays of Positive Electricity," at nine o'clock.

Only members and their friends are admitted to the Friday evening meetings.

THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY (22 Albemarle Street, W.) has provisionally arranged for the reading of a paper on "L'Ar; or the Transference of Conditional Curses in Morocco," by Dr. Westermarck, on February 20, at eight o'clock. The following papers have been promised: "Homeric Folk-Lore," by Mr. W. Crooke; "A Danish Survival," by Dr. H. F. Feilberg. The dates arranged for these papers will be announced in due course.

The anniversary meeting of the ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY will be held on February 21, at 5 P.M. On March 21, at the same hour, Mr. J. F. Chance will read a paper on "The Northern Treaties of 1719-20."

By permission of the Benchers, the meetings of the Society are held in the Lecture Hall, Field Court, Gray's Inn.

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE will hold meetings at 3 Hanover Square, W., on February 26 and March 12, at 8 P.M.

Meetings of the ROYAL MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY will be held at

20 Hanover Square, W., on February 20 and March 20 at 8 P.M. On February 20 the following papers will be read: "An Early Criticism of the Abbe theory," by Mr. J. W. Gordon; "Some Tardigrada of the Sikkim

Himalaya," by Mr. James Murray; "On Some Rhizopods from the Sikkim Himalaya," by Dr. Eugène Renard. There will, in addition, be an exhibition of slides of marine zoological objects lent by Mr. Flatters.

Transactions

THE annual general meeting of the ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE was held on Tuesday, January 22, Professor W. Gowland, F.S.A., President, in the chair. The Reports of the Council and Treasurer having been accepted, the President delivered his address on "The Dolmens and Burial Mounds of the Early Emperors of Japan." It is extremely probable that the Japanese obtained the idea of raising mounds from the Chinese, the earliest burial mound in China dating from 1848 B.C. Little is known about the earliest Japanese mounds, but the later ones are always more or less large and invariably contain either a sarcophagus or dolmen. There is an extremely great number of these mounds in Japan, and Professor Gowland himself examined four hundred and six. It is of interest to note that the dolmens are always near the coast or in the basins of the larger rivers, which points to the fact that at the time of their erection the Japanese only occupied these districts, the other parts of the country being inhabited by the primitive aborigines—the Ainu. The distribution of the early Imperial mounds is of importance historically. They are found in four districts, which goes to prove that at an early date the country had no central govern-

ment, but that there were at least four independent tribes each occupying one of the districts where the large Imperial mounds are found. The date of these mounds is between the second century B.C. and the fifth or sixth of our era.

The Imperial mounds are double, with a conical peak at one end. They are all of very great size and are terraced and moated. In plan they are seen to be a combination of the square and circular varieties, but whether this has any significance is not known. One interesting feature is that round each terrace a series of terra-cotta tubes, "Haniwa," about eighteen inches high and fifteen broad, are set in rows. They may possibly have been placed there for structural reasons, but they may represent the wives, attendants, etc., who formerly were buried with the Emperor. This practice was discontinued in the year 2 B.C., and by an Imperial decree terra-cotta figures were substituted for the human victims. Many of these figures have been found, and in some cases they terminate in a "Haniwa."

The largest of the Imperial mounds are in the Central Provinces: the largest of all is two thousand feet long and covers approximately an area of eighty-four acres.

The interment always took place in the conical peak of the circular part of the mounds. They are, as a rule, entirely artificial, but occasionally a natural eminence has been turned to account.

The address was illustrated by drawings, plans, photographs, and lantern slides showing specimens of the objects disinterred. At the conclusion of the address Professor D. J. Cunningham, F.R.S., was installed as President of the Institute for the ensuing year.

AN interesting paper on Regent Street was read before the ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION by Mr. Mervyn Macartney on February 8. In the course of his lecture he said:

I have taken the subject of my paper, "Regent Street," to mean the line of route from St. James' Park to Regent's Park; and since to have omitted Waterloo Place and Portland Place would have cut out two of the most interesting portions of the matter in hand, I will include them in our survey.

To begin with the top end of the street. What is now Park Crescent was pasture land known as Duppersfield, long after Portland Place had been erected. It formed part of Marylebone Park, which extended southwards to Mortimer Street, and was portion of a Royal manor belonging to Henry VIII. In his reign hunting in this manor was strictly preserved for Royalty. The manor house itself was situated nearly at the top of High Street, Marylebone.

As you are doubtless aware, Marylebone should really be Marylebourne: *i.e.*, the church of

St. Mary by the burn, Tyburn. (This district of Tyburn was a large one, extending roughly from Tottenham Court Road to Paddington east and west, and from St. John's Wood to Oxford Street.) The origin of the name is somewhat curious. The district of Marylebone took its appellation in order to sever its connection with Tyburn, which had got into bad odour owing to the executions held at Tyburn gallows, situated at the south end of Edgware Road.

In some maps of the Portland Estate, the region of Portland Place is set out differently from its present condition. The site of the Langham Hotel is put down as Queen Anne's Square, and from it radiate two streets north-west and north-east, called respectively Langham Street and Portland Street. This scheme was abandoned, and Lord Foley bought the Langham Hotel site, with the proviso that nothing should be built to interrupt his view to the north.

To come to our street itself.

Information about the first period is meagre in the extreme; indeed we have to rely almost entirely on such old prints as have come down to us. These show us a very different scene from the present wide and populous thoroughfare. We see a long, ugly, and irregular "street"—if that be not too grand a name with which to dignify it—frequented by people of more than doubtful reputation. Amongst these were counted even highwaymen, who had a noted house-of-call in a certain livery stable somewhere in the street. Lord Macaulay tells

us that in King Charles II.'s reign "he who then rambled to what is now the gayest and most crowded part of Regent Street, found himself in a solitude, and was sometimes so fortunate as to have a shot at a woodcock." At this time, it must be remembered, Oxford Street was a country road running between high hedges. This is practically all the information we have concerning the early history of Regent Street. It takes us back no further than the year 1600; but, indeed, the subject of the paper is comparatively a modern road, when we consider that Oxford Street, Piccadilly, and The Mall can trace their history back almost to Roman times.

Before detailing the planning and reconstruction of Regent Street itself, we must tell of the building of Carlton House. Although this may seem at first sight to be somewhat irrelevant, it will be found in fact to be most eminently to the point: for, had it not been for the existence of Carlton House, and Regent's Park as well, Regent Street might never have come into existence. Carlton House, then, was built for Lord Carlton in 1709. On his death, it passed to his nephew Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, the architect, who, in 1732, gave it to his mother, the Countess Dowager of Burlington, who in her turn—and in the same year—sold it to Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III.

The house was originally of red brick, in the style of Queen Anne: but Prince Frederick, on taking possession of it, fronted it with stone. Sir Robert Taylor is said

to have been the architect. In 1734 Flitcroft, or some other, drew out a plan for its improvement. Attached to the house were large gardens, said by Walpole to have been laid out in imitation of Pope's gardens at Twickenham, which contained, amongst other objects of interest, a cascade designed by Kent, and a large grove of trees holding a rookery, which was not deserted by the rooks till 1827. The house stood opposite what is now Waterloo Place, looking north, and the forecourt was later divided from Pall Mall by a long range of columns, supporting nothing. Hence the well-known lines:

Care colonne, ché state qua?
Non sapiamo in veritá,

which means literally "My dear columns, what are you doing there?" Here the columns are supposed to answer, "We haven't the faintest idea."

With reference to this colonnade, a witty remark of Lord North's is reported; though some claim it for Sheridan. It so happened that while the Prince of Wales' house had a row of pillars in front of it, York (now Dover) House, the residence of the Prince's brother, had a circular court. Lord North said, "Then the Duke of York has been sent, as it would seem, to the Round House, and the Prince of Wales to the pillory."

This house witnessed many extraordinary scenes. It saw, in 1749, Frederick, Prince of Wales, hold secret conclave, and make full arrangements for what should occur on his father's death, even to the framing of a new civil list.

This Prince's death in 1751, does not seem to have been any great loss to the community. In his lifetime he would go disguised to see bull-baiting, and he was a royal patron to fortune-tellers. He allowed Lady Archibald Hamilton to build herself apartments looking on to the garden of the house, so that he might visit her secretly. It was this Prince who, in answer to the fulsome flatteries of Pope, the poet and satirist, expressed his surprise thus: "I wonder that you who are so severe on kings should be so complimentary to me." "Oh, sir," said Pope, "that is because I like the lion before his claws are full grown."

In 1783, Holland repaired and beautified the house for the Prince of Wales (who was afterwards George IV.). He added a portico with six Corinthian columns. His details he took from the temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome. Above this was a frieze, and a tympanum with the Prince's arms. In 1784, George, Prince of Wales, on two consecutive days gave banquets of the most gorgeous description to celebrate Fox's return for Westminster. This was, of course, in entire disregard of his father's wishes. This house was modernised in 1788, and again, internally, in 1815. In 1789 the Prince received at Carlton House a deputation offering him the Regency, which later on he accepted.

During this time the famous Beau Brummel was a constant frequenter of Carlton House; but he and the Prince fell out, and he ceased to visit there. Some time

after the Prince invited the Beau to dinner again. So overjoyed was Brummel at dining once more with his old friend, that he took a trifle too much wine—no great matter in those days; but the Prince turned to his neighbour and said in a voice audible throughout the room: "I think we had better order Mr. Brummel's carriage before he gets quite drunk."

In George IV.'s time the poet Moore was a constant guest at Carlton House. He has left the following description of the Prince's breakfast-room during the height of the season:

"Methought the Prince in
whisker'd state
Before me at his breakfast sate;
On one side lay unread petitions,
On t'other hints from five physi-
cians;
Here tradesmen's bills, official
papers,
Notes from 'my lady,' drams for
vapours;
There plans for saddles, tea and
toast,
Death-warrants and—*The Morning
Post.*"

In 1814, on the occasion of the visit of the allied sovereigns, the famous Nash designed a reception-room in the gardens of Carlton House. It had twenty-four sides, and a curious roof, and was 120 feet in diameter. Afterwards it was given to Woolwich, and is now a museum for naval and military models.

In "The Beauties of England and Wales," the writer describes, in a tone of rapturous admiration, the splendours of Carlton House. There was a crimson drawing-

room, a circular cupola-room, a throne-room, and a rose-satin drawing-room. From these descriptions it is evident that the interior of the house was of the most gorgeous description; but whether it was in the best of taste is very doubtful. For instance there was a "splendid" gothic conservatory designed by Thomas Hopper, after Henry VII.'s chapel! Among other apartments was a suite on a lower floor, which was used for domestic purposes and familiar parties. This was designed by Nash, and consisted of a golden drawing-room, a "gothic dining-room" and the above-mentioned "splendid" gothic conservatory.

In somewhat violent contrast to this uncritical admiration is the following extract from the "Tour of a Foreigner in England" (1825):—"Though the royal . . . palaces are among the most remarkable in London, they serve to show how little the dignity of the sovereign is respected in England in comparison with other countries of Europe . . . There are in Paris many hotels preferable to Carlton House." The portico, which only served to conceal the house from Pall Mall, then comes in for severe criticism. As regards the other features of the exterior, they were apparently not very striking. The façade had a centre and two wings. It was rusticated, and without pilasters. The entablature and balustrade concealed the roof from view.

The whole of Carlton House was pulled down in 1828, to make room for the central opening of Waterloo Place. Some of the

Corinthian columns from the colonnade were, used in the portico of the National Gallery. Other columns were employed in the chapel at Buckingham Palace. The interior decorations were for the most part removed to the last-named place.

In July of the year 1793 the Treasury empowered Fordyce, who was then Surveyor-General, to offer a premium of £1000 for the best plan for building on the Marylebone Estate.

John Nash, who was the architect and surveyor to the Woods and Forests Commission, and also one of the architects attached to the Board of Works, submitted a plan, in which he was assisted by James Morgan, a former pupil, showing detached villas. There was also sent in a plan by Leverton and Chawner, of a more urban character, and also one by White. Nash's plans were approved.

After this the Crown obtained an Act of Parliament and appointed a Commission to form a park in accordance with Nash's plans. Marylebone Park, as Regent's Park was then known, was begun in 1812. About the same time Park Crescent and Square and the adjoining streets were completed.

At this time the Prince Regent conceived the notion of building a mansion for himself in the park, and desired some means of communication with Carlton House. This was the genesis of Regent Street. Nash was commissioned to lay it out, and in 1813 the work was actually taken in hand. In the construction Nash did not find his way entirely smooth, though in one particular he was certainly fortunate.

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When Lord Foley built Foley House in 1778, to the designs of James Wyatt, he had stipulated with the Duke of Portland, the ground landlord, that no other building should be erected to the north. Later on this prohibition considerably embarrassed the Duke. But the brothers Adam, the architects, cleverly evaded the difficulty by building Portland Place, on a most sumptuous scale, of the same width as Foley House.

It strikes one as strange that such fine mansions should have been erected on this spot at a time when the new road had not been formed, and when Foley House blocked the south end of it (Dupperfield shut it in at the north end, so that it could only be approached by a roundabout route from Harley Street or Great Portland Street). Looking at the scheme as shown in contemporary plans, it does not seem a good speculation: but when Nash came on the scene all this was changed, for he made it the connection between his new street and Park Crescent.

So far Nash had his street ready made, but, to continue, he had to buy up Foley House and grounds. This cost him £70,000. After this, through some disagreement with Sir James Langham, he was compelled to alter his plan of bringing his street straight over the site of Foley House, and constructed in its stead the present Langham Bend. The Quadrant also grew out of a change of plan, owing to the erection of the County Fire Office by Robert Abraham in 1819. Nash himself designed the façade. The portion of the street up to Piccadilly was

finished by 1817, and the whole practically complete in 1820. The total cost of the street, including the sewer, was £1,533,582 16s. 10d.

The famous Quadrant originally had a colonnade of 270 cast-iron hollow pillars, 16 feet high, topped by a granite plinth. Of these columns, eight still remain across Air Street and Swallow Street. Above this, again, was a balustraded roof.

In its palmy days, the Quadrant was the gayest and most crowded part of London, as the following extract will show:

“During the day this Quadrant is one continued scene of amusement. The shopkeepers submit every article of necessity or luxury to the inspection of the public, and find ready customers among the multitudinous people who visit the place. But when Somnus has spread his mantle over its inhabitants, and the moon sheds her silvery rays on its edifice, contrasting its depth of shadow with the most refulgent brightness, when the stillness of death succeeds to almost confusion, the being who can behold it with indifference must be destitute of the finer feelings of human nature.”

Owing to the complaints of the shopkeepers the columns were removed in 1848, and a balcony was added to the principal floor by the architect Pennethorne. Nash was in a rather equivocal position in some of his dealings with the laying out of Regent Street, and more particularly with regard to the Quadrant. He seems to have acted both as the Government surveyor of the new street and to have dabbled as a private speculator in acquiring property to carry through the scheme. So far as I

can discover, his hands were quite clean in the matter, but it seems rather strange conduct on the part of a public official, and one can hardly believe it would be tolerated at the present day. He undoubtedly mixed himself up with the acquisition of the land bought for the Quadrant, and burnt his fingers over the job. However we, with our modern notions, may regard his conduct in the matter, we must admit he showed himself a man of large ideas, who was prepared to carry them out, even at considerable personal risk.

Piccadilly Circus was named after Piccadilly Hall. The derivation of the name is in dispute—formerly it was written Pickadilla. Some refer it to the seventeenth-century name for the hem of a garment, and say the house was so called because it was the outmost or skirt house of the suburbs in these parts. Others say it took name from this: "One Higgins, a tailor, who built it, got most of his estate by Pickadilles, which in the last age were much worn in England." This, however, seems to be a pure myth; no such person as the tailor Higgins having ever, apparently, existed. Others again believe that the name relates to the position of the ground on which the place is built; that it is, in fact, a peaked hill—for pickadil also meant a kind of stiff collar. This last derivation seems the most probable, as there are many Piccadillies in various parts of England, all situate on the tops of hills.

THE COMMONS AND FOOTPATHS PRESERVATION SOCIETY is about to issue an appeal for funds to enable

it to secure the preservation of thirteen hundred acres of common land in Anglesey. The purchase is intended not only to protect the common as an open space, but to prevent future litigation with regard to it, thousands of pounds having been already spent in maintaining the Commoners' rights. The land in question is situated about seven miles from Holyhead, lies near to Rhosneigr, Valley and Rhoscolyn and is bisected by the London and North Western Railway.

In 1868 the Crown and the Bishop of Bangor commenced litigation to decide who was the owner of the common, and at the end of the year 1871 referred it to an arbitrator. Apparently he found the evidence of ownership conflicting, and therefore adopted the convenient method of dividing the common between the parties. He gave to the Crown about seven hundred acres in the Parish of Llanfihangelynhowyn, and to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, as representing the Bishop of Bangor, about six hundred acres in the Parishes of Llechlched and Llanfaelog.

In 1882 the Crown sold its portion to Mr. William Thomas who proceeded to enclose it, and to call upon the Commoners to desist from turning out their stock. This violation of their rights roused the Commoners who at once formed a guarantee fund, and commenced an action against him, a few of the Commoners being selected as Plaintiffs. The action was brought to trial in 1888.

The proceedings terminated in a compromise by which Mr.

William Thomas was permitted to enclose one hundred and fifty acres upon condition that he paid the plaintiffs' costs and admitted their rights over the remainder of his portion of the common. For nearly ten years matters remained quiescent, but Mr. William Thomas and his son, Mr. Lewis Thomas who succeeded him on his death, neglected to maintain the fences which he had erected, with the result that those of the Commoners with whom he had not come to terms continued to exercise their rights over the whole of the common.

In 1897 Mr. Lewis Thomas entered into arrangements with an Explosives Company, under which factories might have been built on the common. The neighbourhood almost unanimously protested against the proposal, but the County Council, the Local Authority under the Explosives Act, refused the Commoners a hearing, and sanctioned the erection of the factories on the common. The Commoners again formed a guarantee fund, and this time carried litigation to a finish.

The action in which the Society and some of the members rendered assistance was completely successful both in the Court of Queen's Bench and the Court of Appeal. It is understood that Mr. Lewis Thomas has since sold his part of the common to Mr. Gardner, who is now the owner of that portion.

During all these years the Ecclesiastical Commissioners retained their portion of the common,

but when, in 1903, it was feared that it might pass into other hands, the Reverend W. E. Scott Hall, a local resident, purchased it in order to control the future destination of the land. Mr. Scott Hall has now given, through the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, an option of purchase at £900 for all his interests in the common subject to a few moderate conditions. It is hoped that the owner of the other part of the common will consent to take action similar to that of Mr. Scott Hall.

The expense of obtaining a Provisional Order under the Commons Act, 1876, for the regulation of the common as an open space, including the fees of the Board of Agriculture, ought not to exceed £300, but it is thought desirable to raise a guarantee fund of £400. The total sum thus needed is only £1300 which should ensure the permanent preservation of the most extensive common in Anglesey at a total cost of a little more than £2 per acre. Gentlemen interested in the neighbourhood are prepared to subscribe £900 if the land is vested in Trustees to be nominated by them and the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, and if they are permitted to lay out a Golf Course and erect a Club House, and a representative meeting of the Commoners has expressed approval of the scheme. All that is now required is that £400 should be guaranteed and the Society intends to issue an earnest appeal for that sum.

Short Reviews

"THE EAST AND WEST INDIAN MIRROR." Being an Account of Joris Van Speilbergen's Voyage Round the World (1614-1617), and the Australian Navigations of Jacob Le Maire. Translated, with Notes and an Introduction, by J. A. J. de VILLIERS, of the British Museum.

THIS is the eighteenth volume of the second series of the works issued by the Hakluyt Society. Mr. de Villiers, in the introduction, discusses in detail the question of authorship which has arisen in connection with the account of Speilbergen's Voyage, owing to the carelessness of an early French translator of the original Dutch version. For about one hundred and fifty years the authorship has been generally attributed to one Jan Corneliszoon May or Moye, because a note referring to an additional small map in the original work was written by him in the first person and contains a disclosure of his name. Mr. de Villiers reprints Speilbergen's dedication of his book to the States General of the Netherlands and the Prince of Orange which appeared in the Dutch Editions of 1619 and 1621, and this document, culpably ignored by previous editors and writers who have dealt with the work, proves that Speilbergen himself composed the narrative of the voyage which he controlled as

"Commander - General." Jan Corneliszoon May, of whose life many incidents are on record, was a notable sailor and, as skipper of Speilbergen's ship, shared in the Commander's great achievement as a navigator; but there is nothing to show that May possessed literary capacity.

In discussing the authorship of the second work included in "The East and West Indian Mirror," the account of the Australian Navigations of Jacob Le Maire, Mr. de Villiers expresses the opinion that it is impossible to decide who wrote the work, and quotes Tiele's remark—"le véritable auteur du journal est resté inconnu." Jacob Le Maire himself died at sea, as a consequence, it is alleged, of the harsh treatment which he received at the hands of Jan Pieterszoon Coen, the representative of the East India Company of the Netherlands. Le Maire's vessel was confiscated at Jacatra and his whole ship's log was branded as an infamous forgery, the motive for this action being jealousy, because the discovery by him of the new passage round Cape Horn was supposed to reduce the value of the privileges conferred on the Company by charter. The authorship of the book was claimed by Willem Corneliszoon Schouten, a mariner of great experience who sailed with Le Maire; but the friends of the latter disputed the claim from the first, and, as Mr. de Villiers

remarks in criticising Schouten's pretension, "a man who would hide under the bench of a boat whilst his companions were being shot down, would probably not be scrupulous regarding his share of ownership in a manuscript."

It is needless to say that the maps, title-pages and extracts in facsimile from the original have been reproduced with the greatest care. Mr. B. H. Soulsby, the Honorary Secretary of the Society, contributes to the volume a full bibliography and an index.

"MEMORIALS OF OLD KENT."
 Edited by the Rev. P. H.
 DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A., and
 GEORGE CLINCH, F.G.S. (Bem-
 rose and Sons.)

THIS book is one in that series of "Memorials of the Counties of England" which already includes records of Devonshire, Herefordshire, Hampshire, Somerset and Oxfordshire, to cite a few of the prominent volumes. It consists of a series of articles, amply and well illustrated. Among them are papers on "St. Augustine's Abbey," "Canterbury," "Kentish Insurrections," "Penshurst Place" and "Hever Castle," "Dickens and Kent," "Romney Marsh in the Days of Smuggling," "The River Medway and its Mediæval Bridges," "Seventeenth-Century Church Architecture in Kent," "Old Canterbury," and "Mediæval Rood-Lofts and Screens in Kent."

It is obvious that a series of special articles, fourteen in number, must leave many important and interesting subjects un-

touched, and the book does not give an exhaustive account of the "Memorials" of Kent. Moreover, some of the articles suffer from too much condensation, and the opening paper on "Historic Kent," which occupies eighteen pages, is reduced to the tone suitable for a child's history. The author should not have allowed such a phrase as the following to escape his vigilance in passing his proofs for press—"When Ethelred reigned in 1012 the Danish fleet came to Greenwich and laid there for several years."

One of the fullest and most important contributions is the paper on "Mediæval Rood-Lofts and Screens in Kent." The illustrations are excellent, and the discussion of the subject is ably handled. The author states with cogency his argument with regard to the construction of the screens. "If the larger and heavier timbers were moulded and otherwise shaped and prepared, and also the joinery carried out *in situ*, it is practically certain that some of the smaller and more delicate ornaments, which would present but slight difficulty of transport, were executed by skilled craftsmen elsewhere. The recurrence of the same patterns in different screens shows that, unless they were the work of peregrinating carvers, it was customary to produce certain stock detail pieces in quantities, and to distribute them here and there, as occasion required, from workshops established in convenient centres at home, like Hooce's at Faversham, Sutton's at Rochester, Beleme's at Canterbury, and Gyllam's at Ash-

ford; or even, as the un-English character of some specimens indicates, abroad."

A reproduction is given of a map of Canterbury published about the year 1570; it is not, however, allocated to the article upon "Old Canterbury," but to that dealing with "Some Kentish Castles." Canon Benham's paper on "Dickens and Kent" is a pleasant little discourse, and the article upon "Seventeenth-Century Church Architecture"

deals with a subject which is certainly not hackneyed. The presentation of detail in some of the accompanying illustrations is altogether commendable. The work trenches in some degree upon the province of a County History, but by no means affects to take the place of one. On the other hand, it is far removed from the standard of a guide-book, even of the superior kind. Its merits entitle it to a place in libraries not only in Kent but elsewhere.

Notices of Publications

"NORTHERN NOTES AND QUERIES": a Quarterly Magazine devoted to the Antiquities of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland and Durham. Edited by HENRY REGINALD LEIGHTON. Published by M. S. Dodds, 61 and 63 Quayside, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Price 1s. 6d.

NUMBER five of the first volume contains a wealth of detailed matter, none of which is devoid of antiquarian or genealogical interest. A brief account of the life of Miss Henrietta Cotesworth, who in 1760 became sub-governess in the Royal nursery, contains a circumstantial story, narrated by an officer, of a dead man's visit to a friend, which deserves the attention of those concerned in Psychical Research. Miss Cotesworth adopted the orphan son of the man whose paternal anxiety is said to have manifested itself after his decease, and subsequently

won for him, at great cost to herself, a law-suit which established his right to certain property at Kirby Misperton in Yorkshire. She was held in affectionate esteem by King William IV. Other subjects dealt with in the current number are "Three Family Histories from the Halmote Books of the Bishops of Durham," "Aken-side the Poet," "Charters of Crosthwaite, Cumberland," and "Family Notices from the *Newcastle Weekly Courant*, 1723-1800." The supplement contains further Records of the Gateshead Company of Drapers, Tailors, Mercers, Hardwaremen, Coopers and Chandlers. This gives full information as to persons apprenticed in the last years of the seventeenth and earlier part of the eighteenth centuries.

"THE NEW ZEALAND OFFICIAL YEAR-BOOK, 1906." Prepared by

E. J. VON DADELSZEN, Registrar-General. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode.

It is the function of such volumes as this to present an attractive view of the colony concerned; but they contain a large amount of accurate and valuable information. The student of sociology will be interested to observe that, between 1886 and 1905, "the proportion of births to every marriage solemnised in the preceding year" sank from 4.90 to 3.24. "Regarded annually or decennially," says the Registrar-General, "there is a decided fall to be observed." It appears that the number of votes recorded at the parliamentary election of 1893, when women voted for the first time, amounted to 220,082. The figure in the previous election had been 136,337. In 1905 it rose to 396,657. Herein is evidence that New Zealand women do not neglect their political opportunities. Among the imports from the United States in 1905 one remarks very heavy items for agricultural and other machinery, for iron and steel, for hardware, and for patent medicines; and boots and shoes from America reached the respectable value of £61,150. These facts seem to show that the Mother Country is not promoting her commerce with all possible energy and success in New Zealand. It appears strange that the colony should in one year import onions costing £7115 from the other side of the Pacific. The New Zealanders, "excluding Maoris," consumed per head in the year under review 9212 gallons of beer, together

with 0.730 gal. of spirits and 0.130 of wine; the annual consumption of tobacco was 2.55 lb. per caput, "including Maoris." In spite of the general decline in the birth-rate, the population of Australasia (New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand) increased from 1,221,274 in 1860 to 4,939,223 in 1905. Among the supplementary papers is an interesting account of the numerous natural medicinal waters and baths in New Zealand by Dr. A. S. Wohlmann, the Government Balneologist.

"MERCURE DE FRANCE": No. 230, Tome LXV.: 15 Janvier, 1907. Directeur, ALFRED VALLETTE. Paris: Société du Mercure de France. Prix (Etranger), 1 fr. 50.

"Le Mouvement Littéraire Anglo-Canadien" is a prominent article in the present number of the *Mercure de France*, and though the subject is not treated fully or with detailed criticism, the paper contains information which, elementary as it is, will be fresh to most English readers. It is unfortunate that the highly instructive beginnings of colonial literature arouse so little interest in the Mother Country. There is in the *Mercure* a continuation of the "Mémoires de Madame de Sacher-Masoch," and "Un Essai de Classification des 'Fleurs de Mal.'" There is, too, the customary complete and useful "Revue de la Quinzaine." The serial story running in the magazine is entitled "Un Cœur Virginal"

and, like so much current French fiction, it deals especially with the lower recesses of feminine psychology, emphasising almost unduly the dominance of sex. In "Quelques Antécédents de Saint-Just" it is interesting to find among the excerpts given the following foretaste of Byronism. It occurs in the poem "Organt." Lucifer is addressing the fallen angels:

De mon forfait, je n'ai point de remord ;
 Par un nouveau couronnons notre audace,
 Et vengeons-nous de l'injure du sort.
 Il l'a voulu, par un coup de tonnerre
 Précipité du séjour de lumière,
 Le noir Ténare en ses flancs odieux
 Servit d'asile à l'élite des dieux.
 J'ai tout perdu, ma dignité suprême,
 Mon sceptre d'or, et ce trône immortel,
 Qui dominait les puissances du ciel ;
 Mais malgré tout je suis encor moi-même ;
 Indépendant des arrêts du destin :
 J'étais un dieu, je le serai sans fin ;
 Et les sillons de la foudre éclatante
 Et les tourments de la géhenne ardente
 Ne peuvent point arracher à mon cœur
 Ni repentir, ni l'aveu d'un vainqueur.
 Je fus jadis, dans l'Olympe céleste,
 Le dieu du bien ; le mal et la fierté

Sont mon essence et ma divinité.
 J'ai tout perdu, mon courage me reste
 Pour triompher ici de mes rivaux
 Ou pour braver des supplices nouveaux.

"THE HOMELAND HANDBOOKS—Gravesend, the Water-Gate of London with its Surroundings." By ALEX J. PHILIP, Librarian of the Public Library, with an Introductory Chapter by His Worship the Mayor. London: the Homeland Association Ltd., 22 Bride Lane, E.C. Price 1s.

THE average Londoner probably regards Gravesend as a town with a depressing name built in a depressing situation. And the Mayor, Mr. G. M. Arnold, has at least done well in correcting a part of this common error. "To deal with the riddle of the name seriously," he writes, "we may say, without further prelude, that 'Grave' stands for ruler, and that our dissyllable denotes that here his rule terminated. The Anglo-Saxons had 'Counts of the Shore,' and some riparian authority, probably having its centre in London, here reached its boundary." The little volume contains much that will be useful to visitors to Gravesend, and not a little that will be of interest to those who wish to study the history of the town and its surroundings. It contains reproductions of two pictures of "Princess Pocahontas," who is believed to be buried beneath the Chancel of St. George's Church.

"THE LIFE-BOAT JOURNAL" for the current month quotes the Board of Trade statistics, lately issued, of shipping casualties in the year which ended on June 30, 1906. The casualties numbered 4006, showing a decrease of 662 as compared with the total for the previous year, and the lives lost numbered 384, an increase of 115 over the figure for the preceding twelvemonth. The Journal contains a record of Life-Boat work from May to September 1906, and, as usual, gives a plain account of some truly heroic actions. The Royal National Life-Boat Institution has a manifest claim upon the purse of every man in the British Islands who has money to give for the support of a noble service.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

*The Ecclesiastical Position in
Scotland*

(It is the desire of the Editor that THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE should give expression to widely varying opinions on important subjects of controversy; but he does not, of course, identify himself with his contributors in the statement of their views.)

THE recent death of the great Scottish Ecclesiastic, Principal Rainy, who for so long ruled the chief dissenting church in Scotland, suggests a review of the present ecclesiastical position in that country. For good or for evil, Principal Rainy left his mark upon the presbyterianism of his day. He was, undoubtedly, the ruling power in effecting the union of the two prominent dissenting churches in the land of his birth. What his chief object was in carrying through the union, which the subtlety of his intellect, the glamour of his personality, and the persuasiveness of his speech enabled him to do as no other man could have done, we need not at present inquire. Some think his chief motive was to "dish" the Established Church. Others assert that he was animated by the highest motives, and that he desired, above all things, the unity of his fellow-Christians. Probably his action was due to a mixture of motives—political and religious. No doubt he cherished union, as every good Christian ought to do, but he also hailed in the united churches a powerful and undivided phalanx against the church established by law. That church was also pres.

byterian in church government. It differed very little from his own. It upheld the same dogmas. It observed the same ritual, or rather it, like his own, had no ritual to speak of, and latterly the three churches used, and still use, a common book in their service of praise.

But the Church of Scotland was the embodiment of a principle which had grown distasteful to him, and although the Free Church of Scotland went out in 1843 with that principle on the front of its flag, he persuaded his church that it was odious. The Free Church under his rule became a dissenting body, having relinquished its solemn "claim of right" to be regarded as the Church of Scotland. Its position was too much for its principles, and it became the antagonist of that church whose position it had originally claimed to occupy. In the law of the land and in social prestige the Established Church occupied the same position as the Church of England in the sister country, and both must be ousted from the position of supremacy which they held. The union is now an accomplished fact, and though its initiation was due almost entirely to a clerical movement, perhaps originally a political one, led by Dr. Rainy, as representing the Free Church, and Dr. Hutton, as representing the United Presbyterian Church, it is now acquiesced in generally, if not enthusiastically, by the great body of laymen in the two churches.

Looking, then, at the ecclesiastical position in Scotland of to-day we find three churches prominently standing forth and, in their respective ways, desiring to serve the people, or, as some prefer to put it, touting for their support.

There is, to begin with, the Church of Scotland. This is the Church established by law in Scotland, whose ministers, for the most part, are paid by the tithes, or teinds as they are called locally. Its ministers are, therefore, on an equality with the clergy of the Church of England; but their stipends are paid directly by the proprietors of the land, the heritors in the parish. They occupy official residences known as manses. They farm or

let, or under the sanction of the law of the land they feu their glebes. The manses and churches are alike kept in repair by an assessment on the heritors. The ministers are, in idea, the servants of the people. They administer the sacraments to, and perform the marriages and bury the dead of, all within their parishes, when they are requested to do so.

A minister of the Church of Scotland, with a high ideal of his duty, is ready to visit in every house of his parish, to wait on the sick and the sorrowful—to give advice to all who seek it—to be the friend and servant of all. His manse is always open to the humblest caller bent on any errand whatsoever, and is often the gracious centre of kindly hospitality. The poor, the infirm, the aged, the sick and sad, the unemployed, those in any kind of distress or needing any kind of advice, are his peculiar care; and this is generally recognised not only by the ministers themselves but by the people at large.

His is a proud and enviable position. He is the friend of the poorest and yet the equal and the welcome guest of the largest landowner in the parish, the biggest magnate in it. He occupies, in short, the position of the vicar or rector of a rural parish in England.

In large towns and cities, his position is not so enviable nor so clearly defined. The old parish landmarks have, in cities like Edinburgh and Glasgow, to a large extent disappeared. The ministers may or may not live in their parishes. Their homes are not, as a rule, called manses, and even if they are, they are not recognised as such in the same way as they are in the country. The ministers themselves are not such marked and important men, and are not so easily distinguishable from their dissenting brethren as they are in the country. In fact, in large centres of population the tendencies are all in the direction of what we may call congregationalism on its practical side.

Still, a parish minister in a city often places, and always ought to place, the same ideal before him as his country brother; and his position is always more or less recognised

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by the civic authorities in administrative and social functions. It is to him that the poor who have no church connection generally apply when they are in need of the service of a minister.

Probably the churches in connection with the Church of Scotland are attended by those of highest social position who belong to the presbyterian form of church government. And the leading landed proprietors have sittings in the parish churches whether they use them or not.

In large centres of population the old parish landmarks are practically non-existent, as I have said. The parish has become so populous that the old parish church, on account of its size and from its position, is not suitable for the great mass of people who dwell within the bounds of the parish. This has necessitated the erection of a large number of what are called *quoad sacra* churches. These are, of course, in connection with the Church of Scotland and are meant as Chapels of Ease to the parish church. The Church of Scotland sees that when such a *quoad sacra* church is erected there is a minimum salary of £120 attached to the cure, and a section of the old parish is set apart by law for its minister's sphere of labour.

The minister's salary may be anything from the necessary £120 to £1000—the money being obtained from the pew rents and offerings of the worshippers. These, in fact, are the city prizes of the Church of Scotland, but the work is very onerous, for the minister's salary is dependent on his popularity and success, and so is the revenue connected with running a "smart" church. With the exception of this small endowment; the minister of such a charge is very much in the position of his dissenting brother.

Of the dissenting churches there have, until quite recently, been two very prominent "bodies"—the Free Church, which dates from the Disruption of 1843, and the older seceding church, the United Presbyterian Church.

Even now, after the union of these churches into the United Free Church, embraced in one Presbytery, there are still in the great majority of parishes two churches—that of the old United Presbyterian Church and that of the Free Church of Scotland, served by two ministers having two distinct cures and occupying two distinct manses. It is, however, generally recognised that in their ministrations the pastors of these churches have entirely to do with those who belong to their “body”—those who elect to worship within their churches and belong to their congregations.

It is, I think, also generally recognised that in regard to the number of worshippers and adherents, those who belong to the Established Church are about equal to those of the United Free Church. If the Established Church has the greater prestige and is socially somewhat more important, the United Church has the more wealthy section of the community, or at least the more liberal and more willing givers. Perhaps the members of the United Church may claim, too, to have the larger measure of evangelical fervour and missionary ardour. Their doctrine is beyond suspicion—if we except the advanced thinkers and critics in what was the Free Church. Their ritual is simpler. Their zeal for missions is, as I have said, probably greater. Their code of morals and manners and their discipline is, externally at least, severer. They do not coquet with the world to the same extent as the members of the “auld” kirk are supposed to do. The national beverage is popularly called “The Kirk of Scotland” or “The Auld Kirk.” The theatre, dancing and similar amusements are not countenanced by them to the same extent. Their weekly prayer meetings are better attended; and their classes for young men and young women are supposed to be larger, in a greater state of activity and more evangelical.

But beyond and above these two, or we may for all practical purposes still say three, great Presbyterian churches there is the Episcopal Church of Scotland, founded on the old Jacobite Church of the country. It

contains English church-people and the large and important number of those who, having been educated in England, prefer the ritual of the Church of England and the more fashionable and aristocratic air it breathes and the atmosphere with which it is surrounded. It is without doubt the fashionable church in Scotland. Its tendency is to be "high," and its ministers make up for what they lack in pay, for they are notoriously poorly paid, by a superior "churchy" and priestly attitude. They are on the whole zealous in their duties, actively propagandist, ever on the outlook for converts, ready to baptize the children who have no church connection, and to bribe the young and the poor to their schools and missions. They do excellent work among the poor in many places, but there is always more of the purely eleemosynary element in their efforts than there is in the bounty of the Established Church, which is regarded more as parochial and philanthropic—almost as something to which the recipients are entitled, or at least which they can accept without loss of self-respect.

I have in this survey taken no notice of the minority of the original Free Church of Scotland, which now calls itself "The Free Church of Scotland," and which was so successful, and I hold rightly and lawfully successful, in the recent great Church case before the House of Lords. It is popularly known as "The Wee Free Church." It has been shorn by the Church Commission, and with the approval of the great bulk of the people, of the spoils of war because of its inability to use them. Nor have I touched on the Church of Rome in Scotland, nor on the many sections of the small dissenting bodies other than presbyterian, for in my opinion they do not occupy a sufficiently prominent place in the ecclesiastical position of Scotland to justify the inclusion of a review of them in this article.

W. W. TULLOCH.

The Marriages of Mazarin

I

FEW careers have been so extraordinary as that of Mazarin. Wolsey's life was wonderful; so was that of Richelieu; but the rise of Mazarin is like a fairy-tale. We may well believe that Wolsey served his king more faithfully than his God; we cannot deny that Richelieu brought his country to the highest point of grandeur; but what did Mazarin achieve except to raise himself to the level of sovereign princes? His ambition seems to have been personal; for in placing his relatives in high positions he raised himself with them. Like Napoleon Bonaparte, he made of his family props for his own power, which, in its turn, held them together; when Napoleon fell, the props also fell; and in like manner after Mazarin's death his relatives sank into obscurity and left hardly a trace behind them. The lesson of his life is obvious; nevertheless the details are interesting.

Napoleon was of Italian lineage, as his patronymic declares; Mazarin was entirely Italian; in this matter of descent the Corsican and the Sicilian were alike. Napoleon became Emperor of France; Mazarin was ruler of France under a nominal king. But whereas Napoleon's ancestors had been in many ways distinguished, those of Mazarin seem to have been of doubtful position. Whether he was really a scion of an ancient and honourable race or came from "the lowest dregs of the Sicilian populace" it is impossible to decide; perhaps we may take it that his father was a hatter; if so, the hat of the Cardinalate overshadows that of the tradesman. Handsome, clever, wily, polished, he quickly rose when introduced at the French Court by Richelieu.

Giulio Mazzarini was born in 1602 and died in 1661. Men did not live long in those elegantly vicious days. He studied in Rome and in Spain, and started in a military career; but very soon his political talents became known, and he was attached to the Legation of the Nuncio

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Pancirola ; then he took orders, and was named Papal Legate Extraordinary in Paris. Here Richelieu met him and made use of him ; and in 1641 the new-comer was made Cardinal. We are not here concerned with the political doings of Mazarin, though, strictly speaking, all his doings were political and his story is the story of Europe ; but we shall find curious side-lights on the history of the age and of its manners when we inquire into the subject of the "Marriages of Mazarin." When a prince or noble offered to espouse one of the Cardinal's family it was commonly said that he was anxious "to marry Mazarin." Of such alliances there was a vast number ; for Mazarin had seven nieces and two nephews (one of the latter died unmarried), besides grand-nephews and grand-nieces, one of whom became Queen of England.

Of his sisters one was married to a Martinozzi, the other to a Mancini. When the former was a widow with two daughters and the latter had ten children, Mazarin sent to his sisters commanding them to despatch the eldest Martinozzi girl, and of the Mancini two girls and a boy, to Paris. Madame de Noaille, a *grande dame* of the French Court, was sent to Rome by the Minister's orders to bring back with her the three young people who, when they arrived in Paris, met with a reception almost equal to that accorded to royalty. The Queen-Mother, Anne of Austria, was more than gracious. She was, perhaps, privately married to Mazarin ; his letters to her are warmer than those of a friend, less warm than those of a lover. At all events, the royal lady was ready to accept his nieces with the utmost show of affection.

The eldest girl was Laura Mancini, a pretty brunette of twelve or thirteen. The second, Olympe, was also dark, with a long face, a pointed chin, and small, piercing eyes. Anna Maria Martinozzi was fair, with lively features and sweet eyes. Olympe and Anna Maria were of the same age, nine or ten. Mazarin left the Queen's apartments as soon as the arrival of his nieces was announced, and went to inspect them and his small nephew ; and he at once put them on an equality with the princes of the

blood. We must remember that there was not then the same strong line of demarcation between royalty and all other ranks as there is now ; a Medici might marry a king of France, a Hyde might marry a king of England.

During the *Fronde* an immense number of *Mazarinades* were published ; these were political squibs, generally in verse, aimed at the Minister ; the name was applied even to pamphlets taking his part. The most famous of them was that written by Scarron. A great number of them ridiculed his efforts to marry his nieces. But he went on his way all the same. He saw no chance of pushing his father, his sisters, or his brothers-in-law in France ; but he built great hopes on the young people. There can be no doubt that Laura Mancini and Anna Maria Martinozzi were handsome, and that Olympe Mancini was attractive, if not pretty. A *Mazarinade* describes her as having, when a child,

les yeux d'un hibou,
L'écorce blanche comme un chou,
Les sourcils d'une âme damnée,
Et le teint d'une cheminée.

The squibs aimed at his nieces disturbed the Cardinal much more than those thrown at himself ; he complained bitterly that they could have no redress.

Mazarin installed the three girls in his house ; and it might almost be said that they were brought up in the Palais Royal under the eye of the Queen. The nephew, Paul Mancini, was educated by the Jesuits and was treated like a prince.

Later on, Mazarin sent for his two sisters, desiring them to bring with them all their other children. About this time occurred the death of his father, aged seventy-eight. He had never left Rome. Madame Mancini died in Paris. Her funeral was magnificent ; no greater honours could have been accorded to a princess of the Royal House. Deaths and marriages succeeded each other rapidly in the Cardinal's family. And when death seized the great Minister himself, those whom he had promoted to the very highest positions in society had no gratitude for his

memory and no tears for his loss. But that event was distant as yet.

His eldest niece, Laura Mancini, was only thirteen when brought into France ; yet immediately on her arrival projects of marriage for her were formed by her uncle. He wished to have the Duc de Candale for nephew. This was a fashionable young gentleman, heir of the Epernon wealth, and remarkably handsome. His wonderful "fair head of hair" was the admiration of the whole Parisian world. But M. de Candale was not quite ready for the restraints of matrimony ; and while negotiations were in progress he died of fever at Lyons. The following story is recorded of him. The Marquise de Gouville was one of his chief admirers ; but she transferred her affections to a M. Bartet, who dared to remark that if M. de Candale were deprived of his fine hair, his large cuffs, and his knots of ribbon, he would be no more than any other man. De Candale did not condescend to reply to this speech ; but sent several of his mounted servants to stop Bartet's carriage in full daylight near the Louvre. They seized its occupant by force, cut off half his moustache, all the hair on one side of his head, one sleeve, and the half of his mantle. Madame de Sévigné was much pleased with the Duke's revenge, and de Candale's verses on the occasion were greatly admired :

Comme un autre homme
 Vous estiez fait, Monsieur Bartet ;
 Mais quand vous iriez chez Prudhomme,
 De six mois vous ne seriez fait
 Comme un autre homme.

Poor Bartet obtained no redress of any kind.

Laura Mancini had nothing to regret in losing de Candale. The Duc de Mercoeur was chosen as her husband. He was the grandson of Henri IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrées. He was of a gentle and pious character, unlike his father, the turbulent Duc de Vendôme, whose anxiety to regain his position at Court led him to accept the Cardinal's niece as daughter-in-law. Then came the *Fronde*, when Mazarin's fortunes were so

shaken that he had to fly for safety to Bruhl, near Cologne, and to take his nieces with him. Hither came De Mercoeur, and was wedded to the fair Laura in hot haste. This brought him into trouble on his return to Paris; he was accused of being on too friendly terms with the exiled Minister and his family. The young Duke got out of the difficulty by declaring that the marriage had taken place before the flight of Mazarin; and that his visit to Bruhl was in order to see his wife and not her uncle. The truth of the matter is not absolutely known. At all events, on May 29, 1654, the contract was renewed in the presence of the King, the Queen-Mother, the Duc d'Anjou, Marie Mancini, Laura Martinozzi, and others. The Cardinal gave his niece a dowry of 600,000 livres, and the King gave her 100,000 livres.

The Vendôme family soon reaped the advantages following on this match. To de Mercoeur himself was given the Government of Provence; there and in Italy he was in command of troops, and though not a brilliant was a passable general. During his absence on campaigns his young wife lived very quietly, rarely joining in the Court festivities. On one occasion King Louis XIV., accustomed to pay special attentions to Mazarin's nieces, invited Madame de Mercoeur to begin the *branle*. The Queen-Mother jumped up from her chair, pulled Laura away from him, and whispered to him that he must lead out the Princess of England. The Ex-Queen of England (Henriette Marie) seeing how angry Anne was, explained in a low voice that her daughter had hurt her foot and could not dance, and it was better not to vex Louis. The Queen replied that if the Princess did not dance neither should the King. Everybody was out of humour, and afterwards Louis told his mother that he did not care for "little girls." The Princess Henriette was about eleven years of age at this time.

The married life of Laura lasted only six years. She had two sons; the elder was the famous Vendôme, whose

talents in warfare were not equal to those of his opponent Marlborough; the second became a Grand Prior; neither of them inherited their mother's virtues. Philip of Spain one day asked the Duc de Vendôme, "How is it that you, the son of so stupid a man, come to have such great talents?" "Ah," replied the grandson of Henry IV., "my wits come from further off."

Laura de Mercoeur was about to give birth to her third child just when her mother died. Nevertheless all went well for the first few days. Then she became paralysed and lost her speech. She was only seriously ill for twenty-four hours and perished in her youth and beauty. When first seized with illness she said to a friend that she had always felt sure she would not recover from this confinement. Madame de Venelle, her lady of honour, being in the room, Laura again spoke jestingly of her approaching death, saying that even when dying she would be obliged to laugh at the grimaces which Madame de Venelle would make. And this she actually did; almost in her last agony she looked at the weeping lady and laughed. It is a curious but not pleasing incident at the close of a pure and pious life.

Her husband, though still young, retired from the Court, took Holy Orders, and died Cardinal-Legate of the Holy See in France.

The next of Mazarin's nieces to be considered is Anna Maria Martinozzi. She had once received the advances of the charming Duc de Candale; but he soon withdrew. Then the Prince de Conti came forward as a candidate for her hand. He had a handsome face, but was deformed and sickly, and had been the enemy of Mazarin, who had kept him a sort of prisoner at Havre and other places. He now made his peace with the Cardinal, who was quite willing to bestow on him the "fair-haired wonder," as the Martinozzi girl was called. But the crafty Italian managed to get off with only 200,000 crowns as Anna Maria's dowry. It was said that M. de Conti was offered whichever of the

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nieces he preferred ; and that he answered that he did not care which it was, as he intended to marry the Cardinal and not a wife. On the other hand, the young lady wished to marry de Candale, not de Conti.

The betrothal took place on the 21st February, 1654, at Compiègne. The fair *fiancée* was dressed in black velvet covered with diamonds. The next day at the wedding, which ceremony was performed by Mazarin, she wore brocade enriched with pearls. She brought her husband not only beauty and virtue but the government of Guienne and the command of the army in Catalonia. Moreover the Cardinal built for the Contis a handsome mansion at his own expense. It was on the Quai Malaquais, and was not demolished till 1845. The couple do not appear to have been very happy. The Prince strayed after other ladies, but was very jealous of his wife. Louis XIV., dancing one day with the Princess, made some remarks of *galanterie*. These were reported to Conti, who was in Catalonia ; he sent orders for his wife to join him at once. She started without delay, but her horse stumbled and threw her, and she fell on her head. A few days later she again set off ; her impatient husband met her half way. It appears that the heart of Anna Maria, which had no response for the King of France, might have been moved by the handsome M. de Vardes. But here again de Conti interfered and saved the honour of his young wife and his own. The princess ended her life in the odour of sanctity. She arrived at that height of piety in a singular manner. As a girl, she, with the nieces of Mazarin, had often accompanied Anne of Austria to her favourite convent of Val de Grâce. In those days Anna Maria Martinozzi was described as merely "a good heathen." But when she attained the fullness of her ambition and possessed beauty, wealth, and high rank, she began to feel the emptiness of earthly things. She now became miserable at the thought of annihilation by death, on the one hand, and of the theologian's hell on the other. She took refuge in

stoical indifference ; and in this she continued during a severe illness, unmoved though she heard those around her saying that she had but half an hour to live. Her husband vainly tried to restore her faith. She listened but took no heed. He said no more, but occupied himself in prayer for her.

Contrary to all expectation she recovered, and then became a pattern of devotion. She adopted an austere mode of life, gave up her gorgeous dress and visited the poor, and especially the sick. The Princesse de Conti joined the party of Port Royal, and her influence in favour of the oppressed became a power in the state. During a year of famine she sold sixty thousand crowns' worth of jewels and gave the money to the poor. Later on, she became uneasy as to the sources from which her uncle had derived her dowry, and two-thirds of it she returned to the persons from whom it had been obtained ; even the material interests of her children did not weigh with her when justice was in question. The Prince de Conti, after his stormy youth, was led in the paths of virtue by his wife. In that very town of Bordeaux, which had seen so much of his riotous conduct, it was said of him that " the beauty of his repentance surpassed the hideousness of his sins." Racine, writing from Uzès in 1662, says that the Prince de Conti was hunting up old crimes and imprisoning the gentlemen who had committed them. He would not allow a company of actors to remain in the neighbourhood, but drove them away with his bands of archers and missionaries. In February 1666, de Conti died ; Madame de Sévigné spoke of him and his wife as " un saint et une sainte."

At twenty-nine the Princesse de Conti was left a widow. A great prince, moved by the splendour of her piety, offered her his hand ; but she declined the marriage, which would have raised her three steps higher than the rank in which Mazarin's influence had already placed her. It seems that Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV., must be the prince referred to. Anna Maria remained a widow in the intimacy of Madame de

Longueville and other mystics. She died in February, 1672. Her last hours are described by Madame de Sévigné; she was struck down by apoplexy, without pulse and speechless. All means used to restore her were unavailing. A hundred persons were in her room, three hundred in her house; at four in the morning she died, without having recovered consciousness or having uttered any words except "Mon Dieu!" At the last she was seized by a frightful convulsion and expired with a loud cry. Around her deathbed there was much simulation of violent grief, but outside the palace there was real sorrow among those who had lost a true friend.

Anna Maria left two sons; the elder married a daughter of Louis XIV. by Mademoiselle de la Vallière, and died at the age of twenty-four, leaving no child; the other is described by Saint-Simon in glowing terms: his appearance was charming; he was the idol of all who knew him; in beauty, in talent, in character, he resembled his great-uncle the Cardinal, but without Mazarin's faults. He was distinguished as a general and died in 1709. With his great-grandson the house of Bourbon-Conti became extinct in 1814.

The Cardinal Minister had other nieces to marry; the versifiers of the day spoke of

Les Mancini, les Martinozzes,
Illustres matières de nocés!

Laura Martinozzi, younger sister of the Princesse de Conti, was one of them; and her uncle aspired to a marriage for her equal to that of Anna Maria. Olympe Mancini was put aside for this girl, a little junior to herself. The Crown Prince of Modena came forward as a suitor. Perhaps Laura was beautiful, but beauty was a secondary consideration in these cases. Another scribbler calls her

Martinozzi, beauté romaine!

an expression which might mean that her beauty was of the Roman type, or that she was a beauty and a native of Rome. History does not even record whether she was

fair or dark. At all events, Alfonso of Modena married her without having seen her. He wanted the support of France against Spain, whose weight then pressed heavily on all the small sovereigns of Italy.

Prince Eugene of Savoy, father of the great Prince Eugene, was Alfonso's proxy at the marriage, which took place at Compiègne with the *éclat* which might have attended the wedding of a royal princess. The bride was then sent off with her mother to Modena, and there was introduced to her husband, a lad of one-and-twenty. A few months later the Duke of Modena was generalissimo of the French troops in Italy. Thus did Mazarin reward the princes who "married him."

Laura Martinozzi had only been two years in France; she was delighted to return to the blue skies of Italy and to her native language. During seven years she enjoyed life; then her husband, a martyr to gout, died in 1662, at the age of twenty-eight. Laura had one child, still in the cradle; she was his guardian. Mazarin had died in the previous year. Laura's regency was peaceful and prosperous; but she went to war with another duchess, the Regent of Mantua. There were some little islands in the river Po to which both states laid claim. The two ladies assembled their armies and their guns and glared at each other from their respective banks of the stream. They were called the *novelle amazoni*, and Spain was much alarmed lest the tiny spark of war should set all Europe aflame. But the Viceroy of Milan soon arranged the matter and restored peace.

During twelve years Laura governed the Duchy of Modena. The most memorable event of her reign is the marriage of her daughter Mary Beatrice to James Duke of York, afterwards James II. of England. The young lady wished to become a nun, but her desire was overruled. The famous Earl of Peterborough was James's proxy at the wedding. Mary Beatrice was conducted to Versailles by her mother, where the Grand Monarque received her in the gardens amid roars of artillery and rush of *grandes eaux*; and, of course, a

superb collation had been prepared. This future Queen of England, grand-niece of Giulio Mazzarini, great-granddaughter of a hatter, became much beloved at the English Court, but her private life was not happy. Her brother, the Duke of Modena, died, and their branch of the house of Este became extinct with him.

Laura, of whose later life few details remain, did not live to see the downfall of the Stuarts; she died in retirement, almost in obscurity.

Olympe Mancini was ten years old when she was brought to France. When Mazarin retired to Bruhl she was fifteen, and considered of marriageable age. She had not the personal beauty of her sisters and cousins, but was so clever, so sparkling, that she became almost a necessity to the young king, with whom her childhood was passed. Indeed, Louis was known to be so much attached to her that all Paris was prepared to see her imposed on the country as its queen. Christina of Sweden, travelling through France after her abdication, actually advised the match, and Olympe was so much pleased that she began to imitate the amazonian queen; as the rhymester said—

La nymphe Mancine
Fort bien vêtue à la Christine.

The elder woman may also have tried to instil into the mind of her youthful pupil some of her maxims of worldly wisdom, such as "Life is too short for love," and "It requires more courage to marry than to go to war"; but Olympe did not carry these new ideas very far. She really preferred to go hand in hand with Louis in his amusements, and she presently forgot the advice of Christina.

There was another queen to reckon with, namely, Anne of Austria, who, though well content that her son should be friendly with the Mancini girl, would never have countenanced a marriage with her. Olympe recognised this fact, and turned her thoughts first to the Prince de Conti and then to the Duke of Modena; but they were given to others. Olympe's affections must have been in a rather

mixed condition. Armand de Meilleraie, son of the Duc de Meilleraie, declined to marry Olympe, and fell in love with her younger sister Hortense. The Prince Eugène de Carignan, of the House of Savoy, presented himself; he was most anxious to "marry the Cardinal." This young man was connected through his mother with the Bourbons, and Mazarin revived in his favour the title of Comte de Soissons. Olympe became his wife and a Princess of the Blood, and was called, to distinguish her, "Madame la Comtesse." Every one seemed contented—the Queen-Mother, the King, the Cardinal, the bride and the bridegroom.

After her marriage Olympe still retained the King as an admirer. A fierce jealousy arose between her and her sister Marie. Louis XIV. became seriously attached to Marie Mancini in 1658; and the Comte de Soissons was vexed because the King gave up visiting the Comtesse. Louis, after his marriage to Maria Theresa of Austria, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, was reconciled to the fascinating Olympe. Travelling in Burgundy, he left the Queen's carriage and entered that of Madame de Soissons and Madame d'Uzès; they contrived a table at which he and Olympe played a game of cards with the possibility of losing three or four hundred pistoles; this would be about £200 or £300. The King was generally the loser. This amusement went on during six days; they dined *tête-à-tête*, Louis and Olympe, in the carriage. Olympe was a very clever young woman; and the Comte a very accommodating husband, taking part in the follies of the king and of the lady, whose friendship for Louis was, no doubt, entirely platonic.

When studying the manners of the society of those days one often pauses to wonder whether anything was real, whether anybody was in earnest. "The spacious days of great Elizabeth" and of Henri Quatre had been an age of earnestness; so was that of Cromwell; and so was that of the French Revolution; but Louis XIV. and Louis XV. and their surroundings seem as unreal, as artificial, as the complexions of the ladies

and the honour of the gentlemen. The handsome Marquis de Vardes about this time laid siege to Olympe's heart, by order, it is asserted, of the King. He was a son of Henri IV. by the Comtesse de Moret, and was no longer young. Saint-Simon tells a curious story about his father and this de Vardes. Richelieu had endeavoured to put a stop to duelling, and the Place de Grève had witnessed the execution of two noblemen who had met in single combat. But Saint-Simon *père* and de Vardes had quarrelled and were determined to fight; it was to be at noon, at the Porte St. Honoré, then quite in the country; and that the meeting might appear to be accidental it was arranged that the carriages of the two gentlemen should come into collision, that first the coachmen and then the masters should abuse each other, and that the gentlemen should jump out, each with a second, and all four set to work. De Vardes waited at the corner of a street until the right moment; then his carriage was driven against that of Saint-Simon. The coachmen laid their whips on each other; heads popped out of the carriage-doors; and then the four men, sword in hand. De Vardes fell and was disarmed. Saint-Simon bade him beg for his life; he would not. Saint-Simon said that at least he would disfigure him; de Vardes replied that his opponent was too generous to do that and confessed himself conquered. Then Saint-Simon assisted him to arise, and went to separate the seconds. Is not this story one *pour rire*, and the duel as artificial as the love-affairs of the time? Bussy Rabutin wrote to Madame de Sévigné that de Vardes "intended to be in love with Madame de Roquelaure during the winter" of 1654. The writer adds that he is sorry for women who are duped by such love, "giving good money for false." When the winter arrived de Vardes palmed off his base coin on the beautiful lady, whose sorrow consequent on the misdeeds of both her husband and her lover brought her to the grave at the age of twenty-three.

A great many women had loved the Marquis de Vardes;

Olympe de Soissons was one of them. She and he planned and carried out many an intrigue against the King; and de Vardes had his own intrigue with Henrietta Anne of England, now wife of Monsieur, the King's brother. The amours of this princess appear to have been merely sentimental; but she had great diplomatic talents which, later in her life, were useful to the King of France. She died at the age of twenty-six immediately after drinking a glass of chicory water. Poison was, of course, suspected, but there was no proof of it.

At the time when de Vardes was playing his double game—or perhaps his multiple game—Henrietta and Olympe had a stormy interview; and finally laid their case before the King. Their affairs were very complicated, but his Majesty was equal to the occasion. He sent de Vardes to prison in the Citadel of Montpellier for two years. When the Marquis was released it was only to be exiled in his government of Aigues-Mortes.¹ Here he remained sixteen years; then he was recalled to Court, and arrived there, probably with an eye to scenic effect, in the costume of twenty years previous. But he was still charming and brilliant, and Madame de Sévigné calls him "the gospel of the day." He died four years later, in 1708, aged sixty-five.

The Comte de Soissons was, happily, unconscious of his wrongs; he had a blind admiration for his wife. It was said that he was the prototype of Molière's M. Jourdain, and was astonished to learn that he spoke prose. He was a brave and honourable man. His sudden death was attributed to poison given by Olympe; but as she had had eight children by him, and was then thirty-five, and did not marry again, we need not add murder to her many other faults.

Olympe Mancini was much given to fortune-telling, magic and spiritualism; her father had been devoted to astrology, and had often foretold, so it was said, the deaths about to occur in his family. The Comtesse de

¹ These "governments," of which we hear so frequently, were military divisions, not provinces.

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Soissons and her sister, the Duchesse de Bouillon, were mixed up in the affairs of La Voisin and her "succession powders"; and they suffered for their complicity with her. La Voisin was executed on the Place de Grève; she, like the other poisoners of the period, was accused of witchcraft. The Sévigné saw her on her way to execution; it was a fashionable diversion, that of staring at condemned criminals as they went to their terrible deaths.

Madame de Sévigné gives an account of Olympe's flight from danger, and of what took place that last evening at the Hôtel de Soissons:

On Wednesday she played basset; M. de Bouillon came in; she begged him to go into her private room, where she told him that she must either leave France or go to the Bastille. She did not hesitate; she called the Marquise d'Alluye from the gambling table; and they were seen no more. The supper hour came; it was announced that the Comtesse had gone out to supper; every one departed, certain that something extraordinary had happened. Meantime she had been making up parcels, taking money and jewels; even the liveries of the coachmen and footmen were carried off; eight horses were harnessed to the carriage. She made Madame d'Alluye, against her will, go with her, and two waiting-women. She told her servants that they need not trouble about her, that she was innocent, but that those wretches of women (la Voisin and others) had thought fit to mention her name. She went weeping to the house of her mother-in-law, Madame de Carignan, and left Paris at three o'clock in the morning.

This was in January, 1680. She took with her two of her children, and a suite of twenty persons. The violent Louvois, then in power, was Olympe's chief enemy. He pursued her "jusque dans les enfers." At Brussels a mob of three thousand persons would have torn her in pieces had not the Béguines given her shelter. Similar danger beset her at Namur, Antwerp, and other places, where she was execrated as a poisoner.

These difficult times passed. At Brussels Olympe soon established a little court; the Prince of Parma, Governor of the Netherlands, threw himself at her feet; her charms were still fresh at the age of forty-two; plain women keep young longer than pretty ones. She did not encourage the Prince, but wandered into Spain, where the weak and unhappy King Carlos II. took it into his head that she had

bewitched him. The sudden death of the Queen of Spain, Louise d'Orléans, niece of Louis XIV., was, as usual, attributed to poison, and the poison attributed to Madame de Soissons. It was said to have been administered in a cup of milk. There is no evidence against her, nor against any one; probably the Queen's fatal illness was of the nature of cholera. Once more Olympe thought it best to disappear; she wandered into Germany; and three years later she was in Brussels again.

The Comtesse de Soissons lived twenty years longer, always intriguing, always wandering. At her death the only person who put on mourning for her was the Duchesse de Bourgogne, who wore it for six days. Yet Olympe was the widow of a Royal Prince.

She had five sons and three daughters. The eldest son married the beautiful daughter of a groom. Through this act he fell into disgrace. He entered the service of the Emperor, and was killed in it. All his children died young. The next son, Philippe, was equally unlucky. The third died from an accident. The youngest fell in love with his aunt, the Duchesse de Mazarin, and killed a rival in a duel. The fourth, Eugène Maurice, was destined for the priesthood, though his tastes were all military; he took Minor Orders, but afterwards went into the army of Austria, and is known to all Englishmen as the ally of Marlborough. F. BAYFORD HARRISON.

The Raven at Home

TIME and again the ornithologist, in pensive vein, sighs for the days when many now extinct birds graced our land in goodly numbers. Amongst others he ruefully thinks of the raven and of the time when nearly every Midland and Southern village could point to its "raven-tree." True, the trees, or at least some, still stand strong and sturdy in their old age; but their masters—the ravens—have long since vanished.

Excepting some of the Western counties, Yorkshire,

and that land beloved of tourists, the Lake District, it is more than doubtful if the raven now harbours regularly in any English county. Rumour speaks of a few decreasing strongholds in Essex and one in Sussex, where the writer saw a raven so recently as the spring of 1905, and two years ago a pair of them reared a brood in Warwickshire; but to find this exiled chief of an outlawed clan in something of his ancient glory the naturalist must seek the wild hills and sea cliffs of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, with their numerous outlying islets.

The raven's haunt can probably show as fair a face as any spot in our islands. Mountain peaks, often snow-capped till early summer, form part of the scene; lustrous streams, playing leap-frog with gigantic boulders, frolic boisterously, now through meadow and bog, now through deep, smooth-cut gorges, a veritable gate of Hades to the ardent fly-fisher, who from a distance has contemplated an unencumbered stretch of several miles of water with clean banks a few feet high.

The river-path, seen from a height, suggests an irregular line of cream paint, dotted here and there with dark patches of colour, as if flies had settled on it when it was wet and stuck there. A nearer approach shows that these patches are rocks, and in fact, the way is full of surprises. At one time a regular saddleback of grey Silurian blocks the wayfarer's path; at another, some huge mass, dislodged from the grand old mountain above, has toppled from its birthplace and lies in the middle of the dubious track. The scene is peaceful beyond description; the stillness, unbroken save by the murmur of running water, is sometimes oppressive and almost fearful. Except for the chance whistle of a wandering shepherd or the far-reaching barking of his lynx-eyed collies, the fisherman has Nature's workings and hushed inarticulate voices all to himself.

The ornithologist-fisherman possesses this distinct advantage over the ordinary type of angler—he need never have a dull moment, no, not even when the trout are rising badly. His love of birds will always keep his interest at concert pitch. Now that gigantic water-wren,

the Dipper, flying hurriedly past, rivets his attention, the cheery "tchit" "tchit" apprising him of its coming; again, it is a kingfisher, resplendent in azure, emerald and orange, flashing by like a meteor; now a pair of grey wagtails, most lovely of their kind, tripping daintily on the slippery rocks of the beck. Opposite to where he wields his pliant "greenheart," the mountain side is a steep, rough array of buttresses and pinnacles; streaks of greenest moss and grass prevent too great a sombreness; nearer, the grey of the rock is prettily diversified with a delicate fur of lichen—orange and lilac.

Ivy, hardiest of all plants, has long made its home here and clings to the weatherworn crags. A few stunted trees, chiefly mountain ashes, deck them at irregular intervals. There is little enough hold for the trees here, and their straggling roots scarcely find sufficient footing. Some of these roots, sprawling over the rock face, suggest the claws of a weird, prehistoric monster. As the fisherman patiently flogs the stream he looks up suddenly, attracted by the deep-voiced welcome of a brother-hunter, a good-luck call to him. Here is his old friend of other riverside days—the raven in his chosen fastness. Never a thought of fishing now; no, not even if the day is propitious and promises a thick silver blanket to his spacious creel. Down goes the rod, and he watches intently. After flapping about for some time far above the valley, the raven, as it were expressly for his gratification, delights him by his tumbling, antics which are clearly meant to amuse his wife brooding in the rocks above, and not, as some say, the result of inadvertent falling, whilst engaged in ridding himself of vermin. This tumbling is almost peculiar to the raven. No other bird does it in quite the same way, though occasionally a peregrine will momentarily indulge in it, and the chough takes a turn now and then. But the raven is master of the art. Sailing along quietly in stately flight he suddenly turns a complete somersault, to drop for a yard or more on his back; his legs are tucked up and pressed close to the body, his gouge beak pointing towards them, but

the recovery is effected in lightning fashion. Presently a buzzard appears, soaring above the skyline on rigid wings and using the opposing air currents as a counter-balance. Like any highwayman the raven "holds him up," and, challenging fiercely, sends him "mewing" in fear from his domains. Next a merry troop of daws, cackling noisily, scurry from the rocks for an afternoon fling, like boys let out of school. The raven takes this as a further insult; headlong he dashes straight into their midst, turning suddenly at right angles this way and that, seeking to strike which one he may. But it is all to no purpose. For the jackdaws, though clearly intimidated, elude his onslaught cleverly. The raven is a despot; soaring over his demesne, he will brook no trespass—no, not even from the eagle himself.

Fishing was the programme for this sunny March day, but the ravens have quashed the purpose, and the angler, crossing the torrent, whose eddies appear to smile derision at his fickleness, starts up the incline, gentle at first, which leads to the ramparts. The raven divines his intention, and forthwith his flight, from being apparently slow and sedate, becomes more of a winnow, recalling the display of the peregrine. His croakings sound loud and angry in the vast quiet of the scene. They rouse the hill-side from its calm. "Croc-croc-croc," he barks in guttural defiance; again, "whiur," as he races up and down the valley. And this has the desired effect, for out from a broad ledge far up the crags, swings his constant partner to join him in the fray. The couple have probably been united for ages; trusty fellow that he is, the raven mates for life; home ties are very dear to him. Twenty—nay, fifty years hence, if all goes well, this valley will harbour the same pair of ravens. A long pull, half scramble, half climb, takes the cragsman to within a yard or two of the nest, which was descried some time ago resting on an overhung ledge—a great basketful of bleached sticks, harmonising to perfection with their environment. A big effort carries him right up to it, and, breathlessly, he takes stock of the six beautifully marked eggs—a big

clutch, a real prize! Evidently this betokens great plenty of food on the hills; possibly it promises a rare lambing season, for there is little doubt that the number of eggs a bird lays depends somewhat on the probable abundance or paucity of provender for the expected young.

Let the cragsman examine his prize with care; it is not every one's lot to study a raven's belongings in the sanctuary of his home. Let him note how smoothly the rugged cradle is packed with hair-tufts and wool; the lining is smooth to slipperiness. The eggs are slippery, too, and it behoves him to handle them cautiously. Let him take one, if he will; the ravens will not frustrate him after so toilsome a climb. Besides, in days to come, when limbs are cramped and thews no longer supple, it will serve to remind him of halcyon times in a pleasant land, when youth and strength thought nothing of the terrors of precipice and giddy summit. Both ravens are now full of fight. The male settles on a peak only a few yards distant, affording a delightful spectacle. His muscles, tense as whipcord, can be imagined rippling beneath his black mantle; his elongated neck-feathers, suggestive of hackles, flutter in the breeze, and his great beak croaks out the call of imminent battle. There he stands gruffly defiant, as much as to say, "How dare you be here? Back to your lowlands!" Then he dashes close past his unwelcome guest, the crackle of his broad pinions rustling like the swish of a silk skirt. Truly it is worth going miles to see the anger of a raven.

Well, enough. The fisherman grudgingly relinquishes his rocky quarters and seeks his rod and creel. He surveys the latter critically. What! only three small trout, and a perfect fishing day! But there is no regret in his heart for time lost; trout he will find in many places—ravens in comparatively few.

JOHN WALPOLE-BOND.

Ballade of Motifs

LET others sing their stilted praise
Of classic names that rhyme on "e";
The bards who make pedantic lays
May find a charm in Lalage,
In Daphne, or Penelope,
In Chloe, or some other name :
Away with such pomposity !
'Tis Sally sets my heart aflame !

The flowery poetaster prays
Hortensia for her garden's key ;
He sings of Marguerites and Mays,
Of Lilies, Daisies on the lea,
And seeks for Olives, green as he :
A fig for Rose's red-checked fame
And all the blooms of Arcadie !
'Tis Sally sets my heart aflame !

Bold boys with free-and-easy ways
For Poll and Sue may sail the sea.
To dandies snugly laced in stays
Mignon may go, and Coralie.
The deuce take Portia's pedigree ;
No shrewish Kate be mine to tame ;
And " Who is Silvia—what is she ?"
'Tis Sally sets my heart aflame !

ENVOY

Sweet Sally, you're the lass for me :
I never loved your stately dame !
Who cares for birth and high degree ?
'Tis Sally sets my heart aflame !

L. ETHEREGE.

Food and Fable

WE are so accustomed to regard eating and all connected with it as representing the very entelechy of materialism that we seldom realise how much sentiment and idealism there is in the quaint lore attaching to eating, eaters, and eaten alike. Yet, after all, this is only to be expected. The process, and, with topical variations, the materials of eating synchronise with the existence of the human race, and the wonder would be if there were not traditions about eating, as there are about most natural usages and functions. Still, only a very few are at all familiar. Many of us break the depleted eggshell to "let the witch out," throw spilt salt over the shoulder, and have reminiscences of youthful jests over nuts with double kernels. These and possibly one or two other "superstitions" represent for most of us the lore and legend and fables centring round meals and food, necessities of life over which, in their varying species, the ancients did not think half a dozen or more deities too many to preside. Bacchus, Ceres, and Pomona we probably recognise; Adephegia was the goddess of good cheer; Formax presided over the craft of baking; Bubona was the protectress of cattle; Mellona swayed the destinies of honey and—conceivably—its kindred sweets.

But even with the scanty materials available, it is quite possible to invest the ordinary dishes of a twentieth-century meal with interest and attractiveness quite apart from their inherent tastiness. The half-dozen "natives" which compose the first course at dinner will probably remind us of the old belief that at times the amiable bivalve was accustomed, having carefully chosen a convenient position, to relax his self-restraint beneath a shower of rain so far as to imprison one or two drops within his enfolding mail, and then, retiring, to ruminate on those captive drops till they become pearls. Very likely, too, we may recall the legend with which genial, good-hearted Father Tierney so shocked Mackworth that fateful

summer day on the beach at Ravenshoe—though this, it is true, only concerned a local variety known as the “red-nosed oyster of Carlingford.” S. Bridget was hurrying along the seashore on some charitable mission, when a saucy oyster spied her twinkling feet. “Nate ancles, anyhow,” said the oyster admiringly. “You’re drunk,” retorted the offended saint. “Not I,” affirmed the oyster. “You’re always drunk,” said S. Bridget. “Drunk yourself,” exclaimed the indignant bivalve. “How is it your nose is so red?” witheringly retorted the saint. “No redder than your own,” was the exasperated oyster’s *tu quoque*. And as a punishment—so at least declared Father Tierney—the descendants of that oyster have had red noses ever since. It is obvious, if we credit this legend, that an oyster “crossed in love” is in the nature of things a quite conceivable phenomenon. And the old dredging custom, we may remember, hints at the same characteristic of a penchant for the human race. When they wish to ensure a good haul the fisherman sing :

The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredger’s song,
For he comes of a gentle kind.

The cod gave its name to one of the great political parties of the mediæval Netherlands, besides being—according to some—that fish the non-arrival of which provoked Vatel to suicide. The mussels which sometimes form its sauce were such favourites with Olympian Jove that he provided a special dish of them at the wedding feast of Hebe. According to a South Sea myth, mussels were the raw material out of which the divine Tangaloa created men. The eel was one of the many deities of the Egyptians, and is one of the forms assumed by the consort of the Andaman god, Puluga; the kindred lamprey, besides playing the regicide to our Henry the First, was held in such high repute amongst the old Romans that a daughter of Marc Antony is said to have made a pet of one which she adorned with earrings!

The haddock and the John Dory both claim to be the fish which supplied S. Peter with the tribute money, showing in proof thereof the marks of the Apostle's thumb and finger, and the latter, by a suggested corruption of its name, commemorating its patron, "il janitore." Other legends ascribe the marks on the John Dory to the fingers of St. Christopher, who caught the fish with his hand when carrying the Infant Christ across the river; while a Yorkshire tradition explains the marks on the haddock by the story that the Prince of Darkness, when building Filey Brigg, took up a haddock in mistake for a hammer. The trout is associated with another saint—S. Patrick. A legend is told that on one occasion the saint's hunger was so great that for once he ignored the obligations of a fast-day, and prepared himself a succulent dish of pork chops. Unfortunately, as he was carrying the incriminating dainties, he was met by a watchful angel. S. Patrick repented and uttered a prayerful aspiration, and lo! before the angel came up to him, the pork chops were converted into as many trout. Some of S. Patrick's countrymen demur to eating skate on account of the outline of a human face which can be distinguished on the back of these fish, and has earned for them the name of "maids."

The flatness of the sole is accounted for by a South Sea legend. When the goddess Ina wished to escape from the Sacred Island she tried various methods of transit, amongst which was utilising the sole as a water-horse. But the sole could not manage it, and the infuriated goddess stamped on it in her rage, and from that day to this the unfortunate fish has been flat.

When, the fish being cleared away, we come to joints, we of course remember the old stories—fathered on two kings—about the "sirloin" of "ox-beef" and its kindred "baron," to which one Bottom the Weaver made sympathetic allusion when Titania introduced him to Mustard Seed. But such mundane titles sink into insignificance when we remember that the ox, from which the lordly joint is cut, may have been a lineal descendant of the

sacred bull Apis, may have been the earthly form of Dionysos, may, if—as the Irishman would say—it was a cow, have been none other than Ardi, the great spotted cow-goddess of the Hindoos. Mutton, perhaps, suggests fewer traditions. One form of an old rhyme records the fact that the Merry Monarch—one of those credited with knighting the loin of beef—appreciated the meat so much as to gain the sobriquet of “mutton-eating king; the *ana* of cookery inform us that Napoleon lost the battle of Leipzig by too hearty an indulgence in a leg of mutton, which evidently did not—on that occasion at least—agree so well with him as, accompanied by the homely turnip, it did with his sturdy adversary, “Farmer George.” Roast lamb with mint sauce is perhaps one of the oldest direct survivals from ancient times, representing, as it undoubtedly does, the roast lamb and bitter herbs eaten by the Israelites on the eve of the Exodus. The whole animal roasted entire is but seldom seen in this country. It is still to be met with in the East, dressed very much as we read of it in the “Arabian Nights”; and in this connection it is just possible that we may recall the dish Porthos described when at supper with Louis Quatorze, which really sounds so appetising that we cannot wonder that the young king’s mouth watered at the recital. That lamb, we may remember, was first stuffed with small sausages, with Strasburg forcemeat balls from Troyes, and larks from Pithiviers; it was boned like a fowl with the skin on; “when it is cut in beautiful slices, in the same way as an enormous sausage, a rose-coloured gravy pours forth, which is as agreeable to the eye as it is exquisite to the palate.” And we are not surprised to read that Porthos smacked his lips, and the king opened his eyes with delight.

Pork has a score of traditions about it. The pig was sacrificed to Demeter, and, strangely enough, was also sacrificed among the Red Indians. The Romans, as everybody knows, were as great on pork as Marryat’s Captain To; in the opinion of some South Sea Islanders there is even a separate Paradise reserved for the beneficent

pig. Galen extolled its virtues as a food. A Jewish authority, on the other hand, gave it as his opinion that of all the leprosy permitted to scourge the earth nine-tenths was attributable to the pig. Pork figures prominently in the "Iliad"; it was a brood of pigs that pointed out the site of the future Rome to Pius Æneas; it is more than probable that the abduction of Proserpine by Pluto was accompanied by a pervading odour of roast pork, for we read that the pigs of the swineherd Eubulus were swallowed up when the fiery god plunged downwards with his lovely prize. Later legend avers that pigs have small holes and scars on their forefeet in remembrance of the fate that befell their Gadarene brethren, the holes showing where the devils entered, and the scars perpetuating the marks of their claws.

When we leave the joints and come to the poultry, the goose naturally suggests first of all the story connecting it with Queen Elizabeth and the Spanish Armada. Her Majesty, the familiar tale goes, was on September 29 dining at the house of one of her subjects—a not altogether unusual occurrence with the economical monarch—when goose furnished the *pièce de résistance*. Her Majesty had just quaffed a goblet to "the destruction of the Spanish Armada," when a messenger arrived with tidings of its dispersal. And thereupon she decreed that goose should always be eaten on that happy day to commemorate the great deliverance. It has been pointed out that the dates do not tally, but it is always a pity to allow soulless things like dates to interfere with a good story. As a matter of fact, the goose is said to have been sacrificed on that day or thereabouts in Pagan times to Proserpine in her character as goddess of the dead; and in Egyptian mythology we find the bird as the god Seb, the great cackler. A later legend narrates that S. Martin was once so much annoyed by the persistent cackling of a goose that he killed, cooked, and ate it; and as he died *post hoc* if not *propter hoc*, it became the custom to sacrifice the goose as a sort of retaliation. But if the bird had saved the saint's life, it would probably

have been sacrificed just the same; geese did save Rome, but were none the less in demand for kitchen purposes on that account. An old Persian adage averred that the tongue of a live goose cut out and applied to the breast of a man or woman was an infallible charm to elicit a full, true, and particular account of all the misdeeds which he or she had ever committed.

With regard to the duck, perhaps the most interesting piece of old lore is that it was amongst the various singular articles of diet which Mithridates, King of Pontus, was in the habit of taking as antitoxicans.

Partridges and pheasants have an exalted genealogy. The Hindoo mythology tells us that when Indra killed the three-headed son of the god Toashtri, a partridge sprang from his blood; and the gods of Olympus changed Talus, nephew of Dædalus, into the same bird after he had been treacherously killed by his uncle. The pheasant we discuss with so much relish may claim as its ancestor that Itys whom his mother Procne slew and served up, a fearful dish, to her husband Tereus; or, if we accept another legend, Itylus, whom his mother, Aedon, jealous of her sister's progeny, killed by mistake. The quail, said by some old writers to have cured Hercules of epilepsy, was chosen by Jupiter as the bird into which the amorous father of gods and men transformed Latona, that so she might elude argus-eyed Juno and reach Delos in safety. The origin of the bird, as given in old "Travellers' Tales," is not particularly appetising, reminding us in a way of the venerable account of "Barnacle Geese." The sea, it appears, casts great tunnies upon "the coasts of the Libyan Desert." These breed worms, which after fourteen days become quails.

Pigeons naturally recall the story of Mahomet's "familiar," and, from a still earlier date, the mystic bird which gave the oracles at Dodona. A Carpathian legend invests them with a yet more remote and more important rôle, as it was to a pair of pigeons that the creation of the world was due. Pigeons may, too, in a way serve as

the didactic "skeleton at the feast," for pigeons, old folklore tells us, are the last food that dying people crave for, while, by a seemingly paradoxical connection, death is kept at bay if the mattress or pillows on which the moribund lies is stuffed with pigeons' feathers. Turkeys are also associated with Mahomet, who is said to have cursed the whole race because he once had to wait an inconveniently long time while one was being cooked.

As to the hare, pages might be written. It goes almost without saying that it was a divinity in Egypt, but few of us realise the fact that according to an American-Indian myth, the Great Hare was the Creator of all things. Strange memories suggest themselves of the mystic reverence in which the hare was held amongst our British forefathers; we recall how Boadicea "let a hare escape from her dusky robes" when speaking words of fire to the gathered warriors; age-old tales and fables and proverbs occur to us in which the hare plays a part; we remember how Burton warns us against its flesh as "melancholy meat," and how Fletcher gives voice to the old belief about "hares that yearly sexes change." These and similar reflections will doubtless give an added zest to the dainty meat, and we shall find ourselves endorsing *con amore* the old eulogy on "the leg of a hunted hare."

Nor are our vegetables without their traditions. If we suffer from rheumatism it will be well if the cook can contrive to let the portion of potato that falls to a guest's share be stolen, for the efficacy of a pilfered potato is great. The cabbage was the first thing eaten at meals by the Egyptians, who considered it worthy of divine honour. The old Romans attributed to it the virtues moderns ascribe to strong coffee or a couple of red herrings and soda water, so efficacious was it after a "heavy night." The classical medical faculty, indeed, considered it a sort of panacea, paralysis and colic being especially amenable to its influence. Its virtues may possibly have been accounted for by the legend that the cabbage was produced from the tears of Lycurgus.

It should not be forgotten, moreover, that it was in a field of cabbages that S. Stephen was captured—a fate which, according to some, befell that very dissimilar personage, Jack Cade. The bean has to be taken even more seriously. The old Pythagorean theory was that it held the principle of human life; it was said to be the first food eaten by mankind; it was in a way sacred to Apollo; for the introduction into Europe of the haricot bean we are indebted to no less a person than Alexander the Great; the smell of beans in blossom is credited with all sorts of effects on minds and morals.

The salad which, if we are wise, accompanies most meals is a veritable *pot pourri* of old beliefs and legends. Its principal ingredient, lettuce—which, as we sometimes forget, means *milky* vegetable, from its sap—was not only the favourite food of beautiful Adonis, but shared with Juno the parentage of pretty Hebe, to whom the Queen of Heaven gave birth as a consequence of eating the crisp plant. The endive was once a love-lorn German girl, who, after weary wayside waiting for her lover, died and was changed into a vegetable; the garlic, so beloved in old Egypt as to be worshipped there, is, as everybody ought to know, an invaluable prophylactic against witches and vampires; the fragrant mint was once Minthe, the too fascinating daughter of Cocytus, who, being suspected of a flirtation with Pluto, was changed by Proserpine into the herb. Sage—for our salad shall be for the nonce largely catholic—has so many virtues that its very name is derived from *salvere*, to be in health; it grows best where the wife rules, and fades or thrives with the fortunes of its owners; parsley, which, the Greeks said, provoked excitement and which they used for chaplets, sprung, they believed, from the blood of the hero Archemoras.

With the dessert we “inwardly digest” a fresh collection of legends, of which, however, space will only allow a few to be taken at random. The fig might almost have a book written about its traditions. The fig-tree is one of those which have been identified as the Mosaic Tree of Life; the fig was in some mystic way a representation of

Dionysos ; it has been associated with the weird story of Atys ; it was one of the anti-poison comestibles of Mithridates. The strawberry has both a pagan and a Christian reputation. It was a favourite with the goddess Frigga, who was wont to go a-berrying with the children at the summer solstice. Afterwards it was placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, and on S. John's Day, "no mother who has lost a little child will taste a strawberry, for if she did her little one would get none in Paradise. Mary would say to it, you must stand aside, for your mother has already eaten her share, so none remains for you." The date is another fruit of which a graceful Christian legend is told. When the Blessed Virgin was travelling through Egypt, she rested under a palm-tree with her Son in her arms. And the tree, recognising its Creator, bent down its branches till the fruit fell into the Virgin Mother's lap, and the O shown on the stones of the date perpetuates her wondering exclamation. The pomegranate, poor Catherine of Arragon's emblem, of course recalls that pretty story of Proserpine, whose bereaved mother at last obtained from Jupiter the promise that "if she had eaten nothing" in Hades she might return to earth. But alas! she had eaten pomegranate seed, and so was doomed to pass half the year in the realm of Pluto. Should there by chance be blackberries on the table, it will be as well, if it be after September 29, to act on Mr. Bailey's memorable advice at Todgers'—"Don't have none of him." For on Michaelmas Day the Devil—regardless, it would seem, of thorns, or perhaps impervious to them—stamps—some say spits—on all the blackberry bushes, and naturally vitiates them. We are not at all likely to find elderberries on the table unless it be for ornament—and few shrubs are prettier—but we must not think too disparagingly of them, for tradition tells us that the fruit of the elder was as good as that of the vine till Judas hanged himself on it. And this reflection, together with the proximity of a dish of walnuts, which not all their association with *diablerie* can make us refuse, naturally turns our attention to the decanters and their

contents. If the wine flows a quarter as fast as the stream of reminiscences it conjures up, it is to be feared that the consequences may be disagreeable. But even then, given only an average soundness in the wine, we shall have cause to congratulate ourselves that we did not live in classical times. When Herod, in the Golden Legend, calls for wine of Tyre, he suggests that pomegranate juice, calamus, and drops of myrrh should be stirred therein, and this, awful as it sounds, was a mode of "mixing the liquor" comparatively innocent when compared with the sea-water, tar, turpentine, resin, powdered pitch, spikenard, cardamoms, cassia and saffron advocated by Columella, or the pine leaves, southernwood, myrtle leaves, and bitter almonds preferred by other authorities.

Ingenious efforts have been made to prove our modern wines the direct representatives of those in favour "in old heroic days." Pramnian, for instance, which Nestor in the "Iliad" recommends for the wounded Machaon, has been by some identified with port, despite the dictum of Aristophanes that its dietetic effect was to shrivel the features and upset the digestion; "mighty Falernian" is, we are told, with us still in the shape of Madeira or sherry; the sweet wines of the Greeks which the Homeric heroes quaffed so manfully were like Constantia and Tent. The Persian wines were probably akin to Herod's favourite vintage already mentioned.

As to the origin of wine, all sorts of stories are told. A pretty legend is related by Herder. When they were created, all trees and shrubs were rejoicing in their beauty and usefulness. The cedar boasted his majesty and fragrance; the palm its beauty and shelter; olive and myrtle, apple, fig, pine and fir, all extolled themselves. But the vine mourned in silence; to her it seemed that no charm was given, neither stem nor branch, blossom nor fruit. "I am but little use," she moaned, "but such as I am I will wait and hope." And then man found and trained her, the sun ripened the glowing grapes, and Adam tasted thereof and named the vine his friend, to whom it was given to make glad the heart of man and

cheer the sorrowing and afflicted. Another account tells us that Noah once saw a goat eat some grapes; it thereafter became filled with such strength and courage that the patriarch resolved to cultivate the fruit. He planted a vine, therefore, and manured it with the blood of a lion, a lamb, a pig, and an ape.

An amusing story is told apropos of the introduction of the "joy of Bacchus" into Persia. It appears that in the days of the Emperor Jamshid, one of his favourite queens had the misfortune to offend her lord. So, at least, runs one version of the story; another states that the lady had a severe attack of neuralgia. In either case life was unendurable, so she resolved to end it. Casting her lustrous eyes around for a convenient means, they fell upon a large vessel in which her lord had stored a quantity of grapes. On his last investigation, Jamshid had found the juice acid, so, actuated by a kindly consideration for the gastric economy of the weaker members of his royal household, his majesty had fixed to the vessel a warning in large letters—"Poison! On no account to be drunk!" or the Persian to that effect. Here was the Sultana's chance. She drank. For a death-draught the taste was not unpleasant, rather the reverse, so she took a little more, and yet more, and then tottered—or reeled—to her couch and laid her down to die. When consciousness returned she found that her spirit had not taken its flight, though the neuralgia had, as well as her views on the worthlessness of life. Evidently this was a poison to be studied, so with regal self-sacrifice her majesty paid frequent visits to the "cellar," and so thoroughly tested the beverage that when eventually the Emperor discovered his spouse's habit, only enough remained to enable the royal couple to pledge their reconciliation in a glass of wine. Before long the "poison" was both plentiful and fashionable in the land of the Lion and the Sun; the Emperor Jamshid reigned about seven hundred years, during which

Man seemed immortal, sickness was unknown,
And life rolled on in happiness and joy.

Whether this was all due to the discovery of the honest wine masquerading under the name of "Poison," the Shah Nameh declares not. But the story emphasises one truth which is taught by meal myths as well as most other studies, that there is really a very great deal of human nature in man—and woman.

WALTER RICHARDS.

A Ramble in the Abruzzi

I.—SULMONA MARKET

EVERY visitor to Rome knows the "models," dressed, or supposed to be dressed, in the peasant costumes which were once common in all parts of Italy. Nowadays they are little worn. However, one morning in the year 1900, the Holy Year, I encountered near the Piazza Montanara a string of pilgrims dressed in bravery of scarlet and white which far outshone the eked-out and adapted fancy costumes of the models. I demanded eagerly whence these persons had come, and was told, "From the Abruzzi." The Abruzzi are not very distant from Rome, but it was not till last year that I succeeded in getting there. I went straight to Sulmona, town of the beautiful name, the birthplace of Ovid and consecrated to the Muses—town which, in the matter of situation, can have few rivals. Italian and mediæval, it is built, of course, on a hill. Its immediate surroundings are steeped in green fertility, watered by many streams. At a respectful distance stand great mountains, snow-capped in the winter. Most conspicuous are the Gran Sasso, an angry precipice which hangs over Aquila, and great Maiella, of which we read in d'Annunzio's beautiful "Figlia di Iorio." Down the valley rushes the river Gizio. Never was town so wealthy in water as fair Sulmona. The plashing of fountains, the gurgle of runnels and streamlets, form the background of every other noise.

Strapping peasant girls march all day and in every street with huge copper jars, filled to the brim with water, on their heads. In my inn water was laid on with a vengeance. Taps dripped at every hour of night and day. Whole districts of the house suggested nothing so much as autumnal inundations.

I arrived at Sulmona on Friday. Saturday was market-day and I was early astir. Can there be a more beautiful market in all beautiful Italy? I doubt it.

The Piazza Garibaldi (alas, for the modernised name!) is an immense empty space surrounded by quaint houses. At one end a broad stair leads to the main street. Crossing its steps and cutting off a corner of the Piazza are the arches of a ruined thirteenth-century aqueduct. Above the stair a Romanesque doorway once gave ingress to a church, now to a meat-market. Effect of an earthquake, says the omniscient Baedeker; but it is the kind of thing which happens in this utilitarian, anti-religious age. Peasants are always to be seen sitting on those broad steps under the ruined arches. In the market-place there are always a few little stalls, where patient saleswomen chatter together and are rejoiced if you purchase a ha'porth of grapes or a penny jug. But on Saturday the whole place is alive. The Piazza has become a town with streets edged by booths and crowded by a surging mass of persons and animals. I saw farmers and labourers, pedlars and costermongers, metal-hammerers and writers of love-letters. I was jostled by Punch and Judy, and again by a patent-invention advertiser. All commodities were on sale, from mattresses to chickens, from tomatoes to sewing-machines, from bound books to scraps of rusty iron a quarter of an inch square. All the people and all the things moved about incessantly. The wares travelled round upon trays on the women's heads, and in the trays were fruit and vegetables, lambs and turkeys, umbrellas and pitchforks. The seller calls her wares in an even, monotonous voice, and is ready at half a wink to lay her tray at your feet and transfer all its contents to your arms. I nearly bought a five-days old kid, and I did

acquire, out of pure negligence, a lapful of hot and greasy cakes which ensured my immediate popularity in the dense crowd of children who formed my attentive and inalienable bodyguard.

As for the donkeys, they walk whither they will. They thrust soft noses under your arm and devour your sunshade. If they tread on you, you administer a shove. If you attempt a photograph, they surround you in an inquisitive circle and obliterate the view. I suppose the owners know their own beasts and occasionally cast an eye upon them; it appeared to me that if I had been in need of a donkey, nothing would have been easier than just to take one.

The whole air is pervaded by cries. Wild birds are calling overhead, caged goldfinches answer from the houses. Unfortunate cocks, tied by the legs and flung on a heap, feebly admonish their wives; the donkeys bray ceaselessly with the long-drawn note which is so suggestive of internal agony; the turkeys gobble and hiss; the children yell; bargainers quarrel and blaspheme, shaking their fists in each other's faces, thumping on the frail woodwork of the stalls, rolling the potatoes and *pepperoni* over the ground in simulated fury. A man selling bolsters by auction rings a bell uproariously, calls the bidding in a voice fit to crack the heavens, and now and then leaps high in the air, to the imminent peril of his crazy rostrum.

The joy of Sulmona market is that all these people are in costume, and really no two of them are alike. I speak chiefly of the women; the men are less splendid than those whom I saw later at Isola Liri. But the women—and oh, such handsome women! So tall, so haughty—with the carriage of queens; with the flashing eyes, the white teeth, the pillar-like throats, the finely moulded limbs, which bespeak health and purity of breed. I doubt if there are metaphysicians among them, casuists, or questioners looking before and after, pining for what is not. Such persons belong to cities, to progress, to the divine discontent which mars and makes the world; such

persons have muddy complexions; and when we give up carrying water-jars on our heads and take to writing and needlework, then we stoop, and grow myopic, flat-chested and feeble-hearted, unable to walk without staggering, or to shout without growing hoarse. Not so the women of Sulmona. They are splendid animals; and, I doubt not, have hot hearts and sharpness of intellect enough for their daily needs; souls, too, sufficient to carry them to church on Sundays and to comfort and hearten them when the hour comes for leaving fair Sulmona and entering the dim, chill valley of the great shadow.

"Do the people die often in your country?" one of them asked me—strange, wistful, prosaic question, which yet had in it the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

Let me attempt a description of a few of the dresses.

There was the girl from Pacentro. She wore a *tovaglia* on her head—a great snowy floating veil of white linen edged with lace, folded over the brow and hanging loose behind—white sleeves and a brilliant kerchief tucked into her dark-blue, pink-lined stays, which were loosely laced with an orange ribbon. Under the kerchief was a white chemisette cut very low at the throat and showing a gold necklace. Her skirt was russet, her apron blue. On her head she carried the usual round wooden tray shaped like a sieve, bottom and walls tied together in primitive fashion with knotted leather.

Another, from Introdacqua: white *tovaglia*, immense, and rising in a point above the forehead, crimson bodice, red sleeves tied to the bodice with ribbon bows, striped skirt, white lace chemisette and coral necklace. On her arm she bore a baby wrapped in scarlet, and she led a little Cupid by the hand, disguised in a long blue coat and trousers, a red vest and a battered black hat.

But most beautiful by far was the old woman from Genzano. She was thin, but not emaciated. She had thick wavy grey hair, clear dark skin and very large, very

soft blue eyes. She wore a scarlet cloth, called *fascia trella*, over her white *tovaglia*, blue velvet bodice and blue sleeves, tied at the shoulder with knots of flame-coloured ribbon. She leaned eagerly towards a fortune-teller, who, mounted on a throne with a pack of cards, was whispering to her in the centre of an inquisitive crowd.

I wondered what the grey-haired woman was learning from the sorceress. It must have been more than the usual commonplaces for her children and grandchildren. It must have been something personal, I had almost said questionable, to evoke that mystic look, that restrained excitement, that half-terrified, hot interest which showed in the blue eyes. She moved away as if in a dream, her gaze on the ground, her ears deafened to the Babel around. She seated herself dully by her little stall, buying or selling no more. Her face haunts me. She might have been a sibyl or a pythoness; nay, a spirit, unsatisfied and homeless, in that crowd of bright-faced, strong-limbed, good-hearted materialists and utilitarians.

HELEN H. COLVILL.

James Beattie

THERE are trodden tracks in literature with which it is essential that we should all be familiar; but there are also by-ways, by-paths, and lanes, spots of solitude and seclusion, that sometimes have an even greater charm than the thronged highway. One of the most seductive of such by-paths is that which leads us among the minor poetry of the eighteenth century. For minor poetry to be interesting it must be at least a century old. There is true pleasure to be met with among the verses of Tickell and Mallet, and Shenstone and Mickle, and Thomas Warton, and Gay, and Somerville, or even those of Dr. Ogilvie, whose name Lord Rosebery once mentioned without the slightest idea who he was. These men had talents that are, doubtless, surpassed by many of

our contemporary minor poets ; but the glamour of a past century is upon them—they were dear to our great-grandfathers—they supplied the “elegant extracts” of their day. We meet them in delightful little volumes of faded calf or brown boards, with the old-fashioned “s” and with “superb embellishments.” Who can resist such manifold attractions ? Do they not outweigh the gilded charms of present-day lesser poetry ?—not the Tennysons and Matthew Arnolds, but scores of smaller fry, whose names it will be wise not to mention. Some such charm clings around the name of James Beattie. He wrote “The Minstrel” ; that is all that it is absolutely necessary to know about him. There is a good deal more to be known, however, and he takes us into very pleasant company. Charles Lamb mentioned him as one of those whose works “no gentleman’s library should be without,” and whom, therefore, he himself could not read ; but Elia was evidently thinking of the prose works, not the poetry. Beattie’s prose is certainly a tough morsel. It brought him European fame in his own day ; he was figured as an Atlas on whose shoulders the world of Truth was resting, to be defended against the attacks of men like Hume, Voltaire, and Priestley. The Atlas has fallen, but Truth remains, though it be difficult to find. So, also, survives the fame of those whom Beattie’s book chiefly attacked and was supposed to have annihilated. By the “Minstrel,” and by that alone, is Beattie now remembered ; and we are all the more ready to sympathise with Goldsmith, who thought the world of his day was showering too many laurels on the author of the “Essay on Truth.” When Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a full-length portrait of Beattie in his doctor’s robes, with his book under his arm and the Spirit of Truth at his side, Voltaire and Hume fleeing in the form of baffled demons, Goldsmith thought the painter had gone too far. “Beattie and his book,” he said, “will be forgotten in ten years, while Voltaire’s fame will last for ever. Take care it does not perpetuate this picture to the shame of such a man as you.”

James Beattie was born on October 25, 1735, at Laurencekirk, Kincardine, his father being a small shop-keeper and farmer. It is recorded by his biographer that, as the grave of Virgil is adorned with laurel, so the birth-place of Beattie was adorned with ivy. The friends of the poet would have done well to spare such indiscriminate reflections. Of persons in the rank of Beattie's parents it is customary to say that they were poor but honest. They certainly contrived to give their son an excellent education. That he early began to scribble verse and was known at school as "the poet" are assertions that may be allowed to pass without comment. As it was Ogilby's Homer that roused thoughts of poetry in Pope, so it was Ogilby's Virgil that did a like service for Beattie. From the Laurencekirk Parish School he passed, in 1749, to the Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he gained a bursary. He studied Greek under Principal Blackwell, philosophy under Dr. Gerard, and divinity under Dr. Pollock. The last mentioned he, of course, studied with some idea of entering the ministry, but at no period of Beattie's life did this idea attain fruition. The taking of orders in the Kirk then, or at any time, would have been an easy matter had he felt the vocation; and in later life he was urgently desired to enter the Church of England by Bishop Hurd, Bishop Porteus, and others. But, though always a zealous Christian, Beattie never felt a decided call to the ministry, and he did well to respect his conscience in so delicate a matter. For a picture of the poet's boyhood we may turn to the "Minstrel." It is such a picture as might apply to any sentimental and sensitive lad deeply loving the beauties of nature, shunning rough sports, and thrilled with continual poetic dreamings:

Concourse and noise and toil he ever fled,
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roamed at large the lonely mountain's head.

It is attractive to read such things; but the natures that indulge in these moods and dreamings, this childhood of solitude and unsociability, do not always grow up the

happiest, the healthiest, the manliest. That he should flee from toil, as mentioned in the above lines, is not, indeed, unboylike. His wandering habits followed him when, after four years at the university, he was appointed schoolmaster of Fordoun, a village lying at the foot of the Grampians. With his scholastic duties he combined those of parish clerk. Unsociability might here be excused, for the youth was driven to rely almost entirely on his own resources. The scenery surrounding Fordoun is of varied and beautiful character, and it made a lasting impression on Beattie's mind. There was one glen in particular to which he resorted to read, to dream, and to write poetry. Sometimes he would remain in the open air all night, an excess of solitary enthusiasm which some of us would find it very difficult to appreciate, and from these experiences he drew material for the night and early morning scenes in the "Minstrel."

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.

Or when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream remote from man he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep.

After a night of such wandering and reverie, the boy would hail the outbreak of morning with unfeigned joy :

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;
The lowing herd, the sheepfold's simple bell ;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley.

The description is one of the freshest that the poet's hand ever penned, and it doubtless owes much of its charm to the fact of being sketched from nature.

The solitude of Fordoun was soon mitigated by the presence of the poet's elder brother David, who settled in the village. Here also Beattie made the acquaintance of Francis Garden, afterwards Lord Gardenstone, a lawyer

with strong literary proclivities ; and he became known to James Burnet, better known by his title of Lord Monboddo. Monboddo was a man of considerable learning and equal eccentricity. One of his ideas, that man was developed from the apes, was persistently ridiculed in his day and has been largely accepted in ours ; in fact, he distinctly foreshadowed Darwin. The world has not so closely followed him in his belief in the existence of mermaids and satyrs, or in his lament for the disappearance of the human tail. Beattie remained only about five years at the school of Fordoun. However humble his duties may have been, they must have been to a great measure congenial, and they enabled him to prepare for the more important scholastic position he was to fill. After an attempt that failed, he procured the position of usher at the grammar-school of Aberdeen. This proved the turning-point of his fortunes. Two years later, in 1760, the University Chair of Natural Philosophy fell vacant, and a friend advised the young poet to apply for it. This kindly adviser was a near relation of Pope's friend, Dr. Arbuthnot ; by his influence an application was made to the Duke of Argyll, and the Duke's interest procured the chair for Beattie. This success, for one who had so lately been a poor village schoolmaster, was astonishing ; it must in truth be acknowledged that throughout his life Beattie's abilities were recognised to the full. He was not one of the world's unrecognised geniuses.

At Aberdeen, Beattie associated intimately with such men as Professor Reid, the metaphysician, and Dr. John Gregory, who became his lifelong friend. Gregory was known in those days, and later, as the writer of lectures on medical matters ; but he became even better known as the author of "A Father's Legacy," a book for young women. It was in the year of his election to the University Chair that Beattie published his first volume of verse, "Original Poems and Translations," which appeared in London, and was of course sold also by the Edinburgh booksellers. The poet had already contributed fragments of verse to the *Scots Magazine* of that day, but he can at

no time have been a voluminous writer of verse. The book contained little over a dozen pieces, together with a translation of Virgil's Pastorals. Most of the poems were such as their author preferred later to leave without republication; but they found their way back into collections of his works. None of them reaches the standard of the "Minstrel." They gained, however, a most flattering reception, and were spoken of as the best thing that had appeared since Gray's last poem. It is interesting to notice that when Gray visited Glamis Castle in 1765, Beattie made a special effort to meet him, begging him to visit Aberdeen, whose university at the same time wished to present the English poet with a degree. Gray declined the degree, and did not visit Aberdeen; but he sent Beattie an invitation to meet him at Glamis. The younger man speaks thus of the elder, in a letter to his future biographer :

I am sorry you did not see Mr. Gray on his return; you would have been much pleased with him. Setting aside his merit as a poet, which, however, in my opinion, is greater than any of his contemporaries can boast, in this or in any other nation, I found him possessed of a most exact taste, the soundest judgment, and the most extensive learning. He is happy in a singular felicity of expression. I passed two very agreeable days with him at Glamis, and found him as easy in his manners, and as communicative and frank, as I could have wished.

A new edition of Beattie's poems, containing a lengthy piece entitled "The Judgment of Paris," appeared in 1766; the piece mentioned had already been printed in pamphlet form. The best thing in the collection was a translation of Addison's "Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes." Beattie's Odes are indeed stilted performances; the style used was one which even Gray's genius could only just master, and which with most of his contemporaries became tedious and long-winded in the extreme. The age was not lyrical. Its poetic triumphs were descriptive, didactic, or satirical. Beattie had a great fancy for his "Judgment of Paris," written in heroic quatrains like Gray's Elegy. The versification is smooth, and here and there is a pleasing line; but Paris and the goddesses discourse like Aberdeen professors discussing

metaphysics. A production that did its author even less credit was a satire aimed at Churchill, himself a popular and vigorous satirist, whose works are now forgotten. But Beattie was already contemplating something better. In a letter to Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, dated September 1766, he says: "Not long ago I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for if I mistake not, the manner which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition."

One might imagine he was speaking of a kind of "Don Juan," instead of a meditative and sentimental poem like the "Minstrel." In another letter he says: "My subject was suggested by a dissertation on the old minstrels. . . . I propose to give an account of the birth, education and adventures of one of those bards. My hero is to be born in the south of Scotland, which you know was the native land of the English minstrels; I mean of those minstrels who travelled into England, and supported themselves there by singing their ballads to the harp. His father is a shepherd. The son will have a natural taste for music and the beauties of nature." Beattie was, however, a very slow writer; years elapsed before even the first book of the poem was ready for publication. In the meantime he married. This was in 1767. His wife was Mary Dun, daughter of the rector of Aberdeen grammar-school. The match, which at first seemed all that could be desired, brought great misery to the poet; his wife inherited a tendency to madness, which developed later, and which would certainly have been shared by her two sons had those poor boys lived longer. His letters of this period do not give many glimpses of his domestic life, but they contain a good deal of incidental criticism, and some rather second-rate metaphysics. Gray, Hume, Tasso, Voltaire, Virgil, are all discussed by Beattie and his different correspondents in a style which proves the poet's taste to have been

somewhat better than the average of his day. We learn in one letter that it was the fashion of the period to admire Milton, though few really cared for him; and certainly a profession of admiration was all that could be expected from readers whose god was Pope. Beattie, though he may little have guessed it, was himself leading towards the Romantic renaissance; he at least thought himself to be following the tradition of Spenser, and, if less in degree, we must yet class him as similar in quality to the best voices of his time—Gray, Thomson, Collins, Goldsmith, Dyer, Percy's Ballads, and Macpherson's Ossian. To these may be added Chatterton; while long before Beattie's death we have tidings of Crabbe, Cowper and Burns. The old order was changing, and this second half of the eighteenth century was mainly a period of transition, of which Beattie's position is fairly typical. But before the publication of his "Minstrel," the formidable essay "On the Nature and Immutability of Truth" was to appear. Many warnings and foretastes of it had been given in the correspondence; and when the difficulty of finding a publisher was overcome by the secret kindness of friends, the volume was given to the world in May 1770. To us this publication seems of little importance; at that time it was supposed to mark an epoch. It made Beattie a man of note, not only in Britain but throughout Europe. The species of scepticism professed by Hume and Gibbon, and in France by Voltaire, was at that time rampant; even in the Church it was an age of lukewarmness, indifference and deadness. There can be no doubt that circumstances tended to give the book an authority beyond its intrinsic merits. Men were actually looking back to the days of Addison, Arbuthnot, Swift and Pope, as days of faith, compared with their own time of prevailing infidelity. The Essay was received with acclamation on the one hand and indignation on the other. It rapidly brought Beattie fame and honour. Edition after edition was sold; the work was translated into the principal Continental languages; and the acquaintance of the author was solicited by many of the most

eminent men of the day. In the midst of all this triumph the first book of the "Minstrel" was published. It struck the popular taste as strongly as the *Essay*, and as literature it was certainly far superior. Its very first lines caught the public ear at once, and held it for many years :

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar !

It would be impossible to quote all the eulogies that were written or spoken ; Lord Lyttelton's may be taken as a sample : " I read your ' Minstrel ' last night, with as much rapture as Poetry, in her noblest, sweetest charms, ever raised in my soul. It seemed to me that my once most beloved minstrel, Thomson, was come down from heaven, refined by the converse of purer spirits than those he lived with here, to let me hear him sing again the beauties of nature, and the finest feelings of virtue, not with human but with angelic strains."

Of course this was excessive and hyperbolic, but it was better deserved than the adulation piled upon the *Essay*. The poem was published without Beattie's name, but the secret was a very open one. From Gray the author received a cordial but moderately worded letter, pointing out freely what the senior poet considered to be faults of diction, but admitting of one stanza that " it is true poetry—it is inspiration." The stanza thus eulogised by the severest critic of that day is the ninth, containing a thoroughly Wordsworthian, and for that age a remarkable, vindication of nature's influence :

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields ?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields ;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven—
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven ?

To Beattie's credit it should be mentioned that he made several alterations at Gray's suggestion. In 1774

the second book of the poem appeared, with the author's name on the title-page; and though there is clearly a decline of freshness and energy in this second part, it fully maintained the poet's reputation among his contemporaries. The poem as it stands is still incomplete. We must consider that Beattie's inspiration was failing when he wrote the second book, and proved altogether insufficient to provide that third part which was to have finished the story. His vein of poetry was evidently a thin one. The *Essay* had many successors, but the "Minstrel" none. In the meantime Beattie had been to London to be lionised; he had been received by the King, and granted a Civil List pension of £200. Oxford had conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L.; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, as already said, had painted him as in league with the Spirit of Truth against the demons of darkness. Dr. Johnson united in the general enthusiasm; yet in a letter to Boswell, dated March 1772, he wrote: "Of Dr. Beattie I should have thought much, but that his lady puts him out of my head; she is a very lovely woman." There seems, however, to have been some little mystery in the manner in which the poet introduced his wife—possibly her mental condition was already giving him uneasiness. When Boswell returned to London and thanked Johnson for showing kindness to Beattie, the Doctor replied, "Sir, I should thank *you*. We all love Beattie. Mrs. Thrale says, if ever she has another husband, she'll have Beattie. He sunk upon us that he was married; else we should have shown his lady more civilities. She is a very fine woman." What in the world, then, did they take Beattie's wife to be? When Boswell's "Johnson" appeared, containing the above sentence, Beattie was very naturally annoyed with the words, "He sunk upon us that he was married"; and he protested against their injustice. His wife, he asserted, had enjoyed as much society and publicity in London as he himself, or very nearly so; it was natural, of course, that she should not have been always with him. It was in fact a clumsy expression on the

part of Dr. Johnson, which Boswell should not have recorded.

It was a little later than this that Beattie received many pressing invitations to take orders in the Church of England, and was assured that he would readily find a good living; but he declined, and his refusal was in some quarters attributed to an objection to the constitution of the English Church. This was a wrong notion. The poet would as willingly have taken orders in the Church of England as in that of Scotland, had he wished to become a clergyman; but he had no such desire. Beattie was a thorough Briton in the best sense. He seems to have loved that which was English as much as that which was Scotch; there was nothing provincial or narrow in his sentiments. In referring to Dr. Johnson's prejudice against Scotchmen—a prejudice that could not have been very powerful when we recollect the number of his Scotch friends—he said, "The Scots have virtues and the Scots have faults, of which he seems to have had no particular information. I am one of those who wish to see the English spirit and the English manners prevail over the whole island: for I think the English have a generosity and openness of nature which many of us want. But we are not all a nation of cheats and liars, as Johnson seems willing to believe and to represent us." These words are at least candid and honest, and totally devoid of what is sometimes called the clannishness of Scotchmen. We must remember that Beattie lived at a time when many Scots were absolutely contemptible in their effort to become English—changing their names, studying pronunciation that should kill their accent, and in all things outdoing the English themselves. It was a paltry and unworthy fashion, difficult to understand in these days when an acquaintance with "kailyard" dialect may prove a writer's best stock-in-trade; but Beattie, if he avoided the uncompromising Scotch attitude, equally avoided this other and more absurd extreme. In a much later visit to London, he again refers to Dr. Johnson. This time it is his appetite that attracts

attention: "He has a voracious appetite for food. I verily believe that, on Sunday last, he ate as much to dinner as I have done in all for these ten days past."

In 1773 Dr. Beattie declined an offer of a chair of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh; he felt that he was not suited for the post, and he preferred to stay at Aberdeen. Some further details of his life may be briefly told. From time to time he published essays and dissertations, on such subjects as poetry and music, laughter, classical and moral science, Christian evidence, and kindred topics, always retaining the ear of the public. Two sons, James Hay and Montagu (the latter named after his father's intimate friend, Mrs. Montagu), were growing up to be the delight of the poet's heart, but alas! also to develop a susceptibility to disease that was soon to remove them. His life was daily embittered by the mental aberration and final total insanity of his wife, but he allowed little complaint to escape him in his correspondence. There was possibly something less than perfect health in the state of his own mind—his nightly wanderings seemed to betray an inclination to morbidity. In one letter he speaks of the "delicacy of Mrs. Beattie's nerves, which cannot bear the least noise," and which prevented him from seeing company. "This must in the end have very bad effects upon my health and spirits." The care which he took of his sons' education proved an alleviation; but the elder died in his twenty-second year, and the younger in his eighteenth. He had hoped that the elder might have followed in his own steps, and filled his place at Aberdeen; but symptoms of consumption appeared, and after the father's heart had been racked with alternate hope and despair, the youth died in 1790. In a letter to the Duchess of Gordon, to whom he sometimes sent books, and sometimes whisky, Beattie says: "I take the liberty to inform you that my son James is dead, that the last duties to him are now paid, and that I am endeavouring to return, with the little ability that is left me, and with entire submission to the will of Providence, to the ordinary business of life."

One of the poet's last literary labours, in truth a labour of love, was to write a memoir of this son, and publish it with some specimens of the lad's writings. The younger son remained to engross all the father's affection and attention, but he also was doomed, and died in 1796, after an illness of five days. When the unhappy poet gave his last look at the remains of this boy, he exclaimed, "I have now done with the world." The repeated shocks, and the long trial of his wife's insanity, proved too much for the balance of his own reason. He walked about the house looking for his son, and would then say to his niece, "You may think it strange, but I must ask you if I have a son, and where he is." The mention of his boy's death would restore his recollection. He enjoyed many intervals of complete lucidity, during which he wrote to his friends expressing a noble resignation, and discussing general matters in his old style. Another blow was the death of his old friend Mrs. Montagu, and this was followed by a stroke of paralysis, which left him enfeebled in body and further weakened in mind. A far heavier stroke fell three years later, leaving him to drag out another year of motionless and almost lifeless existence. In June 1803 his troubles were over. He died quietly and peacefully, being then in his sixty-eighth year. His body was laid in the churchyard of S. Nicholas, Aberdeen, by the side of his two sons.

Of Beattie's prose works it is not necessary now to say much. They had their day. Excessive adulation brought early oblivion. The poetry enjoyed a longer reign, but its hold upon the public grew feebler in the second generation, and now, though it is occasionally reprinted, its chief appeal is to literary students. It is typical in a special sense of the age in which it was written, and that age, we must remember, was decidedly rich in minor poets. Such writers as Beattie, Dyer, Akenside, Somerville, cannot be classed as great—they must, indeed, rank below Gray and Goldsmith and Collins and Thomson—yet they were striving in their way to get free of the trammels of their literary education. They shook off its metrical fetters,

they cultivated blank verse or the Spenserian stanza, they wrote of nature and of the imagination rather than of society and manners. In however small degree, they were distinctly poetic, in a manner which must be generally denied even to Pope. They felt touches and premonitions of the wave of natural inspiration that was to flood our literature in the dawn of the new century. Beattie's picture of his minstrel is a faithful picture of himself. That such a poem should be admired was in itself a sign of the changing times. In taking Spenser as a model the poet was following in the steps of Thomson, whose "Castle of Indolence" is far more thoroughly Spenserian. Poets were fond of "imitating" Spenser; Pope had tried his hand at it, Shenstone did it, Mickle did it. None of them really came near to Spenser's true spirit, as the boy Keats did instinctively in a later generation; but the mere choice of such a model was a good one. There is little really like Spenser, except the stanza, and even that is more modelled on Pope's heroics than on the "Faerie Queene"; but it was a tendency, and the tendency was in the right direction. Of the author himself, we can only say that he was one of those who

Begin in gladness,
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

He was an amiable man, of genuine literary gift and susceptibility; but we cannot consider that his mind was of altogether first-class calibre. He accepted extreme eulogy with modesty, and yet with no great symptom that he thought himself unworthy of it. It has been asserted that, in his latter days of misery and bereavement, he yielded to drink, but this has been denied as an ungenerous suggestion, and, even if it were true, not many of us would feel inclined to censure the heartbroken poet if once or twice he drowned his sorrows in wine. Of his sincerity and his devoutness there can be no question. He was an earnest and zealous Christian at a time when these qualities were not common. We need certainly have no

hesitation in endorsing Gray's verdict with regard to Beattie's character. He was "a poet, a philosopher, and a good man." Not a very great poet, truly, but melodious and pleasing; not a great philosopher, but benevolent and useful; while for the term "a good man" no such qualifications are needed.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Sweet Nell and Sandford House

SIC TRANSIT! Landmarks of history vanish from London. House-levellers are now particularly active in Chelsea. Time, the great Leveller-in-Chief, demands that the old should give way to the new, and none can stay his scythe. But as a fragment of ground historical since the days of Edward I. awaits sentence of execution and burial beneath a projected road, it may be allowed to plead innocence of any just cause of offence and a claim to distinction. Sandford Manor, on the confines of Chelsea and Fulham, is the last relic of rural Sandy End. The present house, built, as traditions affirm, by Charles II. for Nell Gwynn, is hemmed in on three sides by modern upstarts. They look down on its low estate and turn their unsightly backs on its humble old age. And yet the ground space affords them light in the short winter days, and in spring and summer the garden awakes with a subdued reflection of youth and hope. But autumn is most sympathetic to its venerable grey tint. Then, amongst tangled weeds and shrubs, dahlias gleam like crimson and yellow lamps; the sunshine falls tenderly on a mulberry-tree with more tales to tell than leaves to shed, and the two-storeyed house with green shutters seems brightened by a serene smile.

It is hidden behind King's Road, which under the Stuarts emerged from obscurity. It was simply the most direct route from St. James's Palace and Whitehall, until the Merry Monarch had it widened and turned into his private road. It led to Fulham Ferry, where he

sink and puddle of obscurity and profligacy, became refined and clearer as it flowed on. The goodness of her heart triumphed over the badness of her surroundings. Her last days were the best, and she gave evidence of penitence in a life of humble charity and benevolence.

The home which, it is supposed, saw her wild days of merriment has put on an air of grey and chastened old age. The original wings are gone; one, comparatively modern, has the complexion of elderly middle age. Never was a dwelling, with all its cupboards, better adapted from attics to cellars, for games of hide-and-seek. The front door opens on a finely panelled hall. It retains the original wainscot, and in the centre is a square well-staircase. Dr. B. E. Martin writes in "Old Chelsea" that this staircase remains the same as when Charles II. rode up it on his pony for a freak. The rooms on each side have window-seats, which show the thickness of the outer wall. As for partitions between the rooms, paper, cracked and torn, displays canvas; canvas, frayed and broken, discloses plaster; taps and thumps produce a hollow sound and reveal hiding-places. During some repairs to the front bedroom in the south side of the house, a secret recess was discovered. This contained what had been once some wooden plates. In the dining-room wall which overlooks the lawn some fragments of pottery were found, and in October 1896, when the brickwork of the chimney stacks called for attention, an old copper coin, completely defaced, was drawn out of its lodging place in the top course of the central blocks.

Still more interesting were the relics discovered during earlier alterations in the house. A so-called Freemason's badge or jewel, said to have belonged to Charles II., lay under the boards of one of the rooms on the first floor. It was given to the engineer of the Gas Company to whom the property has belonged since 1824, and he presented it to his lodge. At the same time as the discovery of this jewel an ancient thimble engraved with initials "N.G." was discovered, and helped to confirm the tradition that Nell Gwynn had made the place her home. If believers

needed still further evidence for conviction, it was afforded by a medallion portrait of her in plaster which, as Faulkner declares, was found upon the estate and was in his time in the possession of William Howard of Walham Green, who



Portrait of Nell Gwynn by G. Kneller, now reproduced from a photograph for the first time

purchased the property in 1788. The walls and floors suggest endless possibilities of hidden treasures. Common pine boards have been worn through by countless steps. A second floor of older, wider and superior planks appears in patches, but probably lies above a third of oak of the

seventeenth century. When there is evidence of something hidden below the surface there is always food for imagination. A presage of tales of mystery merges into conviction when one reaches the cellars. In one, an arch leads to a bricked-up passage, said to be a subterranean way passing under the creek to the premises of Mr. Ormson, horticultural builder, and perhaps penetrating as far as the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. This asylum for deserving veterans clings affectionately to the legend that it owes its existence to Nell Gwynn, who persuaded Charles II. to more than one work of mercy. Perhaps the king used the passage to escape when he was required to attend to affairs of State.

The romance of this old home does not end with the Stuarts. There is no doubt that a country house at Sand's End was the birthplace of the *Spectator*. Joseph Addison brought out this popular periodical on March 1, 1711, and Swift's "Journal to Stella" contains this entry, "September 15, 1710.—We dined at a country house near Chelsea, where Mr. Addison often retires." Further entries and correspondence together with traditions, give evidence in favour of the belief that Addison's rural retreat was none other than the Manor House. The famous poet and scholar had another pursuit besides literature to occupy him during the time he lived in Sand's End. For at least eight years his stern, handsome face seems to have been steadfastly set to wooing the Countess of Warwick. His patience met its reward when he reached the age of forty-four. How sweetly the nightingales sang for Addison in the quiet groves of Sand's End. How he longed for sympathetic ears to listen with him to their song of tender melancholy. This may be gathered from his letters. He wrote to the young Earl of Warwick and Holland, son of the widowed Countess :

SANDY END, *May 20th, 1708.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I have employed the whole neighbourhood in looking after birds'-nests, and not altogether without success. My man found one last night, but it proved a hen's with fifteen eggs

in it covered by an old broody duck which may satisfy your Lordship's curiosity a little though I am afraid the eggs will be of little use to us. This morning I have news sent to me of a nest full of little eggs streaked with red and blue veins that by the description they give me must make a very pretty figure on a string. My neighbours are very much divided in opinion upon them; some say they are a skylark's; others will have them to be a canary bird's; but I am much mistaken in the colour and turn of the eggs if they are not full of tom-tits. If your Lordship does not make haste, I am afraid that they will be birds before you see them.

Addison grew still more persuasive and affectionate to the boy whom he sought to make his stepson as the spring days lengthened. A week later he wrote to him :

SANDY END, *May 27th, 1708.*

MY DEAREST LORD,—I cannot forbear being troublesome to your Lordship while I am in your neighbourhood. The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music which I have found out in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening and consists of a blackbird, a thrush, a robin red-breast and a bullfinch. There is a lark that by way of overture, sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing, and afterwards falling down leisurely, drops to the ground as soon as she has ended her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale that has a much better voice than Mrs. Tofts, and something of the Italian manner in her diversions. If your Lordship will honour me with your company, I will promise to entertain you with much better music and more agreeable scenes, than you ever met with at the opera; and will conclude with a charming description of the nightingale out of our friend, Virgil.

Addison first quotes the Latin, and then gives the translation by Dryden :

So close to poplar shades her children gone
The mother nightingale laments alone;
Whose nest some prying churl had found and thence
By stealth conveyed the unfeathered innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains
And melancholy music fills the plains.

It is to be hoped that the young earl showed his letters to his mother and that the allusion to the bereaved nightingale lamenting alone touched her widowed heart. Something constrained her to take compassion on the solitary man of letters, for they were married in 1716. His affection for the boy with whom he had gone birds'-nesting

stood the test of the new relationship. Few quotations from Addison are more familiar than his parting words to the Earl of Warwick, when he grasped the strong young hand and said, "See how a Christian can die."

But this was in Holland House, which is rich in stories of its own. Before the days when ripe mulberries and birds'-eggs and the song of nightingales enticed Addison's friends to share the simple life at Sandy End; before the present fabric of Sandford House rose above its foundations, the ancient Manor had found a place in History. It was known as Stamford, Stanford, Sampford, or Sandford; like Samuel Weller, it left the spelling of the name to the taste and fancy of the speller. In the days of Edward Longshanks, John de Saundeford held a tenement on the sandy ground between Chelsea and Fulham. How it passed into the hands of Warren de Lisle and became known as "Lord Lisle's Place"; how it descended into the possession of Thomas Lord Berkeley, then of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and before his death, which took place in 1430, became the property of the Church—all this and much more is told in the *Book of the Chronicles*. The history is given at length in "Fulham Old and New," by Feret. Dull records are here and there illuminated by suggestive facts. In 1425, for instance, Nicholas Dixon, clerk, was ordered to make his ditch between "Samford Bregge" and a certain "pightell" or small enclosure of the "Comes of Warwick." The ditch outlived this reverend gentleman and his successors who represented the Dean and Chapter of S. Martin's. It is the creek which separates Chelsea from Fulham. History affirms that Henry VIII., with the generosity for which he was famous, granted the collegiate church with all its endowments to the monastery of S. Peter's, Westminster. Alas for the stability of royal gifts! His daughter, Queen Mary, sold the property in 1558 to William Maynard, citizen and mercer of London. Sandford Manor remained in the possession of the Maynard family for many generations, and gathered the traditions which still cling to it and lend it charm.

It is a century and a half since its annals merged into the prosaic line of trade and commerce. In 1762 it became a factory for the artificial preparation of saltpetre for use in making gunpowder. The "Salt Petre House" was converted into a pottery. Mugs, gallipots and crucibles gave way to cloth manufacture, cloth to casks, and then the Patent Cask Factory was glorified by becoming the centre of a philanthropic enterprise. The proprietors, Messrs. Brown and Co., made large numbers of wooden canteens for the use of soldiers on the march. During



Stack of chimneys in Nell Gwynn's house
from which the coin was taken

the war which culminated in the battle of Waterloo, they started a scheme, under the patronage of the Bishop of London, for giving work and assistance to the sufferers and the unemployed. The declaration of peace brought their business to an end, and from 1820 to 1824 Sandford House was rented by Mr. Robert Lyon for bleach and dye works. In 1825 it reached the last chapter in its

commercial history, for then the Imperial Gas Company purchased the estate. Perhaps, like the fair Nellie with whom persistent tradition associates it, the evening of its existence is the most useful to the world. It has helped to chase the darkness of London. Now, in the hands of the Gas Light and Coke Company, Sandford Manor House awaits the hour of dissolution.

D. L. WOOLMER.

Retrospective Review

"THE MAN OF FEELING" :—A HERO OF OLD-FASHIONED ROMANCE.

WHEN the "Man of Feeling" was published in 1771, its author was looked upon as a veritable High Priest of Sentiment. The vogue the book had was immense. It appealed so touchingly to the elegant susceptibilities of fine-mannered men and women that there was no resisting it. Henry Mackenzie, who had preserved his anonymity with a modesty that excited still greater admiration for him when he became known, was obliged to disclose himself because a daring knave with a keen sense of opportunity produced what he declared to be the original manuscript of the book, scored with corrections and emendations, to prove himself its maker.

A later age declared the High Priest to be a Teacher as well as a Personification. It was said of him that in his writings he had devoted his attention to the inculcation of every moral virtue that should beautify the heart of man, and to the exposure of the vices that tarnish his noble nature and debase him even to a lower degree of degradation than that of the beasts that perish. These noble sentiments now merely adorn some pages with a past. No need is there to bid the maid to hide them, as Miss Lydia Languish bade Lucy on the approach of Mrs. Malaprop; the dust of a century lies fall-like on their covers.

Henry Mackenzie was himself a Man of Feeling when he wrote the book that made his name and fame; under thirty years of age, fresh from the simpler life of Edinburgh and immersed in the feverish bustle of London, a literary lover, a sentimentalist nurtured primarily upon Sterne, but subtly influenced by local circumstances, he was in a position that favoured the creation of such a hero as Harley. Romance of a deeply sentimental but eminently respectable type was the vogue of 1771. Sterne, it is true, was "something of a sensualist," and had shocked a portion of his audience with "Tristram Shandy." But the rare beauties of the "Sentimental Journey," with its tender grace and daintily managed sentiments of utter chastity, garnished with vague breathings of the improper, impelled gushing tears, not only of admiration but of regret, to flow, since its publication was followed so soon by the death of its author.

What more natural, then, than that a young and ardent lover of the sensibilities and of literature, with an instinct for artistic excellence, should conceive the idea of perpetuating Sterne's school? Unfortunately for Mackenzie, or fortunately, perhaps, for his popularity at that time, there was too little in his nature of the gay insouciance of the Irishman and too much of the grave solidity of the Scot to make him a really successful disciple.

Certainly it was beyond him to produce anything so airily delicious as the "Sentimental Journey." He could not copy its tender gallantry and sprightly *abandon*. Its graceful charm was not to be imitated.

All that Mackenzie could achieve in his effort] to acquire the style and manner of the Sentimentalist would probably be a habit of dwelling long and yearningly upon Odes to Dead Rabbits and other themes equally touching and simple, of musing by the hour together, finger on lip, and with pensive brow no doubt, upon a dying bunch of flowers, and of pondering with upturned eyes in the evening, when the stars shone, upon the vast mysteries of the heavenly bodies.

When in Harley Mackenzie created a human watering-

pot of tears, he was—strange as the contrast may appear—building up in his own person the character of that individual who later discharged ably the duties of Crown Attorney in the Scottish Court of Exchequer, developed into a man as robust of principle as he was tender of heart, became the friend of Edinburgh's most erudite inhabitants, and was the object of Scott's dedication of "Waverley." He lived long and died respected. Such was the life of Mackenzie. Sterne's was different.

As an emotionalist of the most extravagant type, Harley, the Man of Feeling, probably has no equal in the history of English fiction. The bare outline of his career differs little from that of many another child of romance. Left an orphan in the care of guardians, who neglected their duty, Harley—whose Christian name is never divulged throughout the whole volume whereof he is the hero—departed from the roof that had sheltered him and his sorrows, and went to London to seek his fortune. On his way thither he encountered, of course, many adventures, and when he arrived in London many more befell him. Beyond this, all resemblance between himself and the heroes of hundreds of romances ceases. The ordinary orphan would sooner or later have conquered success. Not so Harley. Predestined to a career of the most touching sorrow, it was necessarily his fate to elude prosperity. Therefore his errand to London proved a failure, and he returned to his aunt's house poorer than when he left it.

Under these circumstances there seems to be reason to regret the incapacity of the Man of Feeling to do more than alienate the goodwill of a kinswoman of his "who was known to be possessed of a very large sum of money in the stocks." Unfortunately "he sometimes looked grave when the old lady told the jokes of his youth; he often refused to eat when she pressed him, and wasseldom or never provided with sugar candy or liquorice when she was seized with a fit of coughing." Then it has to be confessed that upon one occasion he fell asleep while his venerable relative was describing the composition

and virtues of her favourite water for the colic. Enough has been cited to prove how shortsighted was the young man's policy in this quarter. His aunt did not remember him in her will.

Harley's path through life, though rarely brightened by gleams of joy, was watered, and amply watered, by the tears that he and others shed. He was perpetually led by fate to positions where tears were demanded. He went forth well-bedewed upon his travels. His aunt came downstairs betimes on the morning of his early start "with a tear on her cheek and her caudle cup in her hand." The faithful Peter, her servant, shaking the solitary (and apparently impossible) lock that "hung on either side of his head," said "I have been told as how London is a sad place," and then choked at the thought, and was unable to pronounce his blessing. "But," remarks the chronicler, "it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears shall add to its energy." This display of grief was trying to Harley. It completely spoiled his appetite for breakfast at the inn where the coach stopped, and caused him to take a walk instead of eating. On this occasion he met a beggar, whose desire to tell his fortune he met with stern denial, "conveyed by a turn of the eye briskly."

His life in London was aqueous. A visit to Bedlam introduced him to a young lady whose frenzied mind conjured up in him a resemblance to her lost Billy. Harley, it is not necessary to remark, gave her story the tribute of some tears. He more than wept. He pressed her hand between his, bathed it with his tears, and kissed it. Then he burst into tears (a fresh tribute), and left the company. To the unfortunate fair he was ever thus sympathetic.

The scene with the betrayed Miss Atkins includes on his part, on hers, and on her father's, sobbing and shedding of tears, bursting into tears; a declaration on the part of the Man of Feeling that there is virtue in these tears; weeping at a recollection, "a glisten of new washed tears;" such phrases as "I could only weep," "she saw his tears," "tears wrung from the heart," "feet bathed in tears,"

"tears mingled," "voices lost in tears." A less emotional age cannot comprehend precisely the meaning of the last expression. Neither can it explain the situation when "Harley kissed off her tears as they flowed, and wept between every kiss." This gymnastic of the emotions is lost, nor does the modern method of expression suffer us to drop one tear and no more, or to kiss off a tear in the bud. But these accomplishments, to judge from the casual manner in which they are mentioned in the "Man of Feeling," were commonplaces among persons of sensibility in his day.

Thus he stands confessed, a being in whom hysterics were a glory, and "nerves" a possession of which he might be quite properly proud.

Harley, as a matter of course, was not without his secret grief. He loved, and hopelessly. Though his aunt was unaware of his passion, the reader is made acquainted with it very early in the narrative. "We would conceal nothing," says the author. "Mr. Walton had a daughter; and such a daughter!" Harley loved Miss Walton, nor will the extremity of his plight be understood unless it is recalled that Miss Walton was an heiress. What Man of Feeling could aspire to the hand and heart of an heiress, himself without prospects? Harley was miserably, acutely, sentimentally enamoured of Miss Walton. The one moment of joy permitted to him was when he learned that a man wearing a knot of ribbons in his hat was not, as his keenly apprehensive heart warned him, a decorated minion fresh from her wedding.

"Recruiting!" His eyes glistened at the word. He seized the soldier's hand, and, shaking it violently, ordered Peter to fetch a bottle of his aunt's "best dram." Peter, with evident reluctance and a divided mind, did so, and with still more reluctance filled and filled again the sergeant's bumper to the brim. "'Twas Mistress Margery's best dram!" Then Harley told the beribboned one that he loved him, and bade Peter entertain him as a guest at dinner.

Only at the moment of death did Harley declare his passion. Miss Walton called to make inquiry concerning his health. Harley spoke of "persons at my time of life," and brought into his conversation such significant phrases as "to meet death as becomes a man," and "the fitness of its approach." Miss Walton demurred to this melancholy tone of speech. Evidently she was a sensible young woman, and was not undesirous of leading Harley on. "Those sentiments," said she, "are just; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own that life has its proper value. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough, even here, to fix its attachment."

Then "the subject began to overpower her." Harley lifted his eyes from the ground. "There are," said he, in a very low voice, "there are attachments, Miss Walton." His glance met hers. Both betrayed confusion, and both were instantly withdrawn. A perfect torrent of tears, a Niagara of unpent emotion, floods the sequel. In the only moment of triumph permitted to the martyr—with the utterance of Miss Walton's panting confession, "I know your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it—What would you have me say? I have loved it as it deserved"—Harley expired, while a languid colour reddened his cheek, and a smile brightened his eye faintly. "He sighed and fell back on his seat." Miss Walton screamed at the sight. His aunt and the servants rushed into the room. They found the hero and heroine lying motionless together. The physician happened to call at that instant. "Every art was tried to recover them. With Miss Walton they succeeded. But Harley was gone for ever."

Perhaps it was better so.

MARY HOWARTH.

Correspondence

The Throwing of the Hood

MR. URBAN,—Few of the ancient customs which linger in out-of-the-way places in England are, I think, more curious than an Epiphany festival which is celebrated annually at Haxey, an agricultural village in the Isle of Axholme.

The name Haxey is derived from Haxa, which is the old German name for a druidess, and it is quite possible that some spot where the village now stands was dedicated by the aboriginal Britons to the rites of that superstition. I do not go so far as to say that the Epiphany ceremony at Haxey is an absolute survival of a druidic custom, but that it has a strong resemblance to such a rite can hardly be denied.

The last days of December were unusually cold, and there had been a snowfall. After the new year the thaw came, but as I travelled down the line to Haxey on January 5 the big drains were covered with ice, and snow-bones lay in most of the fields. There is a two-mile walk from Haxey station to the village, and the roads were thick with mud and slush. Before me I could see on rising ground the magnificent church of Haxey. It stands at one end of the village street and so to speak ends it, for beyond are fields. There are the remains of three fine crosses, one at the bottom of the street, another half way up with the arms of Mowbray on its broken shaft, and another close to the church at the east end, but just outside the churchyard. This has only a square base remaining.

I was told that the throwing of the hood would commence at this stone cross, and very soon a small group of people began to assemble. I endeavoured to get some information about the coming ceremony but could learn very little. Some to whom I spoke said that once upon a time a lady had lost her hood, which was searched for and regained by certain young men, and that land had been left for the purpose of keeping up a memorial of

this event. The vicar of the parish informed me that no such land was in existence, so the story was probably a romance. The hood itself is nothing more than a hard roll of leather about two feet long, and three inches in diameter, having no resemblance to an article of ladies' dress. The actors who take part in the ceremony are twelve "boggins," or "plough bullocks," as they are called, who dress in red jackets, and one of these is a lord who carries thirteen willow sticks made up like the Roman fasces. There is also a fool, who is dressed in sacking covered with bits of coloured calico, and has a cap with feathers on his head and a fool's bauble in his hand.

I took my stand close to the base of the old cross, and presently a crowd of young men came up the village with the boggins and the fool. When they arrived at the cross the fool was seized by his legs and shoulders, and the crowd rubbed him several times upon the stone. They then made him stand on it and told him to make a speech. He began by wishing every one a happy new year, and expressed the hope that the ancient custom would never die out, adding these words:

It's hoose agin hoose, toon agin toon,
And if you meet a man knock him doon.

The last words were barely out of the fool's mouth before some one in the crowd knocked him off the stone into the road, where a handy snowdrift supplied the lads with snowballs and a furious pelting commenced. The crowd then moved to a field at the back of the church. Here the hood was thrown, not the leather one, which was kept for an after ceremony, but one made of sacking. The idea seemed to be to get away with the hood to a public-house, where drink was given to the victor, and a scrimmage went on something like a football *mêlée*. Then followed the swaying of the hood, which was a kind of tug-of-war, and the leather hood was used on this occasion. Within living memory the fool was made to pass through the fire on these occasions, and sometimes a swing was

made and damp straw lighted underneath, and the fool was swung to and fro through the smoke. In former times the speech began with: "Now, good folks, this is Haxa hood. We've killed two bullocks and a half, but the other half we had to leave running in the field. We can fetch it if it's wanted." It has been suggested that the kicking about of the hood is a surviving memorial of the sacrificed bullock's head, which was so treated.

I found that January 6, old Christmas Day, is regarded at Haxey as of more importance than December 25. It fell this year on a Sunday, so the ceremony came off on January 5. Another festival is observed in this village known as Haxey Midsummer, but it has nothing to do with the throwing of the hood. It may possibly be connected with a spring,¹ which in former times was held in great veneration but which is now neglected. In the "History of the Isle of Axholme," by the Rev. W. B. Stonehouse, published in 1839, the following account is given of this spring: "It is dedicated to the ever-blessed Redeemer, and on the festival of His Ascension was supposed to possess the power of healing all sorts of deformities, weaknesses, and cutaneous diseases in children, numbers of whom were brought from all parts to be dipped in it on that day. About one hundred and twenty years ago the concourse of visitors was so great that a village feast was held at the same time, when no doubt the scene resembled in some measure a modern patron, patron's day, or station in Ireland, and at a much

¹ The most remarkable of all the druidical charms was the Anguineum or snake's egg. It was said to be produced from the saliva and frothy sweat of serpents writhing in an entangled mass, and to be tossed up in the air as soon as formed. The fortunate Druid who managed, as it fell, to catch it in his segum or cloak, rode off at full speed on a horse that had been waiting for him, pursued by the serpents till they were stopped by the intervention of a running stream. A genuine specimen of this egg when thrown into water would float against the current even if encased in gold. Pliny declares that he had seen one. "It is," he says, "about the size of a moderately large apple and has a cartilaginous rind studded with cavities like those on the arms of a polypus" ("Enc. Brit." vol. vii. p. 477).

later period conveniences were actually made for the use of the bathers, and gingerbread stalls and other slight refectations were provided on the spot. This practice has, however, of late years fallen altogether into disuse, but I have known many people relieved by bathing in this spring in complaints for which cold bathing is generally beneficial, though probably the waters contained no sanative powers beyond those which belong to purity and frigidity." It is curious to find another custom suggestive of druidical rites in this old-world place, but when it is considered that from the very earliest times the population was enclosed by waters, and shut off in a great measure from the outside world, nothing could be more likely than that such survivals should be found amongst them. Everything in these modern days is being wiped out in the process of civilisation, and traces of the past grow fainter and fainter. A railway now traverses the once submerged lands of the Isle.

It was nearly dark when I set off on my way down the muddy road to the station, but, though I could not see, I could hear above me the cry of wild ducks making their way to waters still left to them in the drained lands. Doubtless they too deplore the march of civilisation.

Yours truly,

R. A. GATTY.

HOOTON ROBERTS RECTORY, ROTHERHAM.

Hy Brasail, "The Isle of the Blest."

MR. URBAN,—Three references to the mythical island of Hy Brasail, or O'Brazil, occur in the recently published "Calendar of State Papers relating to Ireland" (1663-1665), edited by Robert Pentland Mahaffy, and although no reference is made to them in the luminous Preface, nor do they appear in the Index, it may be of interest to many readers to give in chronological sequence the now available data regarding this fabulous island once believed to be visible from the western coasts of Ireland.

1. The learned James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh, would have us believe that Hy Brasail, like St. Brendan's Island, was one of the *miranda loca* seen in the ocean by St. Brendan about the middle of the sixth century. However, it is certain that there was an Irish tradition in Munster and Connacht as to the existence of Hy Brasail or the enchanted isle, from mediæval days to the first half of the sixteenth century.

2. Christopher Columbus was accompanied on his voyage to America by an Irish gentleman, Patrick Maguire, who no doubt related the then existing tradition as to the existence of Hy Brasail. Maguire was the first to set foot on American soil, as he waded ashore from the boat of Columbus, according to the testimony of Tornitori, an Italian priest.

3. The Isle of Hy Brasail in the Western Ocean is definitely marked on the well-known map, drawn in 1581 by Abraham Ortelius, of Antwerp, the distinguished geographer. It is placed exactly west of Kerry, and is written "Brasil," the island of St. Brendan being placed very much further north-west, nearly opposite Connacht.

4. In May, 1623, Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, tells us that a sailor tenant of his, by name Thomas O'Brien, announced that the island of "O Braseel" had actually been discovered. The Earl, who was not a believer in mariners' tales, and was, moreover, an extremely matter-of-fact personage, took the story as a sailor's yarn, but promised O'Brien that if he brought satisfactory proofs of having landed on the island before the succeeding Christmas he would reward him handsomely. O'Brien felt perfectly certain of the reality of Hy Brasail, and he handed over to the Earl the sum of forty shillings in gold (about £10 of our present money) as security for the truth of his story. The Earl, as is well known, never refused money, and he accepted the pledge; but though O'Brien sailed from Youghal in quest of Hy Brasail, his subsequent movements are not on record.

5. O'Flaherty in his "West Connaught," written

during the period of the Commonwealth, but embodying traditions that he had heard as early as 1635, gives the following account of Hy Brasail: "From these isles [the Isles of Aran] and the west continent often appears visible that enchanted island called O Brasil, and in Irish Beg-ara, or the Lesser Aran, set down in cards of navigation. Whether it be real and firm land, kept hidden by special ordinance of God as the terrestrial paradise, or else some illusion of airy clouds appearing on the surface of the sea, or the craft of evil spirits, is more than our judgments can sound out. There is, westward of Aran, a wild island of huge rocks (Skird Rocks), the receptacle of a deal of seals thereon yearly slaughtered. These rocks sometimes appear to be a great city far off, full of houses, castles, towers, and chimneys; sometimes full of blazing flames, smoke, and people running to and fro. Another day you would see nothing but a number of ships, with their sails and riggings; then so many great stacks or ricks of corn and turf; and this not only on fair sun-shining days, whereby it might be thought the reflection of the sunbeams on the vapours rising about it had been the cause, but also on dark and cloudy days."

6. Winston Churchill, writing to Secretary Bennet on March 14, 1663, says: "I am sorry your bill is so difficult to pass. It has been disappointed often when we thought all was going well, and appears, like the enchanted isle of O Brasil, nearest when furthest off." (Cal. S. P. Ireland, p. 40.)

7. Lord Kingston writes to Secretary Bennet on March 24, 1663: "Ludlow is said to have remained here until the last week, and I think he came here when the last design in England failed him. He went from Limerick with a vessel pretended for the discovery of *A Brazile*, and under that shelter hath been fitting with arms, ammunition, provisions, etc., the two or three months last past." (Cal. S. P. Ireland, p. 47.)

8. On May 21, 1663, Colonel Vernon wrote to Secretary Bennet as follows: "The ship for the discovery of *old Brazill* is seized in the Isles of Arran and in it

Colonel Pretty, but no Ludlow." (Cal. S. P. Ireland, p. 97.)

9. A rare tract was printed in 1674, written by William Hamilton, of Derry, and dated March 14, 1674, entitled: "O'Brazilo, or the Enchanted Island, being a perfect relation of the late discovery and wonderful dis-inchantment of an island off the North of Ireland." It commences thus:

"In requital of your news concerning the well-deserved fatal end of that arch-pirate, Captain Cusack, I shall acquaint you with a story no less true, but much more strange and wonderful, concerning the discovery of that long talked of island, *O'Brazile*, which you have often heard of. I know there are in the world many stories and romances concerning enchanted islands, castles, towers, etc.; and that our King's dominions may be nothing inferior to any other nation, we have an enchanted island in the North of Ireland. . . . I confess there were in those days two things made me a little to wonder: firstly, how it came to be inserted into many of our maps, both ancient and modern, by the name of *O'Brazile*; and, secondly, what moved your cousin, who was a wise man and a great scholar, to put himself to the charges and trouble (in the late King's time) *to take out a patent for it, whenever it should be gained.* Since the happy restoration of his majesty that now reigns, many reports have been that it had been dis-inchanted or taken; yea, at the time of the last parliament in Dublin in the year 1663, one, coming out of Ulster, assured the House of Commons (whereof he was a member) that the enchantment was broken and the island gained; but it proved not to be so. About two years after, a certain Quaker pretended that he had a revelation from heaven, that he was the man ordained to take it, and in order thereto he built a vessel; but what became of him or his enterprise I never heard. . . . One Captain John Nisbet discovered mysterious island upon the 2nd of this instant March, after a most terrible thick mist of fog had cleared . . . You need not be afraid to relate all this, for

I assure you, beside the general discourse of the gentlemen in the country, I had it from Captain Nisbet's own mouth, since which several gentlemen have sent an express with the true relation of it, under their hands and seals, to some eminent persons in Dublin."

10. In a manuscript History of Ireland, written about the year 1700, now in the Royal Irish Academy, it is stated that the Tuatha de Dananns (supposed early inhabitants of Ireland before the Christian era) lived on the island of O Brasile, "which lyeth far att sea, on the West of Connaught, and sometimes is perceived by the inhabitants of the Owles and Erris, and is also said to be sometimes seen from St. Helen's Head, being the farthest west point of land beyond the haven of Killybegs, Co. Donegal." It is added that in many old maps of Europe this island is marked "by the name of *O Brasile*, under the longitude of $63^{\circ}00'$, and the latitude $50^{\circ}20'$," and the belief then existed that "those famous enchanters, the Tuatha de Dananns, now inhabit there, and by their magic skill conceal their island from foreigners." It is almost unnecessary to add that modern scholars regard Hy Brasail in the light of an atmospherical phenomenon or of a *Fata Morgana*.

W. H. G. F.

Sylvanus Urban's Notebook

A SURVEY of the rising generation of Englishmen prompts one to suggest that manners and applied ethics should be made subjects of instruction in every school. All classes are now educated, to some extent, and all would benefit by the innovation. It is probably the fact that few young Englishmen have, in reality, any other system of ethics than the very elementary one embodied in the phrase, "playing the game." "The game," of course, is seen in a different aspect by the different classes; but there is an essential similarity in the code of ethics in all

grades. You may use your neighbour's helplessness or ignorance in getting the better of him, provided you do not break certain more or less sporting rules. Generally, you must follow the principles fairly applicable in a football match; but, above all, you must look after yourself. That is the main conception. The morality of the most recent generation of adult Englishmen in relation to women varies greatly, though, allowing for many creditable exceptions, it is not high. But the anecdotes which prevail and survive among the senior men at clubs, and even in more serious places of assembly, show that loftiness of ideas in this connection does not usually develop with age.

Manners, among the lower classes, are too often non-existent. The remark applies especially to cities. Where they are found, chiefly among the better families of workers in villages, they are good, showing the impress of a self-respect and a respect for others seldom discernible among those more expensively trained. It is hardly possible to say more, with truth, for the manners of men of the wealthier ranks than that they are not worse than those of the women; indeed self-assertion and deliberate rudeness are faults more common among the latter than among the former. Consideration for the feelings of others, which used to be regarded as essential in the nature of a gentleman, is now looked upon as antiquated and ridiculous among great numbers of prosperous English people. The manners in vogue in their case are those of the egoist without refinement.

One can hardly avoid connecting the widespread deterioration of manners with the most striking social feature of the last fifty years. That period has seen the rise to great wealth of very many persons who had little training in good manners and no tradition to incline them to the acquisition of such a gift. A large proportion of these people have been Americans and Hebrews, and, admirable as are the qualities appertaining to those two

nations, it must be owned that they are, when backed by money, prone to be aggressive. *L'argent fait tout*, and these newcomers have swept into high places, bringing an air of aggression with them. It was impossible for the older occupants of the loftier social plateaux to give way before the intruders, as if they were a race that could be pushed aside. Some, indeed, have withdrawn to more serene and isolated eminences, but others have met aggression with aggression, and adopted the attitude with good humour, as a novelty. But that which was a novelty loses its freshness, yet becomes a habit. Certainly a courteous bearing and a gracious manner are rarer among educated men and women than they used to be. The matter is one to which those who influence education might profitably give some reflexion.

Antiquaries will be interested to learn that an exhibition of the Order of the *toison d'or* or Golden Fleece will be opened at Bruges on June 15, under the patronage of the King of the Belgians, the Belgian Government, and a Committee of Honour composed of most of the principal Belgian Ministers and Bishops, and the Burgomaster of Bruges. The exhibition is being organised by Baron H. Kervyn de Lettenhove, who was President of the Exhibition of Early Flemish Art at Bruges in 1902. He asks for assistance from England, such as he is receiving from the other chief countries of Europe, and I hear that an English committee is being formed under the chairmanship of Lord Balcarres to give aid in the matter. Among those serving on it are Mr. A. G. Temple, Director of the Guildhall Art Gallery, Mr. Leonard Lindsay, Secretary of the New Gallery, Mr. Guy Laking, the King's Armourer, Sir Alfred Scott Gatty, Garter King of Arms, and Mr. Lionel Cust, Surveyor of the King's pictures. The Order of the Golden Fleece was founded in Bruges by Philippe Le Bon, Duc de Bourgogne, in 1429, and is considered throughout Europe as second only to the Order of the Garter, which was founded in 1349. It consisted of twenty-five knights until the Emperor Charles V.

augmented the number. At the present day the King of Spain and the Emperor of Austria equally exercise the functions ascribed to the dignity of Grand Master, as representatives of the Earls of Flanders, the King of Spain as Heir-General, being descended from the Infanta Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV., and the Emperor as heir en Taille-Male of the same families. All knights of the Golden Fleece are supposed to be able to prove their descent from the twelfth century. The exhibits to be shown will cover the period between the foundation of the Order and 1559, the date of the twenty-third chapter, and will include the heraldry of the Chevaliers, portraits of Sovereign chiefs and other officers, collars, emblems, costumes of the Order, and the like. Among the Englishmen who became knights of the Golden Fleece during this period were Edward IV., Henry VII., Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry VIII., and James V. of Scotland. Any of my readers who possess pictures or objects relating to the Order of the Golden Fleece between the dates mentioned should, if they are willing to lend them for the purposes of the exhibition, communicate with some member of the English committee.

A Society to whose work it is pleasant to draw attention is that for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. That there is great need for their efforts, discreetly directed, no one can deny. They are emphatic in laying down sound principles and strenuous to defend themselves against the assaults of critics.

The Society from its foundation urged that repair should take the place of restoration, that decay should be averted by continual care, and generally that these [ancient] buildings should be reverently treated as the priceless records of the past, which should not be interfered with or altered if the necessities of the present day could possibly be met in any other way.

In the early days of the Society its opponents alleged that it was a society for protecting ancient buildings by allowing them to tumble down. How unjustifiable this statement was can be gathered by any unprejudiced person who will read the leaflets and papers which have been published by the Society from time to time. At various dates other equally unfounded charges have been brought against the

Society. One of the latest of these is that it does not take enough into account the fact that churches are for use in the first place and for ornament in the second. Now those acquainted with the working of the Society know how entirely unfounded this charge is; for the Society is always urging that ancient buildings are more likely to be preserved if they are put to some use; and in the case of churches, it is continually pointing out how they can be rendered fit for worship, while at the same time retaining their authentic character as genuine works of art and records of the past.

These extracts are taken from a little book containing much practical advice on the subject of repairs in ancient buildings, which is published by the Committee of the Society, whose offices are at 10 Buckingham Street, Strand. Those who agree with its principles and are willing to become members should communicate with the secretary at that address.

The annual report for 1906 of the Alcuin Club, whose object is to promote the study of the history and use of the Book of Common Prayer, shows that the club is pursuing its excellent work in the face of some difficulties. The publications which have been announced are rather heavily in arrear. However, two collections of documents were upon the point of issue when the report was circulated; they are "The Edwardian Inventories for Huntingdonshire," edited by Mrs. S. C. Lomas, one of the inspectors for the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and "The Edwardian Inventories for Buckinghamshire," edited by the honorary secretary, Mr. F. C. Eeles. In return for the subscription for 1905 the Committee intend to issue a "History of the Use of Incense in Divine Worship," by Mr. E. G. C. F. Atchley, who has been collecting material for it for many years. For one part of the subscription for 1906 they will issue a collection of noteworthy forms of confirmation, ordination and consecration, with other services, drawn up by the Scottish bishops in the eighteenth century. These are from MSS., not hitherto edited, in the Library of the Theological College of the Episcopal Church in Scotland at Edinburgh. For the other part of this subscription the

issue of another collection of inventories is contemplated. Tracts are in preparation on the use of the Sign of the Cross in the celebration of the Eucharist, on the Carthusian rite, and on the Ancient Use of London. Particulars of the club's printed and forthcoming publications, many of which will be of interest and value to ecclesiastical students of all schools of thought, may be had on application to the honorary secretary at 33 Dee Street, Aberdeen.

A Corner of Auvergne

MONT DORE, la Bourboule, and Royat are becoming familiar names to English travellers who journey thither for the mineral baths and waters that make these places so justly celebrated. But few out of the hundreds who visit Central France think it worth while to explore the neighbourhood of these watering-places, or dream of the interest and peculiar beauty with which this volcanic region abounds, and to few is vouchsafed the privilege enjoyed by the writer, who had the good fortune to spend weeks at a time on several successive summers in a French country house at Issoire.

An hour by train from Clermont Ferrand, following the upper valley of the river Allier, as it winds its way between green hills, vine-covered slopes, and heights crowned by villages or ruined castles, brings one to the junction of the Couze, the larger stream. It is one of several bearing the same name, which all, sooner or later, pour their waters into the Allier. Here stands the ancient little town of Issoire on the outskirts of the rich plain of the

Limagne. Probably its name was derived from the Gallic *Iciodorum*; under the Romans it was famed for its schools; in the third century St. Austremonie first introduced Christianity within its walls, and built a monastery, but two hundred years later the abbey was sacked and the town set on fire by the Vandals. In 1574 Captain Merle and his bands of Calvinists held the place, committing all kinds of excesses; but this disaster was as nothing compared to its fate when, three years later, it fell into the hands of the Duc d'Alençon, the King's brother, who, after putting most of the inhabitants to death, and destroying the town itself, erected a column in what had been the centre of the place, bearing the inscription: "*Ici fut Issoire.*" Surely a chequered record for a present day Sleepy Hollow, chiefly remarkable for its beautiful church of St. Paul. Built in the eleventh century, in the Romanesque style peculiar to Auvergne, it still remains one of the finest specimens of this class of architecture, in spite of its partial destruction in the sixteenth

century. It stands absolutely detached in the midst of its *Place*, a dark sombre mass, its tint being due to the volcanic stone used in its construction. An octagonal tower rises from the centre of the building and ends in a metal roof instead of in a more or less pointed spire, as was intended by the designer, whose arches and their piers were found to be too weak to bear the thrust to which his spire would have subjected them. Consequently, when viewed from a distance, especially on the east, the whole effect is that of a pyramid. Round the various semicircular apsidal chapels run rough geometric designs worked out in darker and lighter shaded stone, while above each of their windows is a carving of one or other of the twelve signs of the Zodiac. The roofs are all of stone slabs, locally known as "*dâle*," and instead of a ridge stone or tile there is a quaint fretted ornament resembling a balustrade. The interior is very fine, though its decoration is peculiar, consisting of a wavy pattern stencilled—in imitation Byzantine—in garish colours. It leads the visitor to exclaim at the vileness of modern taste, but Viollet-le-Duc, an unquestionable authority, unearthed the original designs when he was called in by the Bishop of Clermont to decide upon the internal decoration, upon the church being more or less restored some few years ago. Grotesque figures climbing round are sculptured to form the capitals and they bear traces of colour; some represent New Testament incidents, the Last Supper amongst them. The aisles and transepts

are covered with a semi-vault stone roof, forming a quarter of a circle, and thus serving as a buttress to support the main vault of the nave and the tower. The east window in the apse is crooked, in honour of the tradition that Christ inclined His head to one side on the cross. Beneath the choir is an extensive crypt, where service is occasionally held.

In the market square is a bit of old arcading which transports us to Italy. It especially recalls Southern scenes on market-days, when fruit-vendors and others erect their stalls under huge green and red umbrellas, like small tents, that cluster round the fountain in the centre. The farmers in their blue blouses drive in from the villages and scattered hamlets for miles around, and the whole town resounds with the clatter of *sabots* on the cobblestones. The air is full of voices, and carts drawn by bullocks or horses crowd the thoroughfares. Though Issoire is decidedly a dirty town, and very unsavoury in parts, there are many bits to delight an artist's eye in the narrow alleys and side-streets, where brilliant flowers bloom in earthenware pots on the windowsills of the old houses or stand on the parapet of the outside staircases and the little terraces in which most of them terminate. Women in the round white muslin caps of Auvergne are standing about, and cats lie sunning themselves. There is one corner especially which might be Venetian, where, in a narrow street, the washerwomen ply their trade in a running stream. The houses almost meet overhead, casting deep shadows and forming a won-

derful study in chiaroscuro with the brilliant sunshine sparkling on the water. And again there is another picturesque glimpse where a swiftly revolving black wooden millwheel is to be seen with enormous cobwebs draping the neighbouring walls. The drops glisten on them like diamonds, and the vines here and there throw trembling green shadows against the walls of the tall houses.

There are *octroi* barrier-gates at each entrance to the town. These are closed at ten o'clock every night. Belated inhabitants have often to wait long before they can make themselves heard, and the gates are opened by a sleepy *gardien* in his nightcap. One of these men has a wooden leg, and report says the traveller has to wait outside till it has been donned, before the gatekeeper limps out to draw back the bars. This custom of the *barrières* is doubtless a remnant of feudal days adapted to the modern levying of town dues. When the autumn manœuvres happen to be held in Auvergne, the little town puts on an unwontedly animated appearance. Soldiers in their gay uniforms parade the streets, officers dash by on horseback, and all is bustle and stir.

Round the outskirts of the town are market-gardens, and beyond the country is richly cultivated, for the vast plain of the Limagne is famed for its fruit. Apricots, peaches, pears and plums ripen to perfection in the hot sun which in summer and autumn burns over Central France, but the heat is of so light and dry a quality that it is not oppressive. The volcanic soil of the sunny slopes is specially

favourable to the growth of vines, which abound. Altogether it is a wonderfully beautiful country taken in its own way, unique of its kind and excessively varied. Here and there in the fields rise strange small round towers built of stone, with sloping roofs; these are ancient dovecots, and, as we drive past, the pigeons may be seen still flying in and out of some of them with sweeping curves against the cloud-flecked sky. Before the Revolution, only the nobles were allowed to keep pigeons. It was one of the many "*droits des Seigneurs*" which gave rise to so much ill-feeling, for the pigeons fed on the corn of the peasants, and were of course partly fattened at their expense. Now, wherever one of these towers remains, it is a sure sign that there once stood a nobleman's *château*. In the same way, a magnificent avenue of old trees may often be seen crossing the fields, evidently in old days the approach to some grand domain or lordly park.

The villages are dirty, but very picturesque, with quaint forges provided with a complicated erection for shoeing refractory horses and cattle. It consists of wooden rails, within which the animal is imprisoned and rendered perfectly helpless, being swung up by means of a wide canvas girth; each leg is kept separately extended and tied to a post. The entrance to many of the villages is marked by wayside stone crosses or crucifixes, often covered with moss or lichen, tempered by the ravages of wind and weather.

In the open plain near Issoire rise four conical hills known as *Nonette le beau*, *Usson le fort*, *Ybois*

le bien situé, and l'odable le riche. Now their castles are in ruins, and Usson is surmounted by a statue of the Virgin standing on a pillar, with the village of the same name clustering at its base, together with the ivy-covered ruins of Marguerite de Valois' *château*. Fine old *châteaux*, however, still abound, and are inhabited by old Royalist families. One of the most beautiful is that of St. Cyrgues, girt by an imposing park. A pleasure-garden laid out in brilliant *parterres* surrounds the ivy-covered walls of the house, from which the now waterless moat separates it. Inside are stately rooms with polished wooden floors, an armoury, beautiful tapestries, hangings, fine old furniture and a lovely chapel. The owner, Monsieur d'Hunolstein, is a descendant of Madame de Tourzel. Not far off, down a lane, at cross roads, stands a crucifix, a very fine specimen of the many which are to be met with in Auvergne.

Lagrange, belonging to a descendant of Montgolfier of ballooning fame, is an example of a modern French *château*. There are many others where, in the gardens, the nightingales sing all through the night, the reedy notes of the treefrogs sound musically, and fountains splash into basins at which the doves come to drink in the morning with a great flutter of white wings, while within, the stately old rooms are inhabited by owners of historic names, and the courteous bearing of the men and the refined grace of the women bending over their tapestry or embroidery frames transport us back to the Court life of a hundred years ago.

The drives in the neighbourhood are endless, and each differs from the other. One is to the village of Brennat, with its fortified church, of whose four towers one remains, with the opening for the guns and an external staircase. Bright flowers, cacti, geraniums and carnations, grow in cracked pots on the window-ledges of the little houses in the village. Some distance beyond, the castle of Pêchot occupies a hilltop, and is a most picturesque object. Though it is now reduced to a farmhouse, the fortress is still plainly discernible looking down into the lowlands. Sauxillanges is another charming village, with a delicious green valley beyond, where a stream flows between fir-clad hills, and several sawmills give work to the people of the valley. If you follow the stream deeper into the valley, you reach a fairy dell. Here are tangled wood-paths, where the ferns grow high; tall crimson foxgloves sway in the breeze, and feathery *reine des prés* (meadowsweet) bends near the water; startled wood-pigeons dart in and out of their leafy coverts, and rabbits flash out of the bracken, while the rooks hold high parliament, and circle round with noisy cawings.

A strange story is told by the country folk of an incident declared to have happened near this place some forty years ago. On the eve of St. Michel's festival, on one of the dark mornings which predict the advent of snow, so common among the mountains in autumn, two travellers of forbidding aspect were walking along the road which leads from Champétières to Sauxillanges. On

reaching the crossroads beside a small wood they seemed disturbed by the cawing of some rooks perched in the neighbouring trees. "Listen," said one to the other, looking round him furtively, "it is very strange, but these might be the same rooks we noticed when we killed that wretch of a cotton merchant on just such a morning, in just such grey weather. Fortunately these ugly birds cannot speak, but only croak." A shepherd, who was sheltered behind a rock and so hidden from sight, heard the words, and hastened to report them to the authorities. The two strangers were pursued and overtaken, and, in a moment of surprise and terror, became so involved in their replies that they proved themselves guilty, and finally confessed their crime. Nearly twenty years had passed since the murder, which at the time had created a great sensation throughout the countryside, had been committed. The culprits were tried, condemned, and executed.

On warm summer evenings it is delightful to drive beside the river Allier, which winds along in a rocky bed. Strange are the volcanic rocks and hills rising here and there. On one ridge stands the most picturesque village of St. Yvoine. During the ninth and tenth centuries it served as an impregnable fortress against the assaults of the Normans. Further on, the great round tower of Montpeyroux, the feudal ruins of Buron, and the Gallic village of Coudes are all pointed out to the stranger. Or you may climb up the hillsides, and after a steep ascent you will reach a wide

grassy plateau where the air blows fresh and clear, and you look down on the undulating plain below, where there are wonderful shadows cast by the clouds which seem more marvellously beautiful in this region than in any other. Indeed, I think they form a peculiar feature of this part of France. Streams wind their way in the green hollows, and there are rich fields of corn, *sainfoin*, and clover. It seems impossible that any plant should grow on the strange volcanic formations and basaltic rocks shaped like organ pipes, but they are yellow with stonecrop. These crags blend with wide horizons of wondrous charm which culminate against the western sky in the beautiful chain of the *Monts Dore*, with fantastic shapes standing out blue, purple, or green according to the weather and the time of day.

Another pleasant drive in early summer is to St. Germain Lembron, two hours to the south of Issoire, past fields of poppies and waving barley swaying in the breeze, along the level tree-bordered *route départementale*. Larks, the merest specks up in the blue, pour out floods of song. The air is full of the delicious scent of young vines. Among the glistening, tender leaves are bunches of baby grapes not much bigger than pins' heads. Wild roses hang in wreaths over the hedges, shedding pink and white petals on the ground. All around, the plain spreads out like a sea of colour. Now and then one meets haycarts drawn by oxen and led by Auvergnat peasants shod in *sabots*, and wearing wide-brimmed felt hats, whose varying tints of seedy

black tell of hot sunshine and exposure to the elements. St. Germain itself is a cheerful-looking little town. Beyond, the country grows wilder, and the road mounts up to the straggling village of Ardes-sur-Couze, whence come most of the "marchands de peaux de lapins" who abound in Paris. Some of them make handsome fortunes; an example is the husband of a Madame Martin, well known in this rural district. He has a grand villa at Ardes, and is now a great jeweller in the capital.

Auvergnats are proverbially avaricious and hard at driving a bargain, and there are many sayings among them which illustrate the fact: "Profitons coumo un Aubergnat" (let us profit like an Auvergnat); "Espargnaire coumo un Aubergnat" (to save or hoard like an Auvergnat); "Auverniat, preste me sing sols." "Oh! l'ou ai pas." "Tin rindraï sai." "Oh! l'ou ai!" (Auvergnat, lend me five sous. Oh! I haven't got them. I'll give you six. Oh, I've got them.) A story is told of two shoemakers who were sleeping in the same room and were overheard to carry on the following dialogue: "Piorrounel!" "De que boi?" "Duermès?" "Per qué?" "Oques qué, se duermios pas, te' dirio de me presta cinq francs." "Duermó" oliguet lou Piorrounel. (Piorrounel! What do you want? Are you asleep? Why? Because if you are not asleep, I should ask you to lend me five francs. I am asleep, answered Piorrounel.)

The longest expedition that we made was to Besse-en-Chandesse,

distant fifteen miles from Issoire. Early on a glorious midsummer morning we set out in a wagonette drawn by two strong carthorses, and passing through the village of Perrier, near some rocks with a number of caverns, some of which are still inhabited, we reached Pardines, where the remains of a remarkable landslip which took place on June 25, 1737, are visible. It destroyed almost the whole village, but none of the inhabitants suffered, as they were all at Mass at the time, and the church remained undamaged. Vast fragments extend nearly a mile from the crag whence they fell.

Further on are the Grottes de Jonas, where sixty-eight halls are hollowed out in the red volcanic rock. One of these evidently served as a church, and there are traces of thirteenth-century frescoes on the walls. Storeys connected by stairways have been hewn out in the rock. These strange excavations are believed to have been the work of the Templars, who used the place as a fortress in the Middle Ages. Further on, the stream from the Cascade d'Anglard, a lovely waterfall, flows across the roadway. As one mounts higher and higher the country becomes more and more wildly desolate. Human habitations disappear, and only now and then one sees a shepherd's hut mounted on wheels. On the high green fells are found grass of Parnassus, gentian, campanulas, wild pansies and colchicums. The distances look dreamy, and the sunshine falls like a golden veil on the hilltops. The solitude is absolute. At one point only we came upon a cart piled high with hay, the pea-

sants resting beside it; it was a subject fit for Millet's brush. The road leads to Beion, where, from time immemorial, summer cattle-fairs have been held. On these occasions as many as five thousand cows and bullocks of the celebrated Salers breed may be seen assembled in the open. All night long the tread of cattle is heard as they pass through the sleeping villages. In winter the whole district is buried deep in snow. Guide-posts are put up at intervals to mark the way, but not so long ago a *carri*, who had been called to visit a sick parishioner, was found dead some thirty yards from his own church, having lost his bearings in the blinding *tourbillon*.

Besse stands high, four thousand one hundred and fifty feet above sea level. It is an ancient wind-swept town, most of its houses dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They were the abodes of knights and nobles, and royal ladies too, and often have beautifully carved doorways. The fact that they are built of lava gives them a sombre appearance. One, known as the house of the Reine Margot (it served as one of her many prisons), is now a bakery. There are fountains with ice-cold water in every street. The quaint clock-tower dates from the fifteenth century. Some of the town-gates and portions of the walls are still intact. The church, Romanesque in style, is famed for its miraculous statue of the Virgin, a small black image. This was absent from its shrine at the time of our visit, for it spends the summer months in a little mountain chapel at Vassivière, among the shepherds and their flocks.

Most of the wonder-working images of the Virgin which are met with in Auvergne are black, with scant claim to artistic beauty. They somewhat resemble Hindu idols, being laden with jewels and gorgeous robes, but they are undoubtedly very ancient. Legend reports that this particular Virgin, having been brought down in 1686 from her mountain retreat at Vassivière, seven kilomètres distant, and installed with great pomp by sixty priests in the Parish Church at Besse, returned during the night to Vassivière. This having happened on several occasions, it was decided that she should spend the winter at Besse and the summer on the mountain. Accordingly, on the first Sunday in July, she is carried up to the lonely chapel, and on the first Sunday after September 20 she is brought down again. On both occasions Besse is crowded to overflowing. Bands of pilgrims or holiday-makers come in from every hamlet. Flowers are strewn in the streets, guns are fired as the Virgin passes under the gate, and every house is illuminated at night. The procession itself is very imposing, with a long train of authorities and priests, banners and crosses, and men, women, and children carrying burning candles. The bearers of the stretcher on which stands the statue are changed as it passes through each *commune*. Large sums are paid for the privilege of carrying the sacred image, names of aspirants being inscribed as early as Easter, and so high is the price given that the money thus received forms the chief revenue of the church at Besse. Formerly this high office

was known as "Reinages," from the fact that a so-called King and Queen used to buy the right to follow the Virgin in royal robes, and so add to the magnificence of her train. On these occasions the lonely mountain-top of Vassivière amid its green solitude, where the only signs of habitation are a few shepherds' huts and *burons*,¹ is crowded for the open air Mass celebrated there. Faith is still keen in these parts, and the Virgin of Vassivière is worshipped with great devotion. Endless are the miracles attributed to her. The sick are healed, the blind receive their sight, and the dead are raised. Her shrine is laden with *ex voto* offerings, from the rudest wax objects to costly jewelled and gilt gifts.

Let no stranger, however well versed in the French of the *salon* or schoolroom, imagine that he can either understand or be understood of the Auvergnat peasant. The younger generation learn French as a new language on beginning to attend school, and thus gradually there is growing up a French-speaking population, but the elders have always to be asked, "Can you speak French?" Often the response is a shake of the head, and the information, the meaning whereof is grasped from the accompanying pantomime, that this one or that one is capable of communicating with the stranger. The patois is guttural, and there are, apparently, Italian, Spanish, and Latin words mixed up in it upon a groundwork of unknown derivation.

Among the Auvergnats a host

¹ Sheds where cheese is made.

of tales and legends has grown up, including circumstantial accounts of wizard meetings on the Puy de Dôme, stories of curious and unaccountable phenomena of earthquakes, each attributed to some occult power and giving rise to bloodcurdling narrations about ghosts and ghouls, and accounts of the varying vicissitudes of wars which raged long and often in the land. In these the English took a large part, and often some tale of wild daring or bloody enterprise ends with the assertion: "C'étaient des Anglais qui ont fait celà." Likely enough, too; for was not Auvergne part and parcel of Aquitaine, the dower of our Eleanor of Aquitaine, whose son the Black Prince traversed the land in 1356? These legends combine to form a rich collection, a few specimens of which, translated from Paul Sébillot's "Litérature Orale de l'Auvergne," may serve as a suitable termination to this brief record of some summer days in the Puys d'Auvergne.

"When God created Adam from the clay, the Devil aspired to imitate God, and to have His creative power, so he too moulded a human form in moistened earth, and breathed upon it to animate it. The form took life indeed, but instead of a man, it was nothing but an ape."

"Whose is that sad voice, what mean those lamentable cries which, from the beginning of December to the end of March, are heard more than once during our long winter nights, and which blend with the gusts of wind and the sound of church bells ringing for the *marris* (unfortunates lost in the snow)? It is an unhappy soul

who is expiating his sin. During his lifetime he displaced a boundary mark, and is condemned indefinitely to come every dark and snowy night to search, without ever being able to find it, for the place whence he moved a heavy stone which he carries on his shoulders. He passes and re-passes, panting, near the spot where he violated another's property, without being able to recognise it. He sinks in the drifts, rises, returns, falls, ever moaning his cry of distress: 'Where shall I put it?'

"There was a young girl of the Bourg of Nissayre who was going to be married. One day her *fiancé* came to fetch her very early in the morning to go and make wedding purchases at St. Flour. The girl left happily with her *fiancé*, and was so pleased and in such a hurry to buy beautiful things that she forgot to say her prayers.

"All passed as well as possible. The gold chain, the ear-rings, the wedding ring and the other rings delighted her and suited her to perfection. In the evening Jeanneton (such was the bride's name) had her pockets full of jewellery, and carried three parcels of fine stuff. As they went, climbing the hill, she talked to her *fiancé*. The velvet was black, the apron of good silk, and the gown of green merino. All of a sudden she remembered that the thread of the same colour as her gown was wanting: 'It is very tiresome,' she said. 'We are already so far from St. Flour, but we must retrace our steps. If my gown were not sewn with green thread, it would bring me ill

luck.' They had already reached the Baraque-de-l'Enfer on the top of the hill, but they decided to return to the town, reflecting that he who has not a good memory must have good legs. They had, however, scarcely gone a few steps, when Jeanneton found in the middle of the road a reel of thread of the shade of her gown. 'What luck!' she cried. 'This thread will do beautifully. In the town itself we should find no better, nor any of such a good colour.' And the two young people returned home.

"Next day the cleverest dress-maker of the countryside made the dress; it was long enough and wide enough, and had not a fold. In fact every one agreed that it fitted perfectly, and that the bride would be very grand on her wedding day. The thread was of a beautiful green shade, and exactly matched the colour of the gown. The wedding day came. There were more than fifty invited relatives, besides a number of young men and maidens of the neighbourhood. All left the house to go to the church. The weather was fine, the bells rang, and the *musette* (a kind of bagpipe) preceded the wedding party, playing a gay tune. Children followed singing:

Les tchaneyreros basoun fleurî,
La bello nobio bay sourti;
Basoun flourî, basoun grana,
La bello nobio bay passa.

Les rues vont fleurir,
La belle mariée va sortir;
Elles vont fleurir, elles vont
grainer,
La belle mariée va passer.

They arrived at the church door; they entered; but at the moment

when the bride dipped her fingers into the holy water, her green gown fell into thirty pieces. There was no longer any thread of the same colour as the stuff. The reel found in the middle of the road on the day when Jeanneton had not said her prayers was *lou drac* (*le drac*),¹ who had changed himself into a reel of thread. All the guests were horror-stricken, and poor Jeanneton, half-clothed, did not know where to hide herself—and the wedding could not take place.”

“There was once a woman who was so miserly that she grudged the bread she ate and the time she spent in saying her prayers. She became a widow, and some time after her husband’s death occurred the ceremony of Rogations.

“The procession is at night, and lasts at least two hours, for in many parishes it passes all through the villages and across many fields. The miserly woman did not want to lose time. Instead of following the others, she went straight to her field in order to begin working there as soon as day dawned. As she passed by a place called *le Pré-Labbé*, she met the procession

of the dead of her own parish, who were also performing their Rogations. She knelt down while they passed by, and saw them defile in their white winding-sheets, singing litanies. This procession was much finer than the other, for there are more dead than living, but finally it all passed by, and the widow was about to rise from her knees, when she saw a poor spirit who followed the others afar. His sheet was all in holes, and every time he passed near a bramble or a thorn, he left a bit behind him. When he came in front of her, she recognised her husband. ‘Ah, my poor man,’ she said to him, ‘why do you walk so far behind in the procession, and what prevents your going with the others?’

“‘Unhappy woman,’ answered he, ‘you buried me in such a ragged sheet that the least bramble tears it into pieces. The others, who had good sheets, pass through the brambles without getting torn, because their linen is strong, but I am obliged to spend the time in freeing myself, and that is why I am so far behind the rest.’

“The widow had masses said for the repose of her husband, and it is asserted that since this time the dead are buried in good sheets throughout the countryside, so that they may take part in their Rogation procession without leaving bits of their sheets upon the brambles.”

E. C. VANSITTART.

¹ The *drac*, who could take any form he chose, was a kind of devil that formerly used to haunt the country at night and amuse himself by playing tricks upon the peasants, shepherds, goatherds and labourers.

Societies and Institutes

Arrangements

At the ROYAL INSTITUTION (Albemarle Street, W.) on Friday evening, March 22, at nine o'clock, Professor J. J. Thomson will deliver a lecture on "Rays of Positive Electricity." Only members and their friends are admissible. On Friday, March 29 and Friday, April 5, there will be no meeting. The Friday Evening Meetings will be resumed on April 12 and continued till June 7.

The list of arrangements of the SOCIETY OF ARTS (John Street, Adelphi) includes the following lectures: On Tuesday, March 19, at 8 P.M., Mr. A. P. Laurie, Principal of the Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh, "Oils, Varnishes and Mediums used in the Painting of Pictures."

On Wednesday, March 20, at 8 P.M., Mr. John B. C. Kershaw, F.I.C., "Smoke Prevention in Factories."

It is announced that the annual Conversazione of the Society will probably be held on Tuesday, July 2. Each member is entitled to a card for himself and one for a lady.

The following lectures have been arranged by the ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY (7 South Square, Gray's Inn).

On March 21, at 5 P.M., Mr. J. F. Chance on "The Northern Treaties of 1719-20."

On April 18, at the same hour, Miss A. B. W. Chapman on "The Diplomatic and Commercial Relations between England and Portugal, 1509-1807."

By permission of the Benchers,

the meetings of the Society are held in the Lecture Hall, Field Court, Gray's Inn.

Before the ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION (18 Tufton Street, Westminster) Mr. Edwin T. Hall will lecture on March 22, at 7.30 P.M., on "Sanatoria." On April 12, at the same hour, Mr. J. A. Marshall will read a paper on "Westminster Cathedral."

On April 10, at 4.30 P.M., Professor Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin, will deliver a lecture before the ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE, at 20 Hanover Square, W., on the following subjects: "With what notation did the Attic historians write their numbers? Can the proper answer help us to purify their texts?"

Meetings of the ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE will be held at 3 Hanover Square, W., on April 16 and April 30 at 8 P.M. Each member may introduce two friends (ladies or gentlemen) to the evening meetings.

A meeting of the FOLK-LORE SOCIETY will be held at 8 o'clock P.M. on April 17 at 22 Albemarle Street, W.

A meeting of the ROYAL MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY will be held at 20 Hanover Square, W., on March 20 at 8 P.M., when a paper by Mr. James Murray on "Some South African Tardigrada" will be read. There will be an exhibition of specimens of British Mycetozoa by Mr. Alfred E. Hilton. Another meeting will be held on April 17.

A meeting of the SOCIETY for

the PROMOTION OF HELLENIC STUDIES will be held in the Rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, on April 30 at 5 P.M. The Council will meet at Burlington House at 4.30 on the same day.

On April 24 Mr. Luigi Ricci will lecture before the DANTE SOCIETY at 38 Conduit Street, W., on "Francesca da Rimini." Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador, will be in the chair. The annual dinner of the Society will take place on June 12 at the Hotel Cecil.

On April 5 the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY will meet at University College at 8 P.M. for a Dictionary Evening. Mr. Henry Bradley, the Vice-President, will lecture on "The *M* Words I am editing for the Society's Oxford Dictionary."

Meetings of the BRITISH ASTRONOMICAL ASSOCIATION will be held at Sion College, Victoria Embankment, E.C., on March 27 and April 24 at five o'clock. Sixteen volumes of the Journal of the Association are now complete; information as to contents

and price may be obtained from the Secretary.

The AFRICAN SOCIETY's monthly dinner for April will take place on the 10th of that month at the Criterion Restaurant at 8 P.M. The dinners are attended by ladies as well as gentlemen. Applications for tickets should be addressed to the Secretary at the Imperial Institute, S.W.

The ROYAL SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF IRELAND will hold meetings at their rooms, 6 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, on March 26 and April 23. A meeting was held on February 26, when papers were read on "Old Dublin Caricatures" by the Rev. St. John Seymour, and "A Descriptive List of the Irish Crosses" by Mr. Henry S. Crawford. The Society's Dinner Club, established in 1906, will be continued during the year.

On Monday, March 18, Dr. W. Bell will read a paper on "Preserving Larvæ" and give a demonstration before the LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY at the Royal Institution, Liverpool.

Transactions

At a meeting of the ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, held on February 19, 1907, Sir Edmund G. Loder in the chair, Dr. C. I. Forsyth Major exhibited remains of a bear from the superficial deposits of a cavern in the mountains of Corsica, where bears, though now extinct, were formerly numerous, at least up to the sixteenth century. Despite the fact that no truly fossil bears were as yet known from Corsica, Dr. Forsyth

Major considered the Corsican bear to have been autochthonous, whilst in his opinion the recent mammals of Corsica (and Sardinia) had been, almost without exception, introduced by human agency. In any case they could not be adduced as proofs of a recent connection of those islands with either of the neighbouring continents. In a paper on English domestic cats, Mr. R. I. Pocock urged that the surest basis for

their classification and the most satisfactory clue to their descent was furnished by the two distinct patterns found in so-called tabby cats. In one type the pattern consisted of narrow vertical stripes; in the other of longitudinal or obliquely longitudinal stripes which, on the sides of the body, tended to assume a spiral or subcircular arrangement characteristic of the "blotched" tabby. This distinction was long ago pointed out by Blyth. One or the other of these types was to be found in cats of almost all breeds, whether "Persian," "Short-haired," or "Manx." There appeared to be no intermediate stages between the two. The cats of the "striped" type were no doubt descended from the European wild cat and the North African wild cat; but the origin of cats exhibiting the "blotched" pattern appeared to be unknown. It was to the cat of the latter kind that Linnæus gave the name *catus*, which was therefore no longer available for the European wild cat; this cat, therefore, must take the name *sylvestris*.

Mr. J. T. Cunningham described a peculiarly abnormal specimen of the turbot. The specimen was captured by Miss Olivia Fox, of Falmouth, near Padstow, on the north coast of Cornwall. It was a young fish, measuring only 4.4 cm. in length, and was completely metamorphosed to the asymmetrical condition of the adult. In this abnormal specimen the right side was almost entirely destitute of colour as in the normal condition, but both eyes were on this white side, instead of being on the left

side as in normal turbot. On the left side pigment was present over the whole surface except the head and the anterior part of the base of the dorsal fin, which were white. The fish was kept alive in captivity for two months, and was observed to lie always with its eyes uppermost, so that the upper side was white and the lower side coloured. The fish showed also another abnormality, namely, that the base of the dorsal fin projected anteriorly as a free process above the dorsal eye, a peculiarity which is usually present in ambicolorate turbot. As there was some pigment on the head on the left side, Mr. Cunningham pointed out that the specimen might be regarded as a turbot in which a normal body was united with a head which was reversed, so that the left side of the head, bearing the eyes and pigment, was joined to the right side of the body bearing no pigment, and *vice versa*.

Before the ROYAL MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY on February 20, 1907, Lord Avebury in the chair, Mr. J. W. Gordon read a paper entitled "An early criticism of the Abbe Theory," written in answer to a paper by Mr. Conrady with the same title read before the society on October 17, 1906. At the conclusion of his paper Mr. Gordon exhibited on the screen some photographs of the spectrum produced by the fine ruling of an Abbe Diffraction Platte. A discussion followed in which Mr. Conrady and Mr. Rheinberg took part and Mr. Gordon replied. Dr. Hebb then read a paper by Mr. James Murray on "Some Tardigrada from the Sikkim Himalaya" and another by

Dr. Eugène Penard, "On some Rhizopods from the Sikkim Himalaya," mounted specimens of the Tardigrada and Rhizopods being exhibited under microscopes. The species in each case were found in moss obtained at a height of about three thousand feet above the sea. Descriptions of mites by Mr. N. D. F. Pearce and of rotifers by Mr. James Murray, found in the same material, have already been read before the society. Dr. Hebb read a letter from Mr. E. M. Nelson, which was an appendix to his paper on the flagella of the tubercle bacillus. An extract from a letter from Major Sampson, now in Southern Nigeria, was read by Dr. Hebb, describing an incident in ant life that came under his notice. He saw "a thick living arch of travelling ants across a sunny road, and in the centre hundreds of pupæ being carried along in the shade thus caused. This is the more wonderful because the African ant, as a rule, cannot stand the sun at all."

At a meeting of the ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE held on Tuesday, February 26, Dr. A. C. Haddon in the chair, Mr. A. L. Lewis read a note on a Dolmen called "La Pierre Turguaise," at Presles, France. The monument consists of a chamber, with an entrance formed by two small stones, which originally supported a third. The roof is formed of nine stones. The axis is between twenty and twenty-five degrees south of west and north of east. The total length is about forty-five feet. The monument appears to have been sepulchral, but rites of some kind were also probably performed at it. Dr. C. S. Myers
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read a paper on "The Ethnology of Modern Egypt." The measurements, notes and photographs taken in this investigation led to the conclusion (1) that, compared with the "prehistoric" people of 5000 B.C., the modern inhabitants show no sensible difference in head measurements or in the degree of scatter of individual measurements about their average; (2) that the modern Copts throughout Egypt are less negroid than the modern Moslem population; (3) that both the Copts and the Moslems in Upper Egypt are more negroid than those in Lower Egypt; (4) that from the anthropometric standpoint there is no evidence of plurality of race in modern Egypt.

The twenty-ninth annual report of the Council of the FOLK-LORE SOCIETY has been issued. The Council record a year of steady work and progress.

The meetings were generally well attended, especially those on February 21 and May 16. Miss Weston's paper, read on December 19, gave rise to a striking discussion, in which (amongst others) Mr. W. B. Yeats and Dr. Furnivall took part.

The Council regret that so few objects of Folk-lore interest have been offered for exhibition during the year. In fact, the only exhibitor has been Mr. W. L. Hildburgh, who showed a most valuable collection of Spanish amulets and *ex voto* offerings illustrative of the paper read by him on April 25. In the year 1905 the list of objects exhibited was an unusually long and interesting one, and the Council hope that their next report will contain a list at

least as long and as interesting. The Society has issued during the year the seventeenth volume of "Folk-lore." The Council are happy to say that the services of Miss Burne as editor of the journal are still at their disposal, and they express the hope that they may long continue to be so. The Council again thank Mr. R. A. Wright for devoting so much of his brief leisure to preparing the index to the volume. The policy of illustrating freely has been continued.

The Society has issued during the year for the first time a separate Bibliography of Folk-lore for 1905, prepared by Mr. N. W. Thomas. The additional volume promised for 1904, viz., a collection of Jamaican Folk-lore, entitled "Jamaican Song and Story," by Mr. Walter Jekyll, will be in the hands of members shortly.

Mr. M. Longworth Dames's "Popular Poetry of the Baloches," the additional volume promised for 1905, will be issued to members at the same time as Mr. Jekyll's book. The Council of the Royal Asiatic Society are co-operating with the Council in the production of this volume.

The additional volume for 1906 will be a further instalment of the County Folk-lore Series, viz., the Folk-lore of Lincolnshire collected from printed sources by Miss Peacock and Mrs. Gutch. The collection is in the hands of the Council and will shortly be ready for press. The Council are expecting to receive at an early date Mr. Chope's collection of Devonshire Folk-lore from printed sources, and Mrs. Gutch has very kindly undertaken the collection of the

Folk-lore of the East Riding of Yorkshire.

The society was represented at the meeting of the British Association at York by Mr. E. S. Hartland, the president of section H, Dr. Haddon, Mr. Gomme, Dr. Rivers, Mrs. Gutch, and others.

At the last meeting of the SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF HELLENIC STUDIES a paper communicated by Professor Strzygowski was read by Mrs. Long. It dealt with nine fragments of sculptured white marble, chiefly figures with architectonic background, in the late Sir Frederick Cook's collection at Doughty House, Richmond.

Professor Strzygowski dated the fragments between the second and fourth centuries A.D. The artists who made the figures had abandoned the Barocco style (known as Pergamene), and appeared oblivious of the strong revival of realism and "illusionism" which marked the Hellenistic work of the Augustan age. They followed a much older tradition, returning to that of the Greek plastic art of the period before Alexander. The architectonic scheme of the sarcophagus can be traced in the fragments, and it corresponds to that of the other sarcophagi of the "Asia Minor" group. In this group the usual design is as follows: There is a doorway or niche above steps at the end, with a shell-shaped top, flanked by twisted columns and sometimes by figures. The sides are divided into three panels, representing doorways or niches. Figures stand in the niches and between them. The architectural ornament is almost all

derived from characteristic Greek motives.

The division of the side of the sarcophagus into three panels or doors is a problem to be solved, and Professor Strzygowski seeks the explanation by taking a step forward in chronology and examining two ivory carvings of early Christian date. One of these, the throne of St. Maximian at Ravenna, shows figures of saints in three niches with spaces between. These niches and spaces are not architectonically suitable to ivory work, and are therefore probably the result of deep-rooted tradition. In the second ivory, a diptych in the British Museum, the Archangel Michael appears in the central niche. His feet cover three steps at once, an indication that the steps were a traditional part of the design, to be retained at any cost.

What is the conventional architectural façade with three doors approached by steps which so strongly influences later art? Evidently, says Professor Strzygowski, the Skenae Frons of the Roman theatre which is seen reproduced in Pompeian wall-paintings. The sculptured screen of the Orthodox Church, the Ikonostasis with its three doors, had its origin in the Proskenion of the ancient theatre, just as the "Eisodoi" of the liturgy were derived from the acts of the Greek drama.

The paper, with numerous illustrations, will be published in the forthcoming number of the *Hellenic Journal*.

A meeting of the St. PAUL'S ECCLESIOLOGICAL SOCIETY was held in the Chapter House, St. Paul's,

on March 13, when Mr. G. A. T. Middleton, Vice-President of the Society of Architects, read a paper on "Norman and Gothic Architectural Detail."

The second meeting of the DORSET NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUARIAN FIELD CLUB for the winter session was held in the Reading-room at the County Museum on February 19. The President announced that he had received the following letter from Mr. Charles E. Keyser, President of the British Archæological Association:

DEAR SIR,—The British Archæological Association, of which I have the honour to be president, is thinking of holding its annual congress this year in Dorsetshire, making Weymouth its headquarters, in or about the third week of July. Before settling anything we shall be glad to know whether our visit will be agreeable to your local society, and whether we may count on your kind and hearty co-operation to make our visit a success? If, as I hope, we may, I shall come down with our organising committee to make the necessary arrangements; and we shall, of course, like to meet you and other leading local archæologists to assist us in drawing up our programme.

The President said he felt sure that the club would find pleasure in giving the British Archæological Association all the help they could.

Captain Acland exhibited a curious-carved stone, the purpose of which appeared doubtful, and he read the following note upon it: This curious carved stone has quite recently been given to

the Museum by the Rev. F. Mondey, who informs me that it was found about nine years ago on opening out a new part of a quarry, owned by Messrs. Hill, at Portland, and was given to him by Mr. H. W. Hill. It was discovered in a stone coffin, 5-ft. below the surface of the ground, and Mr. Mondey adds, "I should imagine other things were found in the coffin—no bones, however, and of that I am certain." Mr. William Prideaux tells me that he heard it was found below where a coffin had lain but not within it, or within several feet. He has shown the stone to Mr. Gray, at Taunton, and to the Somerset Archaeological Society, but they cannot explain for what purpose it was made. It is certainly difficult to define its use; it has been called a lamp and an incense burner, and I venture to add a third suggestion—namely, that it was a reliquary. It is very unfortunate that there should be any doubt as to whether it was found in the coffin, and therefore an integral part of the burial, or not; but if, as Mr. Mondey says, there were no bones in the coffin when found nine years ago, we may assume that it had been opened at an earlier date and the contents scattered. The small cavity with the lid, which appears to have been fixed down, leads me to connect it with the form of stone reliquary described by Bloxham in his "Ecclesiastical Architecture"; he says they were sometimes constructed to contain precious objects, and sometimes they contain blood, in a small cavity, with a cover fastened down over it. I think I am right in saying that the stone was not

originally the single object which it now appears to be. There are traces underneath of its being attached to another stone, and in that case it may not perhaps have had originally much connection with the coffin. Mr. Mondey says "incense burner" because connected with interments of the stone and bronze ages. Probably the date is much later. The Honorary Secretary said he ventured to think that Captain Acland's theory was the right one. This was the form in which saints' bones were placed on an altar.

The Rev. R. Grosvenor Bartelot, vicar of Fordington St. George, read a paper on "Fourteenth Century Life in Bridport, as shown by the Wills preserved in the Borough Archives." Three years ago, said Mr. Bartelot, the Mayor of Bridport kindly allowed him to copy the ancient wills preserved in the archives of that borough. Out of the total of sixty-five no less than forty-nine are dated in the fourteenth century; and when it is remembered that the wills of the Canterbury Court date from only 1383, while those of York do not begin till six years later, one cannot over-estimate the great interest and importance of these Dorset documents, the earliest of which is dated 1268. How did these wills come to be located in their present custody? The church was always the keeper of documents testamentary; but still he could prove that, like the Court of the Hustings, London, and the Corporation of Bristol in their compilation of the "Great Orphan Book," the Bridport Borough Court actually proved and recorded in

their archives the wills not only of townsmen, but also of residents outside their jurisdiction. Besides the seals of the bailiffs of Bridport many of these wills bore the seal of the official of the Archdeacon of Dorset, on which is represented a double-headed eagle displayed with a crescent between the heads. The legend reads "*Sigillum officialitatis Dorsetie.*" A perfect example of the earliest extant seal of the borough figures on the will of Sir William Curshey, 1374. Of great interest not only to the townsmen of Bridport, but also to students of the county history, were the sidelights thrown by the wills upon the municipal and mercantile life of the borough. One of the chief duties of the bailiffs was to safeguard the staple industry of the town—the rope trade. Even in the reign of John, Bridport had supplied the rope for the navy "time out of mind," so that when in 1322 the budding shipping port of Newcastle-on-Tyne desired to start the same trade the Sheriff of Dorset was ordered by the King to send six "roppers" from Bridport to initiate their northern cousins into the mysteries of rope-making. To be "stabbed with a Bridport dagger" was a euphemism for suffering the extreme penalty by the hangman's coil. In 1530 John Leland was seriously told this ancient joke, and, missing the point and believing it literally, he entered in his notebook "at Bridport be made good daggers." The rope trade was at its height early in the fourteenth century; but both it and the town received a severe blow by the visitation in 1348 of the Black Death. Both the bailiffs

died of the pestilence, the population was decimated, and trade was paralysed for years after. Fifteen wills were preserved for that fateful year, and most of them had the appearance of having been made hurriedly, while the hand of death was getting a hold on the testator. The chief interest of the wills from a municipal point of view lay in their showing clearly how the Corporation acquired those properties which supply its present wealth. Fourteenth-century Church life in Bridport was also well illustrated by these wills. There were no less than five churches, of which St. Mary's is the only one left standing. There officiated in the town a staff of ten clergy, whose names, preceded by the title of "Sir," figure as legatees in many of the wills.

In the absence of the Rev. O. Pickard-Cambridge, the introduction of a valuable paper prepared by him on new and rare British spiders was read by the President, who observed that to have seven new species to report in so well-worked a field was a grand achievement.

Mr. Henry Symonds, of London, submitted for examination some products of the regal mints of Dorset. The original sources to which one could turn for information were few in number. The writings of some of the Saxon Chroniclers, Domesday Book, the Exchequer and Chancery Rolls in the national archives, exhausted a short list of authorities, and one had then to look to the coins themselves for the story they told. It was to the want of means of communication and the consequent difficulty of circulating

the King's currency from a central point that we owed the setting up of local mints in Saxon times. These mints were farmed by the Crown at an annual rent to persons known as *monetarii* or moneyers, whose names appeared upon the reverses of the coins, and who were responsible under most barbarous penalties for the quality and weight of the pieces bearing their respective names. It was generally believed that the dies were engraved in London by the King's goldsmiths as part of their mystery or craft. Although it is possible that some of the earlier Wessex kings issued money within the borders of the district now known as Dorset, the names of the mints do not appear upon their currency before Athelstan. It is, therefore, among this King's laws and upon this King's coins that we find the earliest records of any Dorset mints. Recent numismatic discoveries have added many new coins, but no towns additional to those known to Mr. C. Warne when he printed his "Ancient Dorset" in 1872. Accordingly Shaftesbury, Wareham, Dorchester, and Bridport, placing them in order by the extent of their output, remain the only burghs where the mintmasters carried out their duties. It is perhaps a matter of surprise that to Sher-

borne, although the home of Saxon bishops and Norman abbots, no attribution of coins has hitherto been possible. As to the particular spots in the four Dorset towns where the work of minting was carried on, there would appear to be practically no evidence. Wareham alone points to a site near the South Quay; but the claim is shadowy. There is a possibility that in Dorchester the "image and superscription" of the Saxon and Norman kings were wrought in one or another of the churches, or in the Roman and Norman castles, which in turn occupied, as we may believe, the site of the existing county prison. The currency struck in the four towns was of one denomination and of one metal—namely, the silver penny, which should have weighed one 240th of the Saxon pound. As to where the Anglo-Saxon penny is chiefly found, the coastlands of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark have yielded many rich hoards of these pieces, partly Danegeld, partly private booty; and while the British Museum can show only forty-seven specimens in all, there are in the Swedish Royal cabinet at Stockholm 134 Dorset pennies, many of the highest rarity—a lasting memorial of the spoiling of the English.

Short Reviews

"SOME LITERARY FORGERIES." By J. A. FARRER. With a preface by ANDREW LANG. (Longmans, Green & Co.: Price 6s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a work of much erudition and research dealing with the great forgeries which have been perpetrated during the intellectual history of humanity, to which the author picturesquely alludes as "tares in the garden of letters." Authorities give the exact meaning of the word "forgery" as the crime of fraudulently altering or imitating the handwriting of another. When we speak of literary forgery, plagiarism, unconscious or otherwise, is not what is meant, but the actual "faking" of documents with intent to deceive. Mr. Andrew Lang in his preface, with that rare sense of humour which distinguishes his writings, includes in the introductory lines a "forgery" of his own. "In writing 'The Monk of Fife,'" he says, "I professed to have discovered the continuation in French of a genuine manuscript account of Jeanne d'Arc begun in Latin by her friend, a Scot, and mysteriously broken off in the middle of a sentence." No one who has read that charming work will be disposed to pass harsh judgment on Mr. Lang for his lapse from literary virtue.

The author has not dealt strictly chronologically with his subject, although the first chapter concerns some famous classical forgeries, including the "Letters of Phalaris," the "Consolatio" of Cicero

and his "De Natura Deorum;" the first of which gave rise to the wonderful controversy between the erudite Bentley and Charles Boyle and his Christ Church friends, and in the end proved fatal to the authenticity of the "Letters of Phalaris."

A chapter dealing with the work of Constantine Simonides is not as conclusive as it might be; the reader is left more or less in doubt as to whether the Simonides MSS. were absolutely proved to be entirely forgeries or not. That many of them were partly so there can be no doubt, but the author's skill as a forger seems to have been such as to prove him a man of amazing knowledge and extraordinary literary activity. His biographer says of him, "Simonides did not always invent, or forge, or lie. Probably these lapses occupied the smaller portion of his activity, and much of his work was honest, laborious and useful." The succeeding chapter deals with Annius of Viterbo, and his famous "De Commentariis Antiquitatum"—seventeen distinct treatises, of which eleven, by different authors, were supposed to have been lost to the world until their discovery by the writer. Cato the Censor, Caius Sempronius, Quintus Fabius Pictor, and Metasthenes, were a few of those whose MSS. Annius professed to have discovered. Mr. Farrer briefly sums up his life's work in the following words: "It is certain that Annius contributed more to the confusion of literature, whether innocently or not, than

any other man of his own or any other generation." It is interesting to read of Doctor Johnson's unconcealed admiration for another celebrated forger Psalmanazar, the famous Formosan, for whose piety Johnson had such reverence that even that arch-dissident lost in his presence the power to contradict. Yet the author shows us that this exemplary personage is connected with one of the most astonishing frauds in the history of literature. The chapter dealing with that fraud, a purely imaginary history of Formosa, is one of the most interesting in the whole book.

"A breastplate of triple brass must be his who ventures on an imposition with the learned world in Germany," says Mr. Farrer. Yet he shows us that Wagenfeld in his twenty-fifth year attempted to palm off on his contemporaries, early in the last century, a work which purported to be the greatest historical discovery of the time. Wagenfeld claimed to have found the nine books of the history composed by the Phœnician, San Choniathon, in the monastery of Santa Maria de Merinhao. These books were supposed to be the complete nine volumes of Philo's translation, of which Eusebius had only preserved the imperfect remains of one. Space forbids me to do more than glance at the work of one who has been called the Prince of Forgers, the Frenchman Vrain-Denis Lucas, the son of a peasant, who flourished in the last century. This worthy apparently stuck at nothing. Letters from the Apostle, from Plato, from Pliny, from Seneca, from Pompey to Cato, or from the

Roman Emperors flowed with equal ease from his pen.

Under the heading of "Political Forgeries" comes "Eikon Basilike," which contributed so powerfully to the reaction in favour of Charles I. and to the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. The book, attributed to the unfortunate monarch, was in reality the work of one John Gandon, vicar of Bocking, in Essex.

In the case of the Marie Antoinette forged letters composed by Lamotte, Villette, and many others, "animosity," Mr. Farrer says, "was doubtless the inspiring motive." That forgery on a gigantic scale has occurred in ecclesiastical literature need hardly be asserted. In that field it has made its most complete conquests and left its most indelible marks. "When forgery became ecclesiastical it touched the infinite," says the author, and few will be prepared to contradict him. A chapter of absorbing interest is "The Immortal Hoax of Ireland," dealing with the presentation by Sheridan of the play *Vortigern and Rowena*, the "recently discovered play of Shakespeare," which was in fact the work of William Henry Ireland, a youth of barely nineteen. Lauder's furious attack on Milton in which he called forgery to his aid in order to prove that the author of "Paradise Lost" was a mere plagiarist, appeared in the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE in 1747. The unscrupulous critic subsequently wrote a letter of apology so abject that "the wonder is that any one could have survived the writing," as the author pithily puts it. Ballad and miscellaneous forgeries conclude

this remarkable work. Regarding the literary criminals of whom it treats, it seems extraordinary that any person possessing the brains, erudition, technical skill and patience required, should not have found it at once easier and more profitable to turn his talents to legitimate account. In compiling the volume before us, Mr. Farrer has displayed a bewildering amount of knowledge and has condensed his subject matter with very great skill.

ALICE L. CALLANDER.

"A LAST RAMBLE IN THE CLASSICS."

By HUGH E. P. PLATT, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell, 50 and 51 Broad Street.)

It is a curious fact that study of the classics sometimes conduces to levity, and this volume by the author of "Byways in the Classics" is an instance in point. But it is a sprightly levity, if not always discreet according to the rule of Mrs. Grundy. There are, moreover, observations in the book whose connection with the classics is not immediately obvious. For example, Mr. Platt tells us: "A white horse has never won a race in England. This, I suppose, may be explained by the fact that all our racehorses trace their pedigree to the Byerley Turk, the Godolphin Arabian, and the Darley Arabian, who were bays. My own knowledge of the horse is chiefly gained from contemplating the hind-quarters of that flatulent animal from the interior of a hansom cab; but my friends tell me that, while there are traditional fancies about colours,

such as that a black horse is bad-tempered, most sportsmen are now agreed in the apophthegm, 'a good horse cannot be of a bad colour.'"

Passing to the subject of foot-racing, Mr. Platt quotes a Greek epigram which has been thus translated by Mr. Mackail: "Charmus ran for the three miles in Arcadia with five others; surprising to say, he actually came in seventh. When there were only six, perhaps you will say, how seventh? A friend of his went along in his great-coat crying, 'Keep it up, Charmus!' And so he arrives seventh; and if only he had had five more friends he would have come in twelfth." It may console more modern laggards to know that such performances are sometimes helpful in delivering a poet of a witticism.

Mr. Platt soon wanders on to controversial ground. "In ordinary English experience," he says, "the father-in-law is a character who improves by age. Before his daughter's marriage, while he is only a prospective father-in-law, he is sadly lacking in appreciation of true love, and has an unaccountable objection to the sweet girl's union with a penniless young man of no profession. Naturally the novelist holds so unromantic a creature up to scorn, after the fashion of Calverley's lines:

Old Poser snorted like a horse;
His feet were large, his hands
were pimply,
His manner, when excited, coarse:
But Miss P. was an angel
simply.

But as soon as the wedding takes

place the old gentleman's better qualities manifest themselves."

This discourse merely lures the young and amorous on to a passage in which Mr. Platt thunders forth the most alarming commination of reaction: "In modern England the method, or rather absence of method, in mating is the most irrational that could be conceived. A young man enters into a contract which lasts for life under the impulse of the most fleeting of passions. . . . The dream is commonly followed by a bitter awakening. 'I shall not marry for love,' wrote Disraeli to his sister. 'All the men whom I have known marry for love either beat their wives or are separated from them.' . . . What remedy for these evils can we suggest? Only one can be deemed effective. Instead of the young people choosing for themselves, let the choice of a husband or wife be made for them by a small committee of relatives and friends." One fears that under Mr. Platt's system

marriages would be few; for the quarrels of a committee of relatives (one can only pity the friends) never end, nor is there ever a majority prepared to do more than condemn the proposal of any individual or group. And really Mr. Platt ought to be brought to book before a jury of maidens. A girl who chooses her own husband has at least chosen her own misery; but why on earth should she have it thrust upon her by others?

We cannot, unfortunately, follow Mr. Platt throughout his devious path. "A rambler has a right to be discursive," he says, and he uses his right. We may just take a final peep at him convicting Dr. Johnson of a split infinitive ("Milton was too busy to much miss his wife"); and we can assure those who set out to go with him all the way that he is never a dull companion. On the contrary, he is a genial cynic, full of quaint lore and too erudite to appear serious. G. B.

Notices of Publications

THE INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF APOCRYPHA (with which is incorporated Deutero-Canonical). International Society of Apocrypha, 15 Paternoster Row.

The Archbishop of Canterbury wrote lately to a member of this society: "I have no hesitation in saying that I think it desirable that a systematic effort should be made

to extend the knowledge of people generally about the Apocrypha and to encourage its more careful study." And the society, whose president is the Bishop of Winchester and whose council is a remarkably strong body, should be able to do much towards bringing about this result. The Journal has entered upon its third year, with an altered title and extended

scope. There are some desultory literary comments in the opening paragraphs, and it is curious to find that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is probably indebted to Ecclus. xlv. 1-15 for the inspiration of a verse in the introductory poem in "Stalky and Co." It is not an example of Mr. Kipling at his best. There are a number of brief papers, all of which are worth attention. The most interesting is, perhaps, that upon "The Personality of the Son of Sirach," by Professor R. G. Moulton. The Rev. Herbert Pentin contributes a criticism of T. B. Aldrich's "Tragedy of Judith," which was first produced at the Termont Theatre, Boston, in 1904. The play adds little to knowledge of the Apocrypha, and does not stand in the front rank of poetical dramas; but the introduction of the subject shows that the editor of the magazine has no wish to limit its range. Chaucer's quaint and pithy epitome of the same tragedy is also quoted:

But tak kepe of the deeth of
 Olofern;
 Amidde his host he dronke lay
 a night,
 With-inne his tent, large as is a
 bern,
 And yit, for al his pompe and
 al his might,
 Judith, a womman, as he lay up-
 right,
 Sleeping, his heed of smoot, and
 from his tente
 Ful privly she stal from every
 wight,
 And with his heed unto hir
 town she wente.

Particulars of membership of

the society may be obtained from Mr. Pentin, Milton Abbey, Dorset.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE HERTFORDSHIRE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY AND FIELD CLUB, edited by JOHN HOPKINSON, F.L.S., F.G.S., Sec. Ray Soc. vol. xiii. part 1, February 1907. (Dulau & Co., 37 Soho Square. Price, 4s. 6d. net.)

This volume contains a record of local scientific work of real value, undertaken in the best spirit, and reflects credit alike on the editor, the contributors, and the society. It contains matter of interest for all lovers of natural history, and should have a wide circulation. The address of the president, Dr. John Morison, on Inorganic Evolution is, it must be owned, ambitious, and is more in the nature of a theory of the Universe considered as matter than a contribution to knowledge of Hertfordshire; but it is a valuable and concise article by a thinker who is not only audacious but well informed. The notes on the birds observed in Hertfordshire in 1905 show one species added to the two hundred and twenty-three already credited to the county, and this, strangely enough, was Leach's fork-tailed petrel (*Oceanodroma leucorhoa*), a specimen of which was found dead in Cassiobury Park late in the year. Mr. James Saunders's paper on "Witches' Brooms," with illustrations, is an excellent example of work done in the spirit of Gilbert White, who would, indeed, have recognised in this Hertfordshire Society genuine disciples of his own.

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THE BERKS, BUCKS AND OXON
ARCHÆOLOGICAL JOURNAL,
edited by the Rev. P. H.
DITCHFIELD. Vol. xii. No. 4,
New Series, January 1907.
(Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster
Row. Price, 1s. 6d.)

The leading feature of the current number is the first part of a paper by the president of the society, Mr. C. E. Keyser, giving an architectural account of the churches of Buckland, Hinton Waldrist and Longworth. The portion now published deals with Buckland, and is well and fully illustrated from photographs. A quaint and typical epitaph of the seventeenth century, from the tomb of Sir Edward Yate, is quoted. The following lines occur in it:

In this black marble that each sex
may finde
White and faire presidents to guide
the minde
Men women know remember
The Baronet particularly honored
for
Morall Economical Prudential
Merit
The Ladie revered for
Sanctimonious Zeale, Humble and
Constant Patience
Abundant Charitie, and Admir-
able Justice
Their daughter Elizabeth (who
died a Mayde
Her Parents lyving)
Belovde admired for
Devoute, chaste, modest and dis-
crete demeanour and
Fervent Charitie.

Excellent people truly, if the epitaph does not exaggerate. But there are few women of the pre-

sent time who would like to have Sanctimonious Zeale attributed to them by the monumental mason. Mr. W. H. Hallam, in the continuation of his paper upon Baulking Church, Berkshire, mentions the second recorded fall of a meteor in Britain. This event took place on Baulking Green on April 9, 1628. A rare tract to be seen in the British Museum sets forth that the "thunder-bolt was by one Mistris Greene caused to be digged up out of the ground, she being an eye witness, amongst many other of the manner of the falling. The form of the Stone is three-square, and picked in the end; in colour outwardly blackish, somewhat like iron: crusted over with that blacknesse about the thickness of a shilling. Within it is a sort of a gray colour mixed with some kind of minerall, shining like small pieces of glasse. This stone brake in the fal: The whole peece is in weight nineteen pounds and a halfe. The greater peece that fell off weigheth five pound, which with other small peeces being put together, maketh foure and twenty pound and better." Mr. Ernest W. Dormer, in the continuation of his paper on Bisham Abbey, gives some details with regard to the fine tapestry hanging in the great hall there. Among other matter, the number contains a brief account of the work of the Oxford Ladies' Archæological and Brass Rubbing Society. Some of the more frivolous readers of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE—if such there be—may wish that their servants or office boys could join this body for the sake of the second object which it inculcates.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE BUCHAN FIELD CLUB, 1904-1905. Vol. viii. Part 2. (Printed for the club by P. Scrogie, *Observer* Printing Works, Aberdeen.)

This valuable volume begins with an exhaustive article on "The Flora of Buchan—its Distribution, Origin and Relations to Man," by Professor Trail, F.R.S., of the University of Aberdeen. The article is in reality an excellent work of reference. Mr. W. J. H. Sinclair contributes a paper on "The Weather and Climate of Peterhead." The Rev. J. Forrest, in dealing with "Place Names in Lonmay," explains "Tillykeira" without difficulty, but admits some uncertainty as to the derivation of "Tyacksnook." A long and very interesting paper on "John, Seventh Lord Sinclair, Covenanter and Royalist," is from the pen of Mr. J. A. Fairley, of Edinburgh; with it is given a facsimile reproduction of the "Band of Union"—a document very instructive as to the attitude of the Covenanters towards King Charles I. at a critical period. That verse in lighter vein was not distasteful to all the supporters of the Covenant is shown by certain verses which Mr. Fairley quotes. The last stanza is curious and characteristic:

The Douper dogs of Aberdeene,
Is fled and veighed their ankers,
They durst not byde into ther
toun,
To feast ye Covenanters.
They left their children and their
wyffes,
To reed yare reuelit zairne,
And cuckold-lyke fled for their
liues
Unto ye Iyle of Ferne.

The allegation against Lord Aboyne seems to be even more serious. Another paper of great interest and importance is that contributed by Dr. P. Giles, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, University Reader in Comparative Philology, on "The Making of Our Mother Tongue." It is remarkable to find, from one of the quotations in this article, that in 1754 a Scottish hosier addicted to authorship, who was resident in London, made his customers and readers acquainted with his address in verse seemingly so little suited to the age and the locality:

I likewise tell you by this bill
That I do live up' Towerhill
Hard by the house o' Robie Mill,
just i' the nuik,
Ye canna' mist when'ere you will,
the sign's a buik.

THE ANTIQUARY. New Series. Vol. iii. No. 3; March 1907. (Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row. Price 6d.)

Two articles of much interest in the current number are that upon "Some Suffolk Arrow-Heads," which is illustrated, and that upon "The Recent Discovery of Human Remains at Reading." The subject of the latter is very thoroughly discussed. The miscellaneous information is as varied and extensive as usual.

NOTES AND QUERIES. Saturday, March 9, 1907. (Athenæum Press, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C. Price 4d.)

This little periodical, which has now reached No. 167 of its tenth series, is always full of useful matter. The present number contains notes

on "Maldon Records and the Drama" and "Legends on English Gold and Silver Coins"

among other things. The "Replies" give, as usual, much quaint and uncommon information.

Garden Notes

It is Addison, I think, who says somewhere that he looks upon the whole country in springtime as a spacious garden, and reflects on the bounty of Providence which has made the most pleasing and most beautiful objects the most ordinary and most common.

March is scarcely the month in which we feel this to be quite true of the world at large. After the severe winter we have had, and the rapid changes of temperature experienced this year, spring is late in coming and the beauties of wild nature are mainly confined now,

"Betweene Mershe and Averil,
When spray beginneth to spring,"
to the lovely sudden colour of the elms and beeches against the sky, the living purple of the copses in the distance, and the green of the hawthorn hedges bursting into tiny leaf. All the green lush things starting to life in the ditches fill us with the sense of winter past; still in the main it is but a bare windy world we look on.

In our gardens, however, how true it is that ordinary things are the most beautiful of all. There can scarcely be anything more lovely now than the common crocus flowering in the grass—purple and white and yellow flung down in scattered handfuls on the turf in autumn, and planted where they fell.

Indeed it may be said of most of our early spring flowering bulbs that where the ground has been more or less prepared for them at first, they look their best growing in grass.

There can be no comparison, for instance, between snowdrops flowering on bare mould in the border, and the same number of bulbs springing naturally from the grass in some sunny open space.

There is all the gladness of a happy surprise about the one, which is lacking in the other, and it is this sense of surprise and joyfulness which should be the keynote of a spring garden.

It is said that after long illness one of the symptoms of reviving life in the convalescent is the craving for, and delight in, vivid colour, and this craving seems to wake in all of us at the turn of the year, after the grey and gloom of winter-time and the dullness of our northern skies.

And with what little trouble can this instinct in us be satisfied.

First comes the soft yellow of the little winter aconite, then the whiteness of the snowdrop, the blue mist of the squills, to be followed in March by the crowning glory of the grass for colour—the crocuses.

The brilliant gaiety of these recalls to me always what an old man once said, looking at them—

that he tried to remember this lovely sight could only be granted to his earthly eyes three or four times more at the most, and so to prize it doubly.

In beds and borders most of the early flowering plants are low growing and are seen in tufts and clumps. It adds greatly to the effect they make if the beds are carefully pricked over and the soil lightly stirred.

There is always a great deal of rubbish to be removed, old stalks and withered mulch which have survived the February rains, but it is not work to entrust to unskilled hands. A careless or too vigorous prod with a fork may deal death and destruction to some buried treasure. It is a good plan to have a barrow-load of prepared soil by you in this early spring cleaning and to give a little top dressing to the roots of such things as may require it. Frost and snow have a tiresome way of seemingly rooting plants out of the ground, and a little timely care in this respect will save many a favourite.

It often happens that many plants which seem to have survived the winter die in an unaccountable way after the first spring sunshine has started them growing. A light pricking of the ground round them and a little fresh soil, which deters the active slug from travelling quite so easily, often helps them over a critical time.

Snails and slugs are a bitter trial at this time of year when all the young shoots of herbaceous plants are growing up, and you find, say, your best and newest larkspurs eaten off in a night. There is nothing for it but to go

at dusk, or in the dark, with a lantern and stalk your prey.

We cannot hope to imitate Shelley's merciful lady in the garden of his dream. She carried all her "killing insects and gnawing worms" in an Indian basket into far-off woods—a method requiring time. I do not know whether Shelley himself was anything of a gardener; he was a man who might have really walked miles with his morally blameless slugs, but most of us have no qualms about salt and water or even more merciless methods.

Many plans are recommended to keep off slugs. We may bribe them with potato and orange peel, or disgust them with soot. Orange peel I really have found of much use, but the best and most certain, as well as most fatiguing, remedy is hand picking.

One of the most charming features in the rock garden this month is provided by the little dwarf daffodils. *N. Minimus* is, I think, one of the sweetest of them—a tiny trumpet daffodil, no taller than a snowdrop. It is equally at home in the grass, in the garden border, and on the rockery, and planted in pots for indoor decoration it is very attractive.

I have before me, on the table as I write, a shallow pan of cream-coloured pottery filled with these little yellow flowers, blooming gaily. They are planted simply in fertilised fibre and left practically to take care of themselves indoors, on the window-sill of an ordinary sitting-room. *N. Minimus* is, I believe, the smallest known daffodil, and has its home in Spain.

Many of these baby daffodils

are, however, more exacting as to their requirements and need sheltered sunny situations and a sandy soil, though where once they have really made themselves at home they will flourish undisturbed for years.

N. Nanus, which blooms freely in March, is, like *Minimus*, a trumpet daffodil of a very lovely yellow, and I have seen groups of these very effectively placed on rock-work, pushing their way through a carpet of thyme.

Such surface-rooting plants—thyme, the mossy saxifrages, and the sandworts—make excellent protection for most of these small bulbs, which can be safely trusted to grow into the light through the shelter thus afforded.

It has often been said that a garden which cannot be gathered from is no garden at all. This depends more on the owner than the garden, I fancy. Some one who cared for gardening very much has said that if we grudge picking our flowers for our friends we have not learnt half what our flowers teach us. Still we may

sometimes grudge picking too freely in the springtime and be blameless, especially from those parts of the garden always open to view, for bulbs, unlike herbaceous plants, do not yield more bountifully in proportion as the blossoms are gathered.

It is a useful plan, where there is plenty of room to spare, to plant common bulbs freely in the kitchen garden. A wide belt of daffodils makes a very good division between plots of vegetable ground, and is very useful for gathering from, both for house decoration and giving away.

I know one kitchen garden that is made very gay in springtime by this simple arrangement. There, between ranks of early sown peas and beans, dividing carrots from onions, or bordering potato beds, grow in broad lines not only all the stronger bulbs, Lent lilies and narcissus and cottage tulips, but irises, polyanthuses, wallflowers, and pinks, all meant to be gathered in no grudging spirit and with no niggard hands.

MARY C. COXHEAD.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

The Need of the Poor

(It is the desire of the Editor that THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE should give expression to widely varying opinions on important subjects of controversy; but he does not, of course, identify himself with his contributors in the statement of their views.)

THERE are two sides from which the question of the poor may be approached—the side of the theoriser and that of the man who speaks from experience. Of course the question looks different from one side and the other. The man who views it from book knowledge and from general considerations is apt to see the question in terms of an abstract problem; for him it is a matter of forces, presenting themselves more or less perfectly as mental conceptions, which can be dealt with like the x and y of a sum in algebra or the formulæ in a handbook of chemistry. He often takes a wide view; he sees causes in operation and effects which must follow, and he is convinced that his theory is right. What he too seldom sees, even if he is a man of sympathy, is the drama of the problem; he fails to realise that his theory concerns the most highly developed form of living matter, and that the terms of the problem are not merely statistical and economic, but vital in the fullest sense of that word. Anguish and aspiration, passion, affection, ennoblement, degradation, with every attribute of mind, heart and soul—these, each and all, distinguish the quick human being from the dead array of figures. It is this force of life, this tragedy and comedy, this human move-

ment which governs the whole question, that makes the dry, abstract conclusions of the theoriser look so futile and inept to the man whose knowledge comes from first-hand experience.

But if it is true that the people with theories are too often people who have missed the essence of the whole matter, it is also true that the man whose knowledge is of experience only is apt to be carried away by sympathy and indignation, to "lose his head" at the sight of individual suffering and undeserved want, and to forget the eternal and inexorable forces which are working behind these examples of "the world's wrong." Then it is easy enough to demand measures of immediate alleviation which will prove impossible in application or do more harm than good.

I think people who want to help the cause of the poor should avoid the extreme on each side; they should not be unduly daunted by academic theories, or believe that abstract considerations and groups of figures can solve a problem which has the whole of human nature in it; and they should not waste their energy in merely denouncing evils and injustices of which some are inherent in the scheme of the universe; they should busy themselves in remedying the others. For this reason I do not propose in this article either to appeal to statistics or to accuse any class of people or any British Government of being deliberate and malevolent oppressors.

Almost every one who has given thought to the subject agrees that the great mass of the poor in this country are divisible into three classes. First, there are those who are in steady employment at a fair wage, and who, though they can never afford for themselves the luxuries or the comforts of the wealthy, are able to make some provision for old age and for times of stress due to sickness, exceptionally slack trade, and so forth. Secondly, there are those whose employment is more or less unstable, it may be from the circumstances of their occupation, or it may be from faults of temperament, or lack of skill or application, or want of opportunity in early years. This class

contains a great number of people who are neither good nor bad, whom it would be unjust to treat as hopeless cases, but who are often enemies to themselves and their families. There are others who, in their misfortunes, are almost entirely the victims of economic conditions. Thirdly, there are those who are inherently bad or who have "gone under" beyond social redemption. It is this class which has affixed to "the poor" as a whole almost every stigma that has ever been unjustly attached to them.

There is as much self-respect—I believe there is more—to be found in the first of these classes as in any in the country. They preserve, too, the best national traditions of family life. They do not want charity—in the usual sense of doles—and it is only under the extreme pressure of misfortune that they will accept it. There is no fair reason why they should be dependent on it at any time. There should be a system corresponding to that of the Peasants' Banks, known in many Continental countries, by which they would be enabled to obtain loans at a low rate of interest on occasions of emergency. If they are disabled, and are not sufficiently provided for by the Employers' Liability Act, they should receive from the State a pension, independent of old age, which should carry no taint of pauperism with it. Their work is, after all, the chief asset of this country, and the means by which it is enabled to hold its place in the world, and such people ought to be treated as honoured fighters in the industrial campaign, with a claim upon the nation. The best assistance which can be given to them in normal circumstances is by increase of opportunity. Good house-room at moderate rents, fresh air, cheap transit, are among their chief requirements. Great municipalities are useful and beneficent in so far as they provide these. When they do so, they are frequently denounced by the *Times* and other papers because they engage in "municipal trading"—as if that were a crime.

I pass, for convenience sake, to consideration of the third class. No man or woman ought to be included in

this for whom there is a reasonable hope of social salvation. But it is undeniable that there is a great multitude whose self-respect and self-control are gone. I will not try to apportion the blame for this ; but it does not all rest, as a rule, on the people themselves. They are cases of diseased character. They will not work, and those who take the modern view and associate mental deterioration with physical brain deterioration are probably right in saying that they cannot. Gifts are wasted upon these people, and are certain to be misused. It is little short of criminal to give them sums of money, which will be spent in the public-house with the worst possible effect. They have lost the sense of responsibility and are unfit to regulate their own lives or control their families. The only thing to do for them is to apply a healthy compulsion to them. They ought to be weeded out of the community, where their example tempts and contaminates the weaker members of a better class. They are, as the Germans have discovered, the proper inhabitants of State Labour Colonies ; and such colonies can easily be rendered self-supporting.

The second is incomparably the most difficult to deal with of the classes which have been mentioned, and here the eye of practice is needed no less than the eye of sympathy in discriminating between the permanently helpless and those who can be profitably helped. A man may be demoralised temporarily, and yet be capable of a fresh start to good purpose. But if the demoralisation continues too long, the man's character decays beyond redemption. And what is the general, almost the universal, cause of demoralisation among working people ? Want of employment—I say it unhesitatingly. There is nothing that experience establishes more plainly. Let me give an example of the worker in whom the process has begun, but in whom it can be arrested. A few days ago I met in a 'bus a man whose face was familiar to me. He was carrying a paper parcel in his hand, and he was not sober. Presently he revealed the contents of the parcel—a great lump of raw steak—and told me the story of its purchase.

"I done nothin' yesterday. I done nothin' the day before" (and this implies that he had been penniless and practically foodless), "and to-day I earned four bob. I'm goin' to get two bags" (half-gallons) "o' beer, and I'm going to have a bust to-day, if it's the last."

"And what about to-morrow?" I asked.

"To-morrow's got to do the same as yesterday done."

Now, to the fastidious mind of the man always accustomed to refinement this fellow-being would probably appear a disgusting, besotted, hopeless savage. But he was not, in fact, a hopeless case, or anything approaching to it; he was in that condition of incipient despair, brought about by squelched hope and enforced idleness, which I can only describe by the phrase that sticks in my mind as "don't-care-a-damishness." I have experienced it; so would any man, given the conditions.

Let me give another example, of a different kind. Not many nights ago two people—a man and a woman—came to my door to ask for help. The man had a plausible way with him and a plausible tale to tell. At the house of many a well-to-do person he would have received a dole. But to one who knows the class he was plainly a humbug. I gave him nothing but the direction to the casual ward. He knew he had been fairly recognised, and he went off without resentment. The woman was young and pretty, and had a child in her arms. She told a tale of a bare, foodless home; everything at the pawnbroker's that could go there. I am sure many a well-meaning person would have looked at that bonnie young woman with the gravest suspicion; she was not emaciated and did not seem ill. "The usual story, and the usual child," they would have said. "Often enough they hire the wretched children, and it shouldn't be allowed. An idle, good-for-nothing hussy." Well, I didn't think so. Somehow she seemed genuine. My wife went to her home, and it was clean as a place could be. Chapter and verse were given for her story, and it was true. Her husband had fought for bread, and so had she, and they had been defeated, for the time; that cruel

defeat which is so common in "the annals of the poor." Is it marvellous that such people, worthy as they are by nature, become the prey of despair, suffer corruption by despair, drift downward, and at last become irredeemable? I repeat that the utmost care is needed in discriminating the fit in this class from the unfit, and only the eye of experience can do it.

And the remedy? Employment. I cannot repeat it too often or state it too emphatically. Regular work is the best safeguard of a man's character; it is the making of him. And I say that the State owes these men employment; it is the first duty of the nation to give them that chance of a decent life. The employment necessarily falls under two heads—that provided by private enterprise and that provided by public works.

In connection with employment to be derived from private enterprise, a great reform is necessary. Half the "out-of-works" are simply men in the wrong place. If the great problem of unemployment is ever going to be dealt with seriously, the first step must be to find out not only where hands are wanted at the moment, but where hands will be wanted in the immediate and the proximate future, so that men, instead of remaining in districts where there is no opening for them, and increasing the congestion in markets already overfilled, may have every inducement to draft themselves to places where their labour is required. Few people realise to what an extent labour is "fluid"; how it flows, quickly and quietly, to meet the demand for it, when the demand is known. Not only unmarried men, but men with families, move in vast numbers annually to take up work in fresh fields. But at present there is too much drifting without intelligent direction; for example, from the villages to the towns, where people vaguely hope to obtain work at better wages. What is needed is that employers should be required by statute to supply to the Board of Trade, as a confidential document, a statement of their probable absorption of labour for a fixed period; they know whether their order books are full or not, and what the

probable shrinkage or expansion of employment is likely to be in their case. The broad results of this information, without any divulging of particulars as to individual firms, should be made accessible through the Board of Trade, so that labour might be directed to the right channels; and there should be local bureaux to which workmen could write and obtain any further details that could be given without violation of confidence.

It is said that this would be a dangerous attack on the proper privacy of enterprise, and that damaging information would be supplied as to the status and intentions of firms and the conditions of industries. This argument seems to me to ignore facts. Income-tax payers have to divulge the extent and character of their means to collectors of taxes, and personal and domestic details to the census officials. What detriment do they suffer? The information is treated as secret, though the summarised statistics are published; and a complaint as to breach of confidence is hardly ever heard. But in any case the welfare of the State is the highest law, and it is better that a few employers should run the risk of having some particulars divulged which they prefer to conceal than that thousands of capable working men should be dragged into the last straits of poverty, rendered a burden upon charity or rates, and demoralised to the perdition of their families as well as themselves. This is the worst possible system.

In the matter of State-aided works, these should not be "Relief Works" pure and simple—a means of providing an outlet for labour, and that only. The establishment of even such works is better than the creation of a great class of idle, dole-supported unemployed. But many works could be undertaken which, though infructuous at the time of construction and completion, would be of immense future utility and put this country in a position of much-needed advantage in the struggle with commercial rivals. There are great works which no industrial company would be found to undertake because the return upon outlay must be long deferred, and the

initial expenditure heavy; but the State, which is a trustee for the nation's future as well as guardian of its present interests, could accomplish them, and the burden, distributed over the whole country, would hardly be perceptible. Some of our shrewdest rivals have shown themselves alive to these considerations. Our harbours and estuaries at once suggest themselves as places where such works could be usefully commenced; and as the labour would, for the most part, be rough and heavy, there would be no danger of supplying loafers with a "soft job," or, on the other hand, of drawing away from private enterprise the labour which it needs, by an offer of superior attractions.

It is satisfactory to note that in recent years every class in the community has awakened to the truth that the problem of the unemployed must be faced and solved. And one thing is certain—whatever solution the nation may ultimately prefer, nothing satisfactory will be accomplished by doles, however well-intentioned the givers may be, and nothing satisfactory will be accomplished short of organising employment at a living wage for every man who is willing to do a fair day's work.

WILL CROOKS.

Henry Fielding

TO the innumerable readers of fiction the 22nd of this present month of April is a day to be remembered, for it marks the bicentenary of the birth of him whom Scott has called "the father of the English novel."

Henry Fielding came of an ancient and noble family, the elder branch being represented by the Earls of Denbigh, and the younger branch (to which the novelist belonged) by the Earls of Desmond. It may be noted in passing that the Denbigh branch spells the name "Feilding," and there is a story that the then Earl once

asked Fielding why he spelt his differently. "I cannot tell, my lord," replied the novelist, "unless it be that my branch of the family was the first that learned to spell."

Fielding's father, Edmund Fielding, married the daughter of Sir Henry Gould, Knight, of Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, in Somerset, and it was there, on April 22, 1707, that the future novelist was born. His early education was entrusted to a Mr. Oliver, the clergyman of the neighbouring village of Motcombe, who is said to be the original of Parson Trulliber in "Joseph Andrews." Later he was sent to Eton, but his career was not in any way distinguished, and on leaving he proceeded to Leyden for the purpose of studying law. His father, who had become a widower, married again, and probably the expense of a second family was the cause of his failing to remit to his son the money necessary for him to live abroad. Consequently Henry was compelled to return to England. He came to London about the end of 1727 or the beginning of 1728, being then in his twenty-first year.

Fielding's earliest attempt at authorship took a dramatic form. A five-act comedy called *Love in Several Masques*, an evident imitation of the plays of Wycherley and Congreve, was performed at Drury Lane Theatre, probably about the month of February 1728. Thanks to the admirable acting of Mrs. Oldfield, it was received with some applause, and ran for a number of nights. His next work was *The Temple Beau*, again in imitation of the works of the Restoration dramatists. At last, in *The Author's Farce*, he succeeded in writing a play more suited to his genius, and, purposely discarding the "wit-traps" of Wycherley and Congreve, satirised the fashions and follies of the time. His most successful piece, however, was the burlesque of *Tom Thumb*, first produced at the little theatre in the Haymarket in 1730, and in the following year again performed at the same house with three acts instead of two. In plan it was somewhat similar to Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, and burlesqued the mannerisms of the principal tragic writers

from the time at which that play left them to that of *Tom Thumb's* appearance. It is said that Swift declared he only laughed twice in his life, and once was at an incident in this burlesque. *The Mock Doctor* and *The Miser*, adaptations of Molière's *Le Médecin malgré lui* and *L'Avare* respectively, followed; *The Miser* evoked a compliment from Voltaire.

All these plays, however, showed signs of haste and carelessness in their construction, and it is evident that Fielding, whose slender means were totally inadequate for one of his lavish disposition and extravagant tastes, had produced them for the sake of the money they would bring in, and had therefore passed many a blemish which he would otherwise have removed. As his relative and friendly critic, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, said, "Fielding would have thrown many into the fire if meat could have been got without money or money without scribbling."

In the spring of 1735 he married Miss Charlotte Cradock, one of three sisters who lived at Salisbury. His affection and regard for his wife may be judged by the fact that two of his heroines, Sophia Western and Amelia, are acknowledged to have her for their original. For a few months after his marriage he lived at Stower, where he resided on a small estate inherited from his mother. His wife brought him £1,500; but it is quite consistent with his known character that he should not for long be able to live as a country gentleman on an income of £200 a year; for, to quote Lady Mary again, "He would have wanted money if his hereditary lands had been as extensive as his imagination."

Fielding returned to London, and all his means were evidently not exhausted, for he was able to rent the theatre in the Haymarket, where he produced *Pasquin*, another satire on contemporary manners. This was a great success; it ran for forty nights, and probably brought Fielding more profit than anything he had yet written. A sequel, *The Historical Register*, followed, but the passing of a Licensing Act closed Fielding's career as a theatrical

manager. Compelled to seek another means of adding to his income, and having to support a wife and daughter, he now, towards the close of 1737 (being in his thirty-first year), returned to the subject of his early studies, the law. On November 1 he was admitted a student of the Middle Temple, and was "called" on June 20, 1740, choosing the Western Circuit in which to follow his new profession. Between these dates he found time to launch the *Champion*, a paper similar to the *Tatler*; it appeared on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and he contributed to it largely, but upon his being "called" he severed his connection with it.

Towards the end of 1741 he was occupied in the composition of a work which was destined to make him famous. This was "The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews and of his Friend Mr. Abraham Adams," which was published by Andrew Millar in February 1742. It was intended as a satire on the novel "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," the work of Samuel Richardson, which had appeared in 1740 and had attained an extraordinary popularity. The best character in the book is undoubtedly Parson Adams, whose simplicity and honesty, good-nature and practical Christianity, combine to make him one of the most lovable priests in fiction. Mrs. Slipslop is drawn with a master-hand; in her mistakes and mutilations of the King's English she is the prototype of Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop and Dickens' Mrs. Gamp. The hero, Joseph Andrews, is finely depicted, but the two characters before mentioned show Fielding at his best. As in all his works, the morality of the book is not such as would be acceptable to the taste of the present day, but the age was one whose coarseness has been made familiar to us by the genius of Hogarth; and even the pages of "Pamela," the work of the highly virtuous Richardson, contain incidents and scenes which seem unduly "broad" to the reader of a later period. The author received for the book from Andrew Millar the sum of £183 11s. Its popularity was not nearly so great as that of "Pamela"—a fact which no doubt

afforded Richardson some consolation for the insult to his heroine.

Late in the same year, being asked by a rising young actor for a new play, Fielding produced *The Wedding Day*; but not even the genius of Garrick could make it a success, and it only ran for six nights.

Three volumes of "Miscellanies" appeared in April 1743, which, among other items, contained the satire "A Journey from this World to the Next" and "The History of the Life of the late Mr. Jonathan Wild, the Great," which described the career of a rogue to the gallows, and afforded Fielding an opportunity of exercising his humour and sarcasm on men and things.

Nothing of importance came from his pen till 1749, the date of the publication of "Tom Jones." During the interval he appears to have lived under most harassing conditions. He lost his wife soon after the issue of the "Miscellanies," and for a time he was so prostrated by grief that his friends feared for his reason. He was in a poor state of health, and his old enemy, the gout, greatly hindered him in his travels on circuit. In 1748 (December) we find him appointed a Justice of the Peace for Westminster, and at this time he was living at a house in Bow Street, Covent Garden, with his second wife, whom he had married in the previous year.

"The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling," was published on February 28, 1749, by Andrew Millar, in six volumes, 12mo. The publisher paid Fielding £600 for it, and the work sold so well that Millar sent the author a further £100. It shows in many ways a great advance upon his earlier novel, "Joseph Andrews," and its superlative merits have been recognised by such diverse critics as Gibbon, Byron, Coleridge, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. Many of the characters are drawn with Fielding's extraordinary humour and insight. He stated frankly that he intended to adhere to nature and that his characters would not be found to be "Models of Perfection," since he had never happened to meet with those "Faultless Monsters." Tom Jones, indeed, is by no means

an ideal hero, and his creator has with some justice been charged with treating his hero's lapses from virtue too leniently. The heroine, Sophia Western, is admirable, and in her father, Squire Western, we have the most lifelike picture anywhere preserved of the country gentleman of the period. The novel is typical of its author; its racy style, humour, naturalness, coarseness, and sensuality are an exact reflection of Fielding's character and known views of life. The work has been translated into French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Russian, Polish, and Swedish. In 1765 a dramatised version appeared in German, and in 1785 a French play on the subject was produced at the Théâtre Français; a comic opera founded on it was performed at Covent Garden Theatre in 1769, and another, set to music by Philidor, appeared in Paris in 1765-6.

Fielding took his magisterial duties so seriously and devoted his energies to them with such purpose that he was elected Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and it is unquestionable that in his new capacity he performed no small service in establishing some law and order in the Metropolis. But his health again broke down, and it was possibly due to his enforced inaction that he found time to devote to literary matters, for, in addition to sundry legal pamphlets, he was able to publish, through Andrew Millar, his third and last novel, "*Amelia*," on December 19, 1751. It appeared in four volumes, 12mo. The work bears the impress of Fielding's more mature years, as "*Joseph Andrews*" does of his youth and "*Tom Jones*" of his prime. It suffers in comparison with the latter, but upon the principal character, *Amelia*, he seems to have lavished great and loving care, and she stands forth as one of the most beautiful and heroic women in the whole realm of fiction. The second edition was issued soon after—a fact which proves the book's success; and it is related that Dr. Johnson was so delighted with it that he read it through without stopping.

The novelist's health became so bad that he was ordered to Bath, but he derived little or no benefit from the visit.

Compelled to seek a warmer climate, he chose Lisbon, and sailed from Rotherhithe on June 30, 1754, arriving after many delays at the Portuguese capital, where, two months later (October 8), he died. He lies in the English cemetery on the hillside facing the Church of the Estrella.

All readers of modern fiction owe Fielding a deep debt of gratitude, for his three famous novels may be said to have founded a new branch of English literature, and they have served as models for all succeeding works of the same character. He had the courage to write stories which were essentially true; and the weakness of English fiction is seen not where his example has been followed, but where veracity has been sacrificed to artificiality in order to please readers of narrow judgment and jejune taste.

ALFRED INKLEY.

An April Isle of England

THERE is always something fascinating to the imagination in a little island. You can explore it and take possession of it, know and love it intimately, shut yourself up in it, and from its bounds, as if from your own garden-gate or house-window, look on to the outer world. There is romance, and seclusion, and mystery about it. So the poets felt when they gave us "the island valley of Avilion," the enchanted isle of fair ladies in Chaucer's dream, and the isle of Arief and Miranda. There are names on the map almost as enticing as those in poetry, from the paradises of the Pacific to Skye and the misty Hebrides; and amongst them all there is none more delicious in its own sweet, quiet way than the Isle of Wight. After all that is wild and strange and magnificent abroad, the traveller comes back with a leap of the heart to the eternally childlike and yet richly historic loveliness of England. There

are memories that give life to the ancient villas of Roman colonists, to the haunts of Tennyson and Keats, and to the castle that once held a captive king and a dying princess.

At no season is the Garden Isle sweeter than in the infancy of spring. There is expectancy in the atmosphere. All around is the promise of the coming May, the fairer daughter of this fair April mother. The woods are just beginning to burst into leaf, but as yet the leaves are not common and crowded. The eye discovers them with pleasure. Their tints and shapes are still uncertain, and vary from yellow to brown, from silver to tender, downy pink. Some are crumpled and creased, some still tightly folded, and some just peeping out. The oaks show hard knobs of reddish brown, the thin leaves of the lime flutter in the breeze, and the chestnuts are bursting from their coloured sheaths. Where the keen east winds blow they are shy in making their appearance; but inland, deep in amongst the turfy hills, you may find a lovely grove with all its foliage newly opened and glistening yellow in the sunlight. In Shanklin Chine there is not much foliage yet, but the tall trunks and trees never show the bareness of winter. Ivy wreathes everything in the Isle of Wight. It drapes the village fountain and the grey church, the old manor house and the cottage porch. It clothes trunk and branch and twig in the Landslip and makes woodland bowers. It decorates fantastic rocks with sculptured scrolls, and then flows freely over the brighter green of moss and young grass.

The wildflowers are in their first pale splendour. In the hedgerows, under budding brambles and woodbine and hawthorn, the primrose and violet and a few stray daffodils find shelter. The favourite flower of April is the primrose. Primroses peep up from the midst of dark leaves and grass in the chines; primroses blow in the picturesque, neglected churchyard of Shanklin; they shine by pools and ditches and in the woods and copses, they turn meadow and bank into pale gold. On the downs there are little pink-and-white daisies, and the

cowslips are beginning to lift their heads. Multitudes of golden celandines are open. There are wild gardens of violets purpling the turf, and in lonelier spots you may find the white violet. But rarest and fairest of all spring's infants is the wood anemone. For this flower you must search out of the beaten track. Not far from Shanklin I found a natural garden of wood anemones in a copse on a sunny bank. Part of the slope was cleared, and part was a tangle of twigs of hawthorn and wild rose and blackberry, young shoots of oak and nut-trees that had escaped to the sun and the air, rejoicing in their own audacity in braving the cutting east winds. All the cleared ground was one mass of delicate white stars, and in the thicket there were tiny fairy tracks leading to still lovelier clusters of purest white among scattered primroses and wet moss.

It is easy to ramble about this island without exhausting oneself. Some injudicious enthusiast once called it the Switzerland of England, but nowhere is there either the fatigue or the overwhelming grandeur of mountains. There is only a playful, baby savagery in the masses of rock in the Landslip and in Blackgang Chine and the precipices of Freshwater Bay. Behind all the freaks of wildness there is something gentle and soothing to the imagination. The Undercliff blooms like the grotto of a garden. The atmosphere softens every outline with fine haze, and the spring sunlight glistens and plays gently on the ivy and moss and tall trees and on the dazzling white walls of the coast.

Small as it is, the Isle of Wight has no lack of variety. The villages are quaint and old-fashioned. One of the prettiest is the little hamlet of Godshill, with its old church on a knoll and the cottages clustering around this centre. More famous is the old village of Shanklin, whose group of cottages is an ideal in thatch and clay and woodwork and foliage. A walk from Shanklin through the Landslip leads one in an hour or so to Bonchurch, where the walls and gardens rise in three terraces between cliff and sea. The upper town is formed

by villas rising out of banks and knolls of smooth-trimmed grass and standing in gardens of many-coloured hyacinths and brilliant anemones. These gardens are overhung by the cliff, but even the rocks and stones break out into bloom of wallflower and marigold. In the lower terrace, in a deep depression below the road, is the little old church of yellow stone, without tower or steeple; and still lower the rough beach and a few seaside cottages. Ventnor, steep, grey Ventnor, needs to be beheld in some peculiar aspect to save it from seeming a trifle commonplace after Shanklin, but it is effective enough if you see it, as I have done, in a heavy shower of spring rain, with its lights twinkling in the dusk and the dim outline of the sea beyond. Carisbrooke is beautiful in itself, but the mind is lured away from the scenery to the associations. In the castle grounds King Charles played bowls with Oliver Cromwell, in whose company—so the prison diary tells us—he much delighted. Here he made his vain effort to escape when the loyalist drum beat, and the word was given, "For God and the King!" Here he sat hopeless and neglected; and here at last he parted from his children. In this room the girl princess was found dead on the Sunday morning, her cheek laid on the Bible that had been her father's last gift. The human pathos of that story obscures the larger constitutional issues involved, and in Carisbrooke it is difficult not to be a Cavalier.

Elsewhere just at this season the charm of spring scenery thrusts history into the background. It is enough to ramble slowly from coast to coast and catch the look of old lichened tower and church wall, thatched cottage and ivied manor house, streamlet and pool, smooth, swelling hills and broken rocks. The views from the heights are charmingly varied. You have below you one seaside village after another, Ryde and Sandown and Shanklin, and the curving coast, and, farther still, the hazy outlines of England. In the misty distance you may see some vessel under full canvas, or a shadowy sail, or the black line of a rowing-

boat and the white wings of birds above the waves. The whole landscape of downs and woodlands, rocky chimes and old-fashioned villages and glittering cliffs, is set in April seas, incessantly varying in hue, one minute blue-grey, the next minute flecked with purple, now green, and now silvery, and then again neutral-toned and dim-looking like a fallen cloud. And over all is a fair, pale sky, holding white films of cloud and black phantoms of spring storms, thin mists and delicate sunlight, the whole morning atmosphere of the poets' April.

EDITH SEARLE GROSSMANN.

Some Curious Dedications

AS compared with the remarkably brief dedications to which one is accustomed in modern books, those of most of the earlier writers appear to err somewhat on the side of verbosity.

Our most famous authors are now content with two or three lines, or with none at all, whereas formerly the dedication was often a work in itself. For instance, Mathew Prior, in inscribing his "Poems on Several Occasions" to the Right Honourable Lionel, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, in 1718, deemed it necessary to set aside fourteen solid folio pages for the purpose and even then added a two-page postscript. In the course of his remarks, having first apologised for making use of his lordship's name, he thus addressed him: "You are a Judge and Master of Polite Learning; A Friend and Patron to Men of Letters and Merit; a faithful and able Counsellor to Your Prince; a true Patriot to your Country; an Ornament and Honor to the Titles You possess; and in one Word a worthy son to the Great Earl of Dorset."

He then proceeded to write at some length and in complimentary terms regarding his lordship's father, and we

gather that "a Thousand Ornaments and Graces met in the composition of this Great Man," and that "the Figure of His Body was Strong, Proportionable and Beautiful. His Wit was Abundant, Noble and Bold, and was like a Source rising from the Top of a Mountain which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible Supplies delighted and enriched the Country thro' which it pass'd."

Furthermore he asserted that "his very Failings had their beauty," and although he was very subject to passion, the short gusts were soon over and served only to set off the charms of his temper and made even anger agreeable. After this it is a little surprising to learn from Mathew Prior's own pen that the Earl of Dorset's pet aversion was the insinuation of a flatterer.

After various other interesting family details this lengthy dedication winds up with a deprecatory reference to the merits of the "Poems on Several Occasions" and the expression of a hope that their author may, at some future date, lay some pieces of a very different nature at his lordship's feet. He concludes with "I am, with all Duty and respect, My Lord, Your Lordships most Obedient and most Humble Servant, Mat Prior."

Again, in 1749, Thomas Newton, Lord Bishop of Bristol, in presenting to the world his edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," delivered himself of a ten-page dedicatory epistle, inscribing it to the Earl of Bath. "I scorn so much as to flatter your Lordship," he says, and immediately proceeds to do so, and that in no uncertain fashion. "You have so much a finer taste than other great men," he remarks, "and you are so much a finer writer in poetry as well as in prose. Your writings are very well known to the world and have long been in everybodys hands and read with universal delight." Afterwards he takes the opportunity to refer to his lordship's great abilities, his good nature, his generosity, his wisdom, his foresight, his magnanimity, his love of truth and virtue, his disinterestedness, his humane and compassionate temper, his uncommon knowledge, his extensive genius,

his easy wit and flowing conversation, so that, on the whole, it is rather difficult to see exactly where Thomas Newton's alleged scorn of flattery appears.

Of course, in those earlier days of book publishing the dedication was a matter of no little importance, it being inscribed to the author's *patron*, who usually undertook to bear the greater part of the cost of production. It is, therefore, hardly surprising to find that the character of this very necessary person is painted in glowing terms.

Some authors were decidedly prodigal in the number of their epistles dedicatory, as was Sir Balthazar Gerbier, who gave forty-two of them to his "Counsel to Builders." In fact they take up half the book. The Italian Doni in his collection of letters entitled "La Libreria" dedicated each separate letter to a different person, and then added another dedication for the volume as a whole. In this manner a book which consists of but forty-five pages is inscribed to over twenty individuals. It is only natural to suppose that the astute Doni secured a like number of patrons, so that there is every reason to believe the work was a financial success.

Politi, who published at Rome in 1751 the "Martyrologium Romanum," managed to cap even Doni's effort in this direction, for the 365 days of the year in this "Martyrology" have each a special dedication.

Another enterprising author went to the length of having a large number of different dedications printed for his book, inscribing each to a famous and wealthy man. When the volumes were bound it is safe to conclude that each copy found its way into the right hands. Sad to relate, the success of the scheme is not chronicled.

The phraseology of the early dedication is frequently quaint, the prevailing theme being usually the exceeding greatness and noble character of the dedicatee and the abject unworthiness of the dedicator. A good example is to be found in "The Interpreter," published in 1658 by John Cowell, Doctor, sometime the King's Majesties professor of the Civil Law. Cowell inscribed his work to his Reverend Father in God, his Especial Good

Lord, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate and Metropolitan of England. Thus he unburdens himself: "After long deliberation, I hardly induce myself to crave your gracious protection towards this simple work, valuing it at so low a price, as I think it hardly worth the respect of any great man, much less the favourable aspect of so honourable a personage." After a good deal more in a similar strain he declares: "All I crave at your Grace's hands, is patience and pardon for this enterprise, with the continuance of those your many favours, that hitherto to my great comfort I have enjoyed."

Another author who was apparently overwhelmed by his own shortcomings was "Philanactophil," who in 1624 gave to the world his "Nero Cæsar or Monarchie Depraved," dedicated to "My Noble, my gracious Lord, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Admiral." The following excerpt is quite a masterpiece in its way, although its meaning is obscure in parts: "High and mightie Lord, in my so much unworthinesse, and inability to deserve (for what a nothing is my greatest somewhat?) it can be little, that I should profess myself your lordships. Nevertheless seeing the truth is so, I willingly obey the conscience, and accordingly write myself up to the world, the most humblie devoted, Your Graces, Philanactophil."

It is perhaps only fitting that "Hymen's Praeludia; or Love's Master-Piece" should be dedicated to a lady; and this is the case in Robert Loveday's translation of this work from the French, dated 1736. And right gallantly is it addressed as follows to the Right Honourable, His Ever Honoured Lady, the Lady Clinton:

At such times as your silent authority gave me leave to want better employment, this trifle (that now begs to live a shrub under the secure shade of your patronage) was sinn'd into English, and though, not to confess the presumption, be to add to it, yet its being born in your honours service, bids me hope it less rudeness, thus to throw itself at your feet, than to disclaim the privilege of being yours. Madam, I am not ignorant (if you descend to the perusal of this humble toy) that you must force your sublime thoughts (which usually fly at fair quarries) to a stooping. But as the sun (who is the clearest Emblem of

your Virtues) when mounted to his meridian, does not disdain to look downwards, so if you vouchsafe to let fall the beams of a smile upon this piece and bid it live, how unkindly others may use it, shall never be placed among the fears of, Madam, Your Honour's most Humble, and ever Obedient Servant, Loveday.

Loveday's dedication being appropriately chivalrous, it may not unfairly be expected that that of Jeremy Taylor to his "Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying" should be correspondingly dismal, as indeed it is. The worthy divine thus addressed Richard Earl of Carbery: "My Lord I am treating your Lordship as a Roman Gentleman did Saint Augustine and his mother; I shall entertain you in a charnel house and carry your meditations a while into the chambers of death, where you shall find the rooms dressed up with melancholy arts." Fifteen pages of very small type are required to do justice to this gloomy example.

The author of a curious little book, "The Repertoire of Records," published in 1631, who signs himself "Sub rostro Cyconicè," seems to have found himself in an extraordinary difficulty. He had a patron for his work, but, strangely enough, he had no idea who he was. He does not explain how this happened, but he solves the problem of his dedication by giving it in verse "To the Unknown Patron."

This work I did intend to Mercury
 Before his wings were sick, and he could fly.
 But now the Gods incensed, all together
 Have layd diseases upon every feather;
 (Alas) he cannot raise himself not carry
 His plumes, as does the rest of all the Ayrie;
 But is retired to some shady grove
 To hide him from the great incensed Jove,
 And where to find my Patron to deliver
 This little work of mine, I know not, neither
 If he were found (and no discretion lost)
 This title might offend him, or me most.
 Now all ye Gods beare witness, I intend
 Onely to shew a bounden thankfull mind
 Unto this *Mercurie*, by whose quick fire
 My Muse, being lately wounded, did respire.
 Judge Heavens, and vouchsafe me onely this
 Whats well intended be not tooke amisse.

And Now goe on my Booke and seek about
Till thou hast found this unknown Patron out ;
And tell him thou cam'st from an unknown friend
Whose Love's a Circle, round, without an end.

There is a scarce little volume dealing with the virtues of Charles I., in which occurs a singular specimen of the dedicatory address. This work is "Veritas Inconcuſſa, or, A most certain Truth asserted that King Charles the First, was no Man of Blood, but a Martyr for his People," published by Mr. Fabian Philipps in 1660. It is inscribed in the somewhat fervid language of the times to His Most Excellent Majesty King Charles II., and the following extract is quoted from it :

It having been the *Cardo quaestionis*, or too much a question, betwixt your Royal Father and his Parliament to whom the sin of our late Civil Wars and miseries, with the bloody and horrid consequences thereof, did belong, though without question He was in no way guilty of it, but was a Martyr and suffered in it, and the guilt and profit of that great and crying sin being so inlaid and rivited in the promoters thereof, become to be the interest of a great part of the faction or people and to be miscalled Piety, Religion, good affection and Godliness itself and yet sticks as a Leprosie to those that were more wicked than the covetous but unbloody Gehazi, and if God in his mercy do not cleanse them from it, will transmit it with an impenitency to boote to their posterities. The ensuing vindication of your Royal Father may, if publicly owned under your Majesties gracious Patronage, be instrumental in the conviction and converting of many of those misguided zealots and thriving sinners and release them out of the prisons of that self-conceitedness and opiniastretè wherein Satan hath cunningly lodged their deluded Souls, making them believe that they are in the Churchway to Heaven when they are but going down to the place of everlasting burnings.

After concluding his address to his Majesty Mr. Fabian Philipps was at some pains to add a few supplementary pages for the benefit of one Henry Bell. This person, it appears, was a printer, who had taken an opportunity to pirate Mr. Philipps's book and place an edition on the market simultaneously with him. The outraged author thus gave vent to his feelings :

Henry Bell, you might have contented yourself with that unjust liberty taken by some printers and booksellers in abusing of Authors, Readers and People by a false imposition of names, and many counter-

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feit pieces and selling of one thing for another which in the want and absence of the good and Kindly Government of England and a Court of Star-Chamber, our late unruly and licencious Times allowed you. And not have done that which you, or he, which confederated with you (for you said there was a Citizen which went a share with you) have adventured to do unto me by printing my book and calling it your own, thereby exceeding them all in villany. For though you acknowledged to me and Mr. Newcomb the printer that you were not the author of it and understood not *Latine* and that other men of your trade can tell that you understood so little of English, as that you were formerly only a *Press-man* and had not abilities enough to be a Compositor; yet you could have the impudence in the printing and publishing of my book, to leave out half the Title and make some additional title of your own or some other man's composing and dedicate it to his Majesty as a mite of *Your* loyalty and say that it was written in the *midst of his and our sufferings*, and to make the book and price the bigger you had bound up with it a list, very often before printed, of the names of the late Kings Tryers, yet, adding to that also as short history, as you call it, of his now Royal Majesty Charles the Second, you are found in the beginning thereof to use these words, *Having, I hope, sufficiently cleared his late Royal Majesty from that execrable sin of Blood guiltiness.* When you come to mention the King's escape out of England after Worcester, you have stolen out of Mr. James Davies the Author of the History of our gracious Sovereign King Charles the Second, more than seven whole pages with scarce four or five words different. You have, as all men may perceive, inforced me to bestow this Epistle upon you, wherein doing myself right, I shall do you no wrong to give notice to the world, what a *Lurcher, a Kite, and a Filcher* of other men's labours you are. You may now measure your shadow and see how much bigger this your doughty exploit hath made it and are onely to thank yourself for, being thus exposed to a naked view, and if you are capable of any blushing, may be ashamed of it, and forbear to walk any more in the sinful paths of those men of your trade who, being to Schollers like those foul and Ravenous birds the Harpies, do so abuse, pollute and stain all learning, as no man knows how to write without being grossly abused or cheated and he which is the careful and painful Author of a book shall be in danger to have it transposed or owned when and by whomsoever a naughty and Jugling Printer pleaseth; which calls for a speedy remedy as well as punishment in part whereof you and your fellow Gipsies may receive this animadversion, until a more smart and legal one may be provided for you.

Another book which was published about the same time as Mr. Philipps's and had a curious dedication was the Polyglot Bible of Dr. Castell. It was issued during the Protectorate, and as Oliver Cromwell allowed the

paper used in printing it to be imported free of duty, it was thankfully dedicated to him. It had not long made its appearance before Charles II. ascended the throne. This created an embarrassing situation, and after the Restoration the first dedication was suppressed, one being substituted in which the name of Cromwell was carefully omitted. The *republican* and *royal* copies are well known to book collectors. The former are more in demand.

Our last example may well be chosen from among the dedications ironic, of which one is prefixed to "The Parson's Counsellor." Sir Simon Degge inscribed this work to Bishop Woods of Lichfield, complimenting him on having restored a church which had been demolished during the civil war. This, at the time, Woods had not done, but, much against his will, it is said, he took the hint and rebuilt the edifice.

J. SYDNEY BOOT.

A Ramble in the Abruzzi

II.—SCANNO

SCANNO was certainly the most interesting place I visited in the Abruzzi. Others may exist equally attractive; but limitations of time and of weather, of enterprise and of pence, prevented me from discovering them. I had, however, learned from some book or person that Scanno had fine scenery. Vaguely I wandered forth into the wilderness for to see.

An early train from Sulmona took me to the wayside station of Anversa. There I climbed to the box-seat of a crazy *diligence*. It was drawn by three small black horses, their harness tied together with string and dotted here and there with odd little tufts of fur. It took three-quarters of an hour to get the three passengers and the half-dozen post-bags stowed away in the conveyance. At last the postman-driver clambered to his perch, cracked his whip mightily, and we were off, lumbering

and shambling along an excellent road constructed some fifteen years ago. Formerly Scanno was connected with the world only by a mule-path skirting the river Sagittario. The postman described it as an intolerably dangerous route, wandering among precipices, hanging over the bottomless abyss, overwhelmed by avalanches and inundations. Even on the new road he seemed apprehensive of wolves and brigands, and carried a revolver. I looked eagerly for these interesting enemies; but, alas! even at Scanno adventures have become rare as the visits of angels.

The landscape began to be beautiful at once. Anversa the town, three miles from its station—the scene of d'Annunzio's *Fiaccola sotto il Moggio*—nestles in a nook of barren mountains, which, in the morning light, show all the most delicate shades of violet and blue. White clouds float dreamily about their summits. Great Maiella towers behind. Anversa itself is dark, irregular, frowning, with walls and towers and castles unchanged since the thirteenth century.

Having delivered the post-bag—clearly the great event of the day at Anversa—we rolled on again, ascending the valley of the Sagittario between strange-shaped perpendicular mountains:

Antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven.

We saw the village of Castro Valva on the top of a mighty rock, approached by a staircase up which girls and elderly women, all heavily burdened, were tripping lightly as things of air. The surrounding desolation was appalling. We passed through gorges never reached even by the midday sun. We saw immense boulders, detached from the mountain-tops and strewn about the valley by some Titan hand. Presently we skirted two or three pools, recently formed, in which a few withered trees were rotting. Then we saw a lonely pilgrimage church reached by a plank spanning the Sagittario; and the village of Villa Lago, from the lowest tier of whose grim and

windowless houses a plumb-line would drop clean into the river a thousand feet below.

But at last we reached the Lake of Scanno, a beautiful expanse surrounded by chestnut-trees, and merry with the voices of children. The spirits of the little horses, of the postman, and his child lieutenant visibly revived. We ascended for another two miles, wound round the head of the gorge, crossed the river, descended a little, and were deposited at the door of a church. Below, on our right, the town of Scanno crawled down the mountain. No other road approaches it. On every other side it is walled, and egress to the mountain-paths is through mediæval gates.

It was now one o'clock. I was hungry ; cold, too, for the mountain wind blew fresh. The postman gave me a child of four as guide to the one little inn, and promised to send a woman presently with my luggage. Following the babe, I dived down a very steep street, or rather stair, paved with the most miry of cobbles. It was strangely narrow, and alarmingly dark, bordered by tall houses generally askew, sometimes arched overhead. Black openings led to underground cellars, or showed steep black stairs to courts or alleys at a lower level. The street was full of people, chiefly women, all dressed in the oddest clothes—dark, misshapen creatures, short, sturdy, with widened shoulders, strangely abbreviated skirts, immense rolls like sausages round the hips, and very thick legs. On their heads were dark, close-fitting cloth caps or turbans. Sometimes their chins, and even noses, were wrapped in woollen shawls. Strangest of all, the plaits encircling the heads below the caps were scarlet, emerald, royal blue, sometimes white.

“What hideosities !” I exclaimed involuntarily ; and presently was quite startled to discover that the wearers of this wondrous garb were most of them quite young girls, all very like each other, and of really astonishing loveliness. Their features were Greek ; their long-lashed eyes, large and sparkling, shone under clear, delicately curved eyebrows ; their full white

throats rose column-like from the dark bodices. All faces wore a gentle, pensive smile bent welcomingly on the stranger. As for the costume, I had not been many days in Scanno before I became quite fond of it. The extraordinary shape, at first so repellent, is caused by dragging up the very thick skirt through a leather band encircling the hips, so as to shorten it, even to the knees, for working hours. When allowed to hang at length in straight heavy folds, it is stately; and the bodice is stately too, perfectly simple and close-fitting, open at the throat and fastened with silver buttons. The full sleeves taper to the wrist much in the "leg of mutton" shape of our grandmothers. The turban is not unbecoming to the fair oval faces of these beautiful women. I do not know that I can say so much for the plaiting of the hair with coloured wool, or for the hiding of the hands in pouches of the dark full aprons.

The four-year-old who was my escort through the tortuous and ever-narrowing lanes, drew up at a house so unlike anything I understood by an inn that I hesitated to enter. Older children, however, encouraged me; and I stumbled up a dark stone stair, none too clean, and walked into a kitchen, where a family were gathered round a big hearth for their dinner. The mother, a pleasant-looking woman, not of the Scanno type, led me to an inner apartment, bare but dusted, and set about preparing lunch. Her six little daughters, a kitten, and Maddalena the servant, a strapping wench with the Scanno face and the Scanno clothes, assisted her. I was fed simply but well; then provided with a bedroom on the roomy upper floor, to which I had access by a stair starting from my sitting-room. The bedroom was airy, and clean (for Italy). From the window I looked out on sky and mountain. The walls were hung with old pictures. On shelves and window-ledges were jugs of old Majolica. One was in the form of a truculent yellow and green lion. The glare of his eye, the bristle of his tail, were horrific. Instantly I resolved that I would not leave Scanno without this blatant beast. Truth to tell, he now sits on the top

of the writing-desk at which, in London Town, I indite these memoirs.

A very old woman, the postman's mother, arrived carrying my bag, and laughed when I apologised for its weight. Her son had described me as a *brava signora*, very rich, and a great friend of his, for whose good behaviour he was willing to stand surety. These encomiums led mine hostess to raise her prices. She undertook to board and lodge me for four *lire* a day; but I learned later that my predecessor, a French artist, had only paid three.

I spent a happy week at Scanno, and should have stayed longer but for an unfortunate break in the weather. The place and the people were delightful to me; nor was I lonely, for I was at once adopted into the simple life of my neighbours. No one stared, or catechised, or bothered. The children ran by my side, neither begging nor crowding. The women invited me into their houses. The men showed the paths and sheepfolds, and told me their histories. I did not always understand what they said, for few talk pure Italian. In this respect I got on better with the children, who evidently have a good schoolmaster. I was quite nonplussed one day in talking to a little boy, who told me his education was finished at the age of ten.

"Well, let us see how much you know. For instance, can you tell me where England is?"

I expected he would say "In America"—the customary delusion in these parts. But he replied, without a moment's hesitation, "England is an island on the north-west corner of Europe, not far from France. The chief town is London, on the Thames. In the same island are countries called Scotland and Wales, and there is another bad island called Ireland. All these islanders speak the same language and have the same king, and they are rich, with many ships and manufactures."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed, aghast, and all the other little boys applauded.

"Well," said I, "now you know so much, what are

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you going to do next? It seems a pity for such learned boys to have no occupation but sitting on a wall in the sunshine playing *mora*. What is your work going to be?"

Alas! to this question no answer was forthcoming. The boys and men of Scanno are not very energetic. All the hard work is done by the women—the strong, beautiful girls in the kilted skirts with the stout and shapely limbs. The men are dreamy. They drive cattle, they lounge in little offices and shops, they deliver the letters and meet the trains. The boys sit on the wall and play *mora*; they ask each other riddles, watch the sun traversing the heavens, note the shadows on the mountains and the signs of the times. One of them made quite a speech on the Church and the questions of local government. But their sisters, older or younger, were much too busy for speeches. They passed and repassed, loaded with heavy weights; they were spinning, knitting, carrying on business at dye-works and weaving-looms. They never went by without a smile and a salutation, but they did not converse even with each other.

I have heard that it is a sign of a primitive people, this laying the work upon the woman. My hostess lent me a great topographical book from which I learned that Scanno was discussed even by Pliny, and is thought to have been peopled by Greeks; that in the dialect many purely Greek words occur; that the customs and costumes of the people, not to mention their noses, find their counterparts in some of the Ionic islands. The same book says that the Scannites are simple and temperate in habit and idea, faithful, peaceable, and renowned for filial piety, but perhaps a little lazy. They always wear wool (can Dr. Jaeger have been a Scannite?), and they never sit on chairs. Engagements last a year, and weddings are celebrated in May. At the betrothal feast the relatives on both sides give the bride rings, and there is symbolic eating of grapes, almonds, and honey. Then for the year the affianced youth visits and serenades his bride-elect. At his last visit he gives her a gold piece.

Then the two mothers prepare and furnish a house, and the two fathers convey to it the bridal bed, accompanied by a singing and rejoicing crowd of well-wishers. After the wedding ceremony each relative gives the young couple a coin marked with a cross. This is the most important part of the whole business, and any irregularity in the coin or its presentation is a sure harbinger of bad fortune.

I was not at Scanno in May, and could not learn how far this ancient ceremonial is still observed. The book was certainly right in saying that the women, at least, despise chairs. They squat on the ground in Oriental fashion. Most curious was the aspect of the church one evening when I turned into it for the *Ave, Maria*. It was dusk, of course, and heavy rain-clouds had absorbed the colour and the light. At the altar the priest had a few candles, but the congregation sat in the gloom. No matter; every one knew the responses, and roared them forth with such a volume of sound that I feared for my tympanum. About thirty men occupied benches in the background, but there were at least a hundred women, all dressed alike, all crouching on the floor of the nave or on the steps of the side chapels, their knees up to the chin, their hands concealed, their heads bent forwards, their eyes following the priest. The effect was most strange: dark, shapeless bundles here, there, and everywhere, lovely fair faces rising from them like Aphrodite from the sea. Nor was the church without beauty, at least in that twilight hour, which softened the whitewash and concealed the ravages and—worse still—the reparations of time. The old gilding caught the candle-light, and the sparkles were reflected from a couple of antique convex mirrors. The brilliance gleamed on a coloured figure of the Virgin floating heavenwards, it waked colour on the altar embroideries, it shone on the silver buttons of the women's dark bodices, and here and there on some vivid face bent forward in the ecstasy of devotion. It was enchanting—a little heaven below, fit ending to the day's long toil,

emblem that these hard-worked sisters are no mere beasts of burden, but living souls in touch with the unseen.

Mine host of the little inn bears one of the great names of Scanno. The chief street is named after his great-uncle, who was a doctor in Naples. The grand-nephew is quite simple and unostentatious. He works in his garden on the far side of the Sagittario, and keeps a little shop in a back street, for which the fifteen-year-old daughter bakes childish cakes and sweetmeats. The guests—if there are any—are the wife's charge. I thought she was perhaps a little scornful of Scanno, hailing herself from far Sulmona. Her six little daughters do not follow the customs of their native place.

"What are you going to do with them?" I asked, looking at the little faces clustered round my supper table.

"*Chi lo sa?*" she answered with a sigh; and pointing to Pepina, the prettiest, she added, "That one would like to be a lady's maid and travel with a foreigner."

Ah me! that's the thin end of the wedge! Once let the taste for adventure assert itself, the desire for change and foreign parts, and Scanno will be improved off the face of the earth—at least, the Scanno which we have to-day, dark, mysterious, conservative, content, where the men are only shepherds and the smiling, strapping girls step forth under heavy burdens. How would our slum-dwellers like that endless carrying of water-jars on head or hip? Civilisation certainly spares us some things; but are we really so much the happier for that? There are no such gentle faces, no such straight backs, in a London slum as here in the perpendicular streets, on the dark stairs and in the black caverns of the Scanno houses. And, indeed, that aspect of gloom belongs to the street side of Scanno only. The houses are built up the face of the rock, one on top of the other; but the back of each is open to the air of day, to the sunshine and the wind. My own room in Signor Orazio's tiny *locanda* faced the

south, and across a few roofs at a lower level my eye travelled straight to the allotment gardens, to the mountains and the clouds. There is merit in these hill-top habitations, more than mere safety from climbing enemies, self-sufficiency, and splendid isolation. But it is not the modern way, and the new houses even in Scanno, the School and the *Municipio* and the Post Office, are all on the highroad, where the strong stream of the Sagittario is useful for the installation of electric light.

I see the doom of Scanno written in fiery letters across the sky, above her towers and her walls. The shouts of Progress will reach her ear, the boys now playing *mora* on the parapet will emigrate to America, the girls will be travelling lady's maids; bagmen will come with French hats, and the women will lay aside their turbans and their silver buttons, lose their noble carriage, and grow like everybody else in a dull provincial town. A hundred years hence, one fancies, there will be no pleasure in travelling, because the whole world from John o' Groats to Timbuctoo will be all alike.

'Tis a foolish and a timid fancy! Surprises are sure to come, and if we cannot conceive their Whence, their Wherefore, and their How, that is because they are to be surprises. A hundred years hence there will be plenty to see and to wonder at. But Scanno will not be there as she is to-day. If you are wise, you will visit her before the change.

HELEN H. COLVILL.

“ *Amantium Irae* ”

TO your own view I'm quite inclined;
You may be easy on that score
If you should chance to change your mind.

“ Your company quite slow I find ! ”

“ Our conversation's quite a bore ! ”—

“ To your own view I'm quite inclined.”

I know you're fickle as the wind,
And I've got other girls galore
If you should chance to change your mind.

You really have “ been very blind
To think *my* little soul could soar ”:—
To your own view I'm quite inclined.

Believe me, I am quite resigned !
My heart, indeed, you'll not make sore
If you should chance to change your mind.

But if you once again prove kind
And call me back, Sweet, this once more—
To your own view I'm quite inclined
If you should chance to change your mind.

L. ETHEREGE.

A Poet's Wife

AN ideally good wife is a subject so difficult to treat imaginatively that writers of fiction (which is not problematic) have generally and wisely said farewell to their heroines as these turn to enter their husbands' homes. Great poetry, and especially great classical poetry, has, indeed, been adequate to the task of making human and individual women whose charm and dignity lie in their goodness; and so we have, for our comfort, such figures as Andromache, Penelope and Alkestis.

Thackeray, among novelists, had an unfortunate interest in depicting his heroines after marriage, whereby he only raised up enemies for his creations. But where Thackeray failed, his master, Fielding, had succeeded so perfectly that all subsequent married heroines must either fall short of Amelia or reflect her charm.

If we take Fielding's Amelia and the Alkestis of Euripides as types of entirely unselfish wives we shall find a marked difference in the treatment of each. Amelia is the devoted woman as she appears to a man, single-minded, unquestioning, rejoicing in self-sacrifice. Alkestis is the devoted woman as she appears to herself; the sacrifice is complete, the love as faithful, the demeanour as gentle; but she has instinctively passed the heaviest judgment on her companion—she has ceased to make any demand on him.

If fiction is shy of a type so serious, so simple, and so consoling, in the pages of biography we find it under every disguise of age and clime and estate, but everywhere constant to its task of making some man's effort possible, or of consoling some man's sense of failure. In the inscrutable economy of Nature it is not to the man who deserves, but to the weaker brother who needs such a wife, that the best woman is given. Let it be enough for us, as it is for her, if the undeserving is at least the fondly appreciative.

In the eight long volumes of Thomas Moore's Correspondence it is easy enough to see his weaknesses as a

man and his shortcomings as a husband. He loved pleasure and flattery and fashionable society, he could not refuse an invitation, he left his beautiful wife at home economising, while he warbled moving melodies at other women's pianos, but never for one moment was he blind to her true and incomparable worth. There is no single mention of his Bessie but shows some admirable and lovable trait. From first to last he delights to record the impression her remarkable beauty made on all who saw her; her goodness to the poor, her piety, her unselfish economy never lost their power to touch his warm Irish heart. As the years passed and sorrows multiplied, something of reverence, of tender awe, mingled with his familiar affection.

In 1811 when he was thirty-two years old, Moore's whole assets were two volumes of poetry, "each warmer than the former," a large acquaintance with all that was gayest and most fashionable in London, vague hopes of advancement from the patronage of Lord Moira, parents living over the paternal grocery shop in Dublin more or less dependent on him, a light heart, the faintest suspicion of a brogue, a charming wit, and a voice in singing that would "wile the bird from the briar." Add to this the judgment of one of the shrewdest of his friends: "You were always the slave of beauty, say what you please to the contrary . . . and as likely a gentleman to make a mistake in that way as any I know." Nor does the history of his courtship contradict the impression. He had gone down to Kilkenny with a set of other gay fellows for some private theatricals, in which two young actresses, Misses Dyke, also took part. The intimacy of rehearsals, moonlight walks by the river, "snug little dinners" with the two girls and their widowed mother—such were the setting of *Love's Young Dream* for the impressionable poet and the innocent and beautiful girl.

The Dykes were probably a theatrical family. Bessie's only sister was on the stage, and married William Murray, lessee of one of the Edinburgh theatres, who is mentioned more than once in Scott's diary. The widowed mother

plays a rather sorry part in Moore's diary ; she is never mentioned except as the recipient of stray five-pound notes, painfully saved by her daughter or generously bestowed by her son-in-law. The couple were married secretly in London, and in May, from lodgings in Brompton, Moore introduced his bride into the most formidable of societies to the shy and unknown, that of the gay and well-born and witty. They all tried to be kind to her, declared her to be "very beautiful," nicknamed her Psyche, and evidently found her very difficult to get on with. Rogers, who kept his bitter remarks for the prosperous and his querulousness for his intimates, was apparently the first of her husband's friends to dispel her shyness and gain her timid confidence.

London was full of social terrors for the young wife, and, because he was honestly and heartily in love, Moore consented to turn his back on the town and carry her off to a cottage in the country. "As for that most ungrateful of Bessies," wrote one of the kindest of Moore's women friends, "she has made the most favourable impression on all those hearts she was in such a hurry to run away from." Nature never meant more to Moore the poet than the background of a *fête champêtre*. The "last" was probably also the first "rose of summer" to attract his attention. Two things only were necessary to him in the country, a large library and some friendly great house where he could still keep up with all that was gayest and cleverest in the world of politics or fashion. Conversation was the medium in which he did his thinking, singing to responsive drawing-room audiences the condition of his lyrical inspiration. Lord Moira had been his first friend and patron, and it was in the neighbourhood of his place in Leicestershire that the Moores found their first modest home. Moore, with his poetic fame, his ready wit, his exquisite singing, was an invaluable social element, and, to do them justice, the great people were quite willing to extend their kindness to Bessie.

At first Moore imperfectly realised that difficulties might arise on her side. His own womenkind would

have entered into the situation with eager gratitude. The little vivacious Irish mother in Dublin had worked and prayed single-mindedly for Tom's social advancement; when, at a later period, the Lansdownes showed kind civility to his sister Ellen, that simple little lady shed tears of gratitude and delight. Moore knew the flutter of pleasure it would excite in the Dublin home circle when he wrote passages like this. "I think it would have pleased you to see my wife in one of Lord Moira's carriages, with his servant riding after her and Lady Loudon's crimson travelling cloak round her to keep her comfortable." But though he himself was instinctively most at home in the houses of the great, Moore could love and respect the "democratic pride" which made Bessie turn to the society of her equals. She drank tea at the vicarage and made friends with the doctor's family, and, young and inexperienced as she was, found her way into cottages where age and want were brightened by her presence; meanwhile Tom was free to accept visits to Chatsworth and to stay with the High Sheriff. He had some economic scruples—creditable in a family man—on the score of the expense of visiting. His coat was showing wear at the seams; it was awkward going to a duke's house without a servant. But the social instinct was too strong, and there is always a remedy for shabby clothes, though not an economical one. The new coat from London had to be altered by a country tailor, but with a new and seditious poem on the Prince Regent in his wallet, the little poet's success among the Whig lords and ladies was quite independent of clothes. Paying visits is not the way for a poet to find inspiration nor to effect economies. At the High Sheriff's Moore was kept a prisoner on a diet of salmon and champagne till a remittance from his publishers enabled him to tip the servants and depart with credit.

There were, however, gaieties at home, in which Bessie took part with shy pleasure. At a ball at Ashbourne, their little country town, she was almost frightened by the admiration she excited. Her husband was in the

midst of writing *Lalla Rookh*, and to please him she wore a turban, which better than any other head-dress became "the wild poetic beauty of her face."

Rogers came down once or twice and made flying visits, not unalloyed pleasure to Moore; the thorns were never quite concealed in the roses in Rogers's conversation. With a rich man's preconceptions of what a poor man's economies ought to be, he animadverted on the superfluity of maids and melted butter in the Moore *ménage*. But to Bessie he was uniformly kind; when he discovered that her greatest happiness was helping her poor neighbours, he appointed her his almoner. It was he, too, who found a new name for Psyche when three little baby girls came to fill her arms; writing to Moore he sends greeting to the Madonna della Sedia.

The death of Olivia Byron, the youngest or the three babies, was the first of many sorrows that were to try that gentle heart. Moore—always tender in his ways with his wife—could hardly persuade her to leave the little body, so heartbreakingly fair in its white coldness.

Heavier was the loss two years later when rosy, sturdy little Barbara died in consequence of a fall. Moore had been enjoying a bachelor holiday with Rogers in Paris, but arrived in time to stand by his wife in her exceeding sorrow. He fully shared her grief, and was, besides, deeply concerned for her. But from this time forward there was a change in Bessie; she is the same tender, unselfish creature, only she makes fewer demands, she lives her own life; Amelia has become Alkestis.

A new home in a new country had to be found. A small house, a garden, kindly neighbours were what Bessie longed for, a patron and a library the essentials for her husband. The latter requisites were the first to be secured. Lord Lansdowne, the kindest, most unaffected and cultivated of the great Whig lords, was eager to secure Moore as a neighbour at his place at Bowood in Wiltshire. The society and the library were above criticism, but the small thatched cottage, the only residence available, seemed to Moore below even their

humble pretensions. To Bessie the thatch, the porch, the garden looked invitingly homelike, and the rent of forty pounds a year for house and furniture had a blessed promise of peace to one already too well acquainted with the certainties of expenditure and the uncertainties of income.

At first the shadow of the big house fell heavily on Bessie's soul. She waited to accept an invitation to Bowood till she could go in the shelter of the poet Bowles and his respectable old wife. But nothing could prevent the wave of isolation that swept over her in that large house, where all the rest of the company were old acquaintances and talked a brilliant idiom she could not master. Manners were more formal in those days, and it was years before Bessie found out that Lady Lansdowne was a woman as humble, devout and tender-hearted as herself, whose secret habit it was to tend the sick and poor with womanly, personal service. At first even Moore was abashed by her restrained manners. It is quite probable that a woman so good as Lady Lansdowne had misgivings about the translator of Anacreon and the author of *Little's Poems*. But on nearer acquaintance she convinced herself that there was no shadow of harm in the brilliant little man, while he brought three delightful qualifications into society, an infectious sense of enjoyment, witty and sympathetic talk at table, and afterwards a gift of song that melted his hearers into happy tears. So indispensable a guest did he become at Bowood that his room there was kept always ready. Once when Lord Lansdowne found him unexpectedly a guest at his breakfast table he laughingly compared him to the tramps who do not know in the morning where they will find their bed in the evening.

About a year after the Moores were settled in their pretty cottage at Sloperton, a baby boy was born, a cause of delight to both parents. After reading the last sad chapters of the *Diary* one recurs with curious feelings to this cheerful entry: "Walked to Devizes for money; the little Prodigal is no sooner born than money is wanted for him."

Moore would gladly have had Lord Lansdowne for godfather, "but I hate asking and Bessie, who is independence to her heart's core, hates it still more." However, one day when Bessie was asleep in the little drawing-room upstairs and Tom taking his midday dinner with Baby Anastasia in the dining-room, Lord Lansdowne knocked at the door. He had heard of the sudden death of Romilly and was so eager for the sympathy which Moore was always ready to bestow that, when denied at the door, he begged to be allowed to go upstairs to write a note. Should Bessie be disturbed or his Lordship shown into an atmosphere of beef and turnips? Moore was gentleman and humorist enough not to apologise for his surroundings; Lord Lansdowne's heart was full of his dead friend, and in the genial intimacy of that little visit Moore "felt the long thought of request to him to be godfather rising to my tongue . . . did so and he consented with much kindness." Whether Bessie was perfectly pleased when she woke up and her husband went up to tell her, one has no means of guessing; she was not—so one gathers—apt to be critical of her husband's actions.

So irrepressible were Moore's social instincts that he could no more resist the county ball at Devizes than he could absent himself from the brilliant circle at Bowood. He notes more than once in his diary how, coming home in the small hours, he found Bessie keeping up the fire, having prepared a nice little supper for him—just as Amelia would have done. It is something that her little kindnesses were never taken for granted by her husband. Delicate health and shyness accounted in part for Bessie's retired life, but there were also toilet difficulties into which her husband entered with unusual understanding for a man. Like a man, too, he only knew one and that an extravagant way out of the difficulties. He acquiesced when the lack of a bonnet prevented his wife from attending the consecration of the chapel at Bowood, but when a ball was in question he was more urgent.

"After a long discussion with the dear girl, in which I

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in vain endeavoured to persuade her to get a new gown for the occasion, she consented to go if I would allow her to go in the old one which, she assured me, was good enough for a poor poet's wife." "The whole affair," he writes later, "was very splendid, and my sweet Bess (though sadly underdressed for the occasion) looked very handsome and enjoyed it all as much as if she had been covered with diamonds."

But Bessie could on occasion also enjoy the peaceful sense and "disinvoltura" that spring from the consciousness of pretty and becoming clothes. It was after their return from France that she and Moore were dining at Bowood, "Bessie looking very handsome in her simple barége." At dinner Moore, looking down the table, saw her happily placed in the kind protection of her constant friend, Lord John Russell, and on the way home she told him in high spirits that after dinner all the women had admired her dress and been very kind to her.

Bessie had her own little hospitalities, too, at the cottage, a dance for instance, where eleven couples "took the floor" in Moore's little study and supped on the champagne and oysters which, in his lavish fashion, he had ordered down from London.

Publishers and editors were extraordinarily enterprising and generous where Moore was concerned. He himself remarks that the views of poets are matter-of-fact compared to the sanguine imagination of men of business. For "Lalla Rookh" Longmans paid down three thousand pounds, and for the satiric squibs sent to the *Times*, Moore was paid at the rate of four hundred pounds a year while they lasted. First and last he received more than thirty thousand pounds for his writing, but the money was always being forestalled, and one fears that Moore and his wife were never free from embarrassment. It must be remembered that Moore would never accept the assistance offered freely by his rich friends, and that, at all times, he most generously assisted his relatives in Dublin. But when these facts have been placed to the credit side

there remains enough of habitual and meaningless expenditure to have tried the cheerfulness and temper of any other woman. Rogers, who gossiped rather spitefully about the very friends whom he helped so generously, used to assert that Mrs. Moore kept her household on a guinea a week while Moore would spend the same sum in the same time on gloves and hackney cabs.

In Moore's journal the reader meets again and again with monetary crises which make his heart sink with sympathetic anxiety only to find on the next page the poet paying—a little ruefully—twenty-one pounds for his entrance fee at Brooks's, or purring over an overcoat which Mr. Nugee, the fashionable tailor, assured him would confer immortality on maker and wearer. Just as often the extravagance springs from reckless kindness, as when he took two state cabins for Bessie and her two children on their voyage to Edinburgh and paid fourteen pounds for them. Unlike Scott, Moore could not justify his extravagances by putting more pressure on his work. Such entries as "at work all day," or "nothing to record but a monotony of work," occur often enough, but, on examining the dates, one finds that these periods of steady work rarely lasted more than "from the 5th till the 9th." More and more as years went on he shrank from periodic literary obligation. He refused a temporary post as leader writer on the *Times* at a salary of one hundred pounds a month. Once when Bessie in one room was seriously debating whether she could afford herself a five-shilling fare into Devizes Moore in the study was refusing a thousand pounds offered by a quixotic publisher for a poem one third the length of "Lalla Rookh." To us there seems nothing incongruous in the author of "Paradise and the Peri" editing the "Keepsake" at a salary of seven hundred pounds a year, but Moore was jealous of his dignity and probably wisely so. "The fact is, it is my name brings these offers and my name would suffer by accepting them." If anyone may be pardoned for deteriorating under a weight of sordid cares it is a woman who struggles by minute economies to meet expenditure

over which she has no control. But Bessie had that natural largeness of nature that nothing can cramp. Speaking of her personal economies, Moore wrote, "but in matters of necessity or generosity or honest credit she will go to the last farthing." When a young friend marries, having no money to buy a present, she must needs send a beautiful tabinet gown, recently received as a gift. Even the recipient writes regretfully, "Why did you not keep your handsome gown for your own handsome self?"

Rarer than generosity is a just perception of the financial rights of others when these clash with our own. In 1837 Longmans were bringing out the collected edition of Moore's works, and Mrs. Power, the widow of the publisher of the *Irish Melodies*, demanded a thousand pounds for the copyright. "This the Longmans think too much, and so it probably is; but my dear, generous and just-minded Bess thinks otherwise, and (though she knows a large outlay in that quarter must necessarily trench upon *my* share of the emolument) hopes most earnestly that Mrs. Power, for the sake of her family, will refuse to take any less. A rare bird is Bess in more ways than one."

She had a pretty, cunning way of economising by pilfering from the change which the poet left about in his careless manner and then surprising him with the little hoard when he needed some special indulgence. From 1820 to 1822 the Moores were in France—partly in Paris, partly in the neighbourhood of Meudon. The defalcation of a man of business had plunged them into difficulty, and they had gone abroad to escape the peculiar horror of the time—a debtors' prison—but they cannot be said to have economised.

From July 1 till October 21 Bessie noted that they had not spent one quiet evening; the only night they dined alone she said, "This is the first rational evening we have spent." In this whirl of engagements Moore was attempting to read up the history of Ancient Egypt for his tale "The Epicurean." He required a certain "*Voyage de Pythagore*," a book costing three napoleons;

but, with a recklessness that recalls Rosamund and the Purple Jar, he must needs take his wife, his daughter, her schoolmistress, and a little schoolfellow to Père la Chaise, give them a dinner at the Cadran Bleu, take them all to the theatre, and end up somewhere with iced punch, an entertainment not generally associated with childhood ! Bessie was not a conscientious moralist ; she had no idea of educating Tom by letting him bear the consequences of his own actions. When he counted the cost of the evening and found it had swallowed up his three napoleons, she told him that she had "saved by little pilferings from him four napoleons, and that he should have them for his book." One can imagine Fielding's Amelia playing this pretty trick on her husband and giving him the money with the same tender smile.

Stifling and agitating as pecuniary troubles are, Bessie had learned to face them with calmness, turning all the energy of her loving nature into contrivance and management. Far heavier sorrows were to fall to her lot. The two little dead daughters were unforgotten. After an interval of ten years the sight of Barbara's grave moved her mother to a passion of tears. In Paris she had her Anastasia, whose graceful dancing was a delight to her father, and little Tom, a beautiful boy like his mother ; a year or two later Russell was born, "sweet Buss," his mother's special companion and delight. Moore says of himself that anxiety about his children almost spoilt his pleasure in them. In all troubles, whether of day and way, or the more acute anxieties about health, he knew but one method—he had to throw himself into the social life always so ready to receive him ; he was, only too faithfully,

the friend . . . who
Forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.

The griefs were there ; when he returned home and met them face to face, they overwhelmed him. Then Bessie

Who could not be unmanned,
No ! nor outwomaned,

would quietly urge him to return to that gay life which always served as an anodyne for him. Like Alkestis she rendered all wifely dues to her husband except the dearest and most essential, the claiming support from him. Like Alkestis, too, her most passionate yearning of heart may have been given to the children.

From February 1828 to February 1829 she had watched the decline of Anastasia, a gentle, lovable girl approaching the age when an only daughter becomes a second youth to her mother. Within a month of the end Moore writes: "The dreadful truth at last forced itself upon me that there was but little hope for our poor girl. Bessie herself has known (and been wasting away on the knowledge of) it these three weeks, but feared to distress me by telling me of it."

If, reading this saddest of narratives, we are tempted to contrast the mother whose beautiful, worn face looked "always so nice and cheerful" to the restless child waking up in the fire-lit small hours, with the father shrinking so painfully from the fear of pain, we must remember that it is from his record that we draw our knowledge of "that perfection of all womanly virtue that exists in my beloved Bessie."

It was an age when evangelical piety sought to turn innocent children into self-conscious saints, and alas! aimed as carefully at preparing young souls for an edifying death-bed as for a useful life. Two generations of religious story-books and biographies attest this tendency. Two weeks before, in a stage-coach, a pretty "little saint" of twelve years old had amused Moore by her zeal for his soul, asking him if he really felt all he wrote in the Sacred Melodies. "Moore shrank," says Lord John Russell, "from disturbing his child's mind with religious preparation, but Mrs. Moore had long before inculcated in her daughter's mind those lessons of piety which she was so well qualified to impart." Lord John's warm regard for his friend's wife rings true and serious through all his formal phrasing.

During that last fortnight Moore dedicated to the dying

girl all the social charm and entertaining ways that the world found so irresistible. "What nice evenings we have," the child would say contentedly. She was her father's child, with his sensibility and his gift of music. "Shall I try to sing, mamma?" she asked one night. "Do, my love"; and she immediately began her father's little Bacchanalian song with its curiously pathetic opening line

When in death I shall calmly recline.

Intent only on keeping her arms round the child and warding off from her the terrors and pains of death, Bessie hardly felt her own anguish, and even in the darkest of the valley she had thought for her husband, who, in some ways, was as much her child as the dying girl on her bosom. When it came near the end, "Bessie knowing what an effect (through my whole life) it would have on me, implored me not to be present at it."

Unflinching, with her tender cheerful voice, she answered the child's wild cry, "I shall die, I shall die!" with the simple words "We pray to God continually for you, my dear Anastasia, and I am sure God must love you because you have always been a good girl."

Even at the very end, when she called Moore in to take his last good-bye, she held her beautiful head between his sight and the death-stricken child, that his memory should carry away no painful image of the young face he loved. But to herself so dear was the wasted little body that she would suffer no one else to do the last offices. She laid her snowdrops in the coffin and then turned again to her great task of loving and upholding and consoling.

Henceforth she was, like Job, "to sit as chief . . . as one that comforteth mourners."

Wherever there was sorrow or sickness she had the right of free entry. She and her husband were to dine at Lacock Abbey, one of the great places in the neighbourhood of her home, and Bessie, already dressed, walked over to the curate's house to find him dangerously ill

and the family in great distress. Moore had to go to his party alone and, returning home next morning, found that his wife had been up all night with the sick man. When next she dined at Lacock Abbey, the hostess, Lady Elizabeth Feilding, whispered mischievously to Moore, "I suppose there is nobody dying in your neighbourhood or we should not have had Mrs. Moore here to-day." Poor Lady Elizabeth, she herself had always found it "such an agreeable world and so pleasant to live in" that she had been impatient of those who found it sad, yet when her time came to sit among mourners, in the first hours of sorrow it was to Bessie Moore and to her alone that she turned for the comfort that no one else could afford.

There were many pleasant things in Bessie's quiet days at Sloper-ton. Country life, that *finer fleur* of English civilisation, was probably never more attractive than in the twenties and thirties of the last century. The country had not as yet been invaded by industries; old cottages, old farms, old manor houses, old gardens, gave colour and a pleasant flavour of antiquity to the fair, green, prosperous landscape. The small socialities of a country neighbourhood, the kindly intimacies of those who lived within easy reach and met often without effort or ceremony, made up a life which seems very peaceful and charming as we find it in novels and story-books of the period. Benevolence performed its simple tasks of clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and training tidy little maid-servants, untroubled by economic principles, unappalled by economic problems. Ladies drove about in low phaetons, visited the schools and the sick, worked in their gardens and exchanged new and rare bulbs and seeds. When we find Bessie and her sons going to archery meetings and winning silver arrows we feel that we are coming almost into touch with Leech and his delightful girls and garden-parties. The intimacy with Bowood grew easier and more affectionate as the years passed. We find Lady Lansdowne providing little Russell with gardening tools and sending Bessie flowers for her hanging baskets, but one can best

measure the growth of intimacy between these two rare women by "the smart little bonnet" which on one occasion Lady Lansdowne ventured to bring for Mrs. Moore from Paris.

Within a quarter of a mile the Moores had as neighbours one of the most distinguished and most genial families in England. Colonel—afterwards Sir William—Napier was the first of them to make Mrs. Moore's acquaintance when they came into the neighbourhood. He found her sitting amid tapes, bills and children's frocks. He had a capable man's respect for capacity wherever he met it, an affectionate man's recognition of the grace and sweetness of a home which was, in many respects, like his own, and, as a radical with an eager sympathy with the poor, he entered heartily into Mrs. Moore's plans for her village neighbours.

Besides all these pleasant things that fell to the lot of all other ladies contented with a country life, Bessie had the dear delight of sharing her husband's honours. He might well talk of his "friendly fame," for wherever he went people of all kinds, ships' officers, upholsterers, London link boys ("Call for Tim Flaherty, Misthur Moore, shure I'm the bhoy that pathronises the Melodies!"), all hailed the little poet with acclaim, and if Bessie heard of these things her heart exulted, and if she were present she frankly held out her hand too, and returned the friendly greeting.

In 1835 the pecuniary anxiety which had always overshadowed the Moore household was largely removed by a pension of £300 a year secured by Lord Lansdowne's good offices. Moore was in Ireland at the time, and Bessie could hardly believe in the reality of such good fortune.

"Can it really be true that you have a pension of three hundred a year? . . . Should it turn out true, I know not how we can be thankful enough to those who gave it, nor to a Higher Power." Then with sweet, practical instinct, she turns to the true uses to be made of such opulence. "If it be true, pray give dear Ellen"

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(Moore's sister) "twenty pounds, and insist on her drinking five pounds' worth of wine yearly, to be paid for out of the three hundred a year. . . . Three hundred a year; how delightful!" she repeats, as if the prosaic words were the refrain of a song. "But I have my fears that it is only a castle in the air. . . . I shall go to bed that I may dream of it and have that pleasure at least." Little Russell's comment, "Now papa will not have to work so hard, and will be able to go out a little," sounds severely ironical, when one notes that in London Moore's daily engagements were six deep, and that even in the country he dined and slept out three days out of five; but Russell used the word "out" in its only rational sense, "out into the open," into the garden where Bessie nailed up the honeysuckle in the porch and planted the pink *hypatica* in the sunny border. There is a little postscript to her letter such as Amelia might have written if that dear woman had had Bessie's sense of humour: "N.B.—If this good news be true it will make a great difference to my eating. I shall then indulge in butter to my potatoes. Mind you do not tell this piece of gluttony to any one!"

And here the story should end. But life, more inexorable than any story, will not pause at the pleasant places. Before many years the bitterest of all cries was to be wrung from that patient heart: "Why do people sigh for children? They do not know that sorrow will come with them."

Moore had honestly tried to do his best for his two sons. Through the kindness of friends he had got nominations for both for the Charterhouse. When the fond parents bring the lad to the matron's room and Master Sydney Smith is sent for, and the big boy who is to be Tom's monitor, we are irresistibly reminded of little Clive Newcome and Mr. Arthur Pendennis. Moore smoothed Tom's way by tipping the older lads half a sovereign each, while—very inconsistently—Bessie took her own boy aside to impress on him that *he* is never to accept money except from his parents. Every

time Moore was in London—three or four times a year—he had Tom out for the day, and when they were not at Astley's or the play, Master Tom accompanied his father to dine at Holland House or at the Lansdownes or at the Lockharts, where he must have been much in the way. So the boy grew up with his mother's singular beauty, his father's social gifts, the habits of fashionable society and empty pockets, and then, to crown his disadvantages, obtained a commission in the army.

In every friendship between people of very different fortunes, there come moments when the poorer man would gladly exchange all his friend's generosity for a little imaginative appreciation of his difficulties.

Rogers in Dublin had probably heard disquieting accounts of young Tom's expenditure in the regiment; and he candidly demonstrated to Moore the importance of making the boy a sufficient allowance to enable him to "live like a gentleman." Moore could only trust himself to say that Rogers little knew how hard he was pressed to make up the allowance he gave his son, but in his journal he adds bitterly (and truly): "'Live like a gentleman!' as if living like a man were not something far better and higher. . . . If I had thought but of living 'like a gentleman' (as those colonels and tutors of colleges style it) what would have become of my dear father and mother, my sweet sister Nell, my admirable Bessie's mother?"

Alas! Tom was not one of the "rare instances" that can live in the army on small means; he was too much his father's son for that. This new trouble was one which Bessie could not ward off from her husband by bearing the brunt of it herself. She had to forward to him a bill of Tom's for one hundred and twelve pounds and wrote: "I can hardly bring myself to send you the enclosed. It has caused me tears and sad thoughts but to you it will bring these and hard, hard work besides."

Russell, the second boy, his mother's special comfort

and companion, had gone out, full of high hopes and generous resolves, to India, only to return within a year, stricken with consumption. "She is a wonderful woman," said gentle, sincere Lady Lansdowne after visiting Bessie in the anxious days when she sat, sorrowful but collected, waiting for the boy's return.

There is a comfort in the power of love.

'Twill make a thing endurable which else

Would overset the brain and break the heart.

The six months that Bessie spent with her dying boy, drew ever closer to her a heart as innocent and affectionate as her own; on the day he died mother and son broke the sacramental bread together.

There were troubles enough to be faced when, quietly and even cheerfully, she took up again the thread of her life. It was a year after Russell's death, when the parents were again tried by young Tom's money difficulties, that this entry occurs in Moore's diary, the loveliest in all the eight volumes. "A strange life mine, but the best as well as the pleasantest part of it lies at home. I told my dear Bessie this morning that, while I stood at my study window looking out at her as she crossed the field, I sent a blessing after her. 'Thank you, Bird,'¹ she said; 'that is better than money.' And so it is." Better, too, one ventures to think, than "Love's Young Dream."

Two of Moore's sweet artificial lyrics gain a touching significance when we connect them with his wife's experience. Three years after Russell's death, in 1845, the eldest son, Tom, was also dead, atoning, poor boy, by many hardships, sickness, and severe service in the Foreign Legion of Algiers, for his short career of extravagance and folly. But when her house was left childless, and no one seemed left to claim her motherliness, Bessie's husband was thrown upon her care with more than a child's helplessness. When wit was extinguished and memory gone and the poor brain perplexed, two strong

¹ Mrs. Moore's name for her husband from their early married days.

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instincts remained—complete dependence on his wife and the passion for music. When unable to sing himself, he would listen to her singing his songs. Think of the beautiful, sad woman of fifty-eight sitting in that darkened home singing to the feeble old man beside her :

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd hath fled from thee, thy home is still here,
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

As long as her husband was alive she had—the first need of her heart—some one to love and care for ; but he died in 1852, and it was in 1865—within the memory of the middle-aged among us—that the widowed wife and childless mother found her rest. She lived on at Sloperton, and, in the little study she had so cleverly contrived for her husband and in the garden where she had played with her children, she felt,

. . . Like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose glories dead,
And all but she departed.

FLORENCE MACCUNN.

The Habits of the Hawfinch

“ONCE upon a time,” as the story-books say, the hawfinch was regarded as a winter visitor to our shores, and an exceptionally rare breeder, but investigations in the last fifty years have shown that, far from being scarce, it is in reality a locally common resident species, though owing to its distribution it may perhaps be regarded as one of our rarer birds.

Nowhere have I found the hawfinch more numerous than in Kent, where in one orchard alone over a dozen nests were reported to me; and I have seen many

nests in Sussex, Buckinghamshire, Herefordshire, and Breconshire. I fancy this bird frequents, in more or less numbers, most of our southern and midland counties. It is certainly rare round Huntingdon, however. Numbers breed in Epping Forest and about London generally; but even where this finch does occur, it is often overlooked owing to its extreme shyness; frequently its bat-like twittering alone reveals its presence.

It appears, from all one can learn, to be a stranger to Scotland and Ireland; and it is decidedly a rare bird in Wales.

In the winter I generally meet the hawfinch in small flocks, more often than not the parents and brood of the previous summer, though not seldom I have seen larger parties. At such times they spend a great part of the day in the woods, especially those which abound with beech and hornbeam. The presence of such a gathering is usually first indicated by the shrill bat-like chirps as the birds hurry from tree to tree, and the observer should be very still if he wishes to see them, for the slightest sign of danger will send the feathered party in the opposite direction. Occasionally during the winter months a single hawfinch, generally an old male, will take up his quarters in a garden, and will occasionally partake of scraps thrown out for the tits and other visitors.

Towards the end of March, generally, the little gatherings of hawfinches break up, and each pair betakes itself to a chosen haunt for the important business of the year. But in Wales I have noticed pairs long before this, viz., in 1902 on February 19, in Radnorshire, and in 1903 on February 11, in Breconshire. This may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that they are quite rare in those parts, and may, as I suspect, go in pairs all the year round, though I certainly have never seen a hawfinch there till January turned.

When once a nest haunt has been fixed upon, they frequent it till building actually begins, and I have good reasons for supposing that the actual site for the nest is

chosen as soon as they have paired, and I am certain that the majority pair annually.

The nest haunts differ considerably. In some districts orchards are great favourites; in others, shrubberies, gardens, and the outskirts of woods and plantations. More rarely a dense hedge or thick thorn-tree growing in a park is selected.

The nest itself, usually built amongst the smaller branches or on one of the higher crotches, more rarely on a flat horizontal bough, is, as a rule, at no great distance from the ground, ten feet being a fair average, especially when it is found in fruit trees, but now and then nests may be seen at varying heights up to sixty feet. In illustration of this fact I quote the following note from my diary, dated May 10, 1901: "The hawfinch appears sometimes to build at a great height from the ground, for this morning, whilst standing under a clump of trees at the bottom slope of a wood in Sundridge Park, Kent, to shelter from the rain, I suddenly heard the metallic note of this species above me. Looking up, I saw a hawfinch take food to his sitting mate. The nest was in a very exposed position quite sixty feet up an oak, at the very summit of the tree. Had the male seen me, he would never have approached the tree at all, for there are few birds more wary at the nest than the hawfinch. The hen bird sat till I was within a few feet of the nest—which held four eggs, incubation having proceeded for perhaps four days."

I have found nests in the following trees besides fruit trees: thorns, oaks, hornbeams, beeches, cedars, firs, and once in an elder. I have seen one solitary example in ivy, which was growing up an oak, but this situation is unusual.

Nest-building begins about April 25, but some pairs are much later. I remember that in 1901, near Bromley, Kent, all the hawfinches were sitting hard by May 13, whereas at West Wickham, in the same county and only some three or four miles away, they had but just begun to lay.

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In appearance the nest puts one in mind of a large model of a bullfinch's, but the contrast between the cup and the exterior is not so marked as in the latter's home. The materials, as it were, blend more gradually. Seen from below, you may well mistake it for a very ancient ring-dove's nest, partially dismembered ; indeed, apropos of the nest already mentioned, I think that I should certainly have passed it even after seeing it, had I not observed the bird itself.

The materials used for the exterior are twigs in varying quantities and a few roots, less frequently dried grass, ornamented with scraps of grey lichen (this is more noticeable when the birds build in fruit trees). The lining is of finer roots, and sometimes there is a little horsehair, but I have seen many nests without any of the latter substance. One example that I examined contained a few strips of bark fibre in the lining. Usually the nests are largish and flat.

The eggs vary in number from three to six, and are readily distinguishable from those of any other British bird. They range from pale greenish white and pale olive to buffy-olive in ground, and are blotched, spotted, and streaked almost in bunting fashion with dark sienna brown (nearly black), the underlying markings being greyish brown or in some specimens lilac grey. In most cases plenty of ground colour is visible, and I have known eggs handsomely zoned at one end, or banded round the middle.

Incubation lasts a fortnight, and is performed chiefly by the hen. As a rule, when disturbed at the nest, the hawfinch is in no way demonstrative, but sits very close, often till the intruder is but a yard away ; then it slips off the nest, making all despatch for the nearest covert.

The casual observer, even should he have the good fortune to surprise a hawfinch at close quarters in a plantation or shrubbery, will often, after marking it carefully to a tree, lose sight of it, and will be quite at a loss to understand the reason. It is this : when the hawfinch detects the presence of a supposed enemy, in nine cases out of ten

it will seek the spot where two branches fork, or where the main stem of a tree divides. Consequently, as it assimilates well with the bark, it easily escapes detection. Some years ago I myself was sorely puzzled in this way, but soon learnt the secret.

For food the hawfinch depends mainly on seeds, the kernels of cherry stones, nuts, and hornbeam seeds, varied by green peas in their season; indeed, the last named article of diet will always tempt this finch and only too often leads to its destruction, for the irate gardener, lying in wait, gets two or three in a line, and is avenged of his beloved peas; though I may add that the damage done to the crop by the shot is far greater than that caused by the hawfinches. I have repeatedly noticed that birds destroyed in this way prove to be birds of the year, and often and often have I watched these youngsters descend to what may prove their last meal, whilst the more cunning adults were perched on some adjacent tree, well out of range.

The hawfinch is resident with us, but during the winter a certain amount of internal migration may go on, though I can generally make certain of seeing some all the year round in haunts where they breed, more especially if the place is in a wood or shrubbery.

I have watched a pair of these birds feeding their young on several occasions, and it gave me no small pleasure to note the cunning way in which they slunk in and out of the tree that sheltered the nest. This showed their extreme wariness under ordinary circumstances, for they never suspected my presence. If they had done so, they would have kept away from the spot for hours rather than betray the whereabouts of the nest.

The hawfinch, it seems, rears a single brood, but should the first clutch of eggs be taken, a second is often laid, though in a fresh nest. These birds fly in a series of slightly undulating jerks, much as the other finches do, but they look bulkier on the wing. They often twitter as they fly. The song scarce deserves the name, and it is impossible to put it on paper. I have heard it as early

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as March 26. The autumn note is a somewhat doleful "tee-et."

The plumage is variegated, and somewhat as follows : throat, lores, and feathers round beak, glossy black; cheeks and crown, chocolate; nape, grey; back and scapulars, dark chocolate; wings black, with upper wing coverts white (often very conspicuous as the bird flies)—some of the primaries are curiously cleft at the tips; breast and abdomen, vinaceous brown; tail, brownish, with white on the outer feathers—it is short for the size of the bird; irides, grey; beak, horn-coloured in winter, but leaden-black in summer; feet and legs pinkish brown. The length is between seven and eight inches. The sexes are similar, but the male's plumage is perhaps a trifle the brighter. The plumage of the young, before their first moult, is curious, being spotted on a general colour of greenish brown of different shades, the lightest below. I believe varieties of this bird are rare, but once I saw a fawn-coloured "sport."

Nestlings in their first plumage are covered with white down, and the interior of their mouths is of a fine carmine.

As Breconshire observations are not very numerous, it may not be out of place to append a short account of hawfinches breeding in that county. "Having noticed from the beginning of February 1903 a pair of hawfinches that frequented a small grove of trees close to Builth Wells, I told my friend Mr. Gwynne-Vaughan that I expected they would stop and breed, though no nest had ever yet been recorded in this locality. He would not agree with me, however, and the end of it was that we had an even ten shillings on the event. After the first week in April, the pair above mentioned disappeared, and on June 1, having hunted, as I thought, all the likely spots around without success, I paid up my bet. However, on June 8, in the orchard outside my bungalow, I found a nest with three fresh eggs, which the bird deserted because one of the original number (four) had been taken by a small boy on the previous day. But on June 11

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this same pair, I think, were constructing a second nest in an apple-tree within fifty yards of their first venture. One of the birds left the nest on my approach, and before examining it I fully expected to find young, because both hawfinches were fluttering about me in a great state of excitement, uttering their shrill bat-like note incessantly. On climbing to it, I found that it had but just been begun (about two days' work). Though I did not touch this nest, they deserted it, presumably because I had ventured to look at it. As a rule these finches are not demonstrative at the nest, even when it contains young, so it was all the more astonishing that the pair in question should show such agitation over an unfinished nest.

"On June 26 I found another hawfinch's nest in this orchard, which must have belonged to a different pair, for it contained a brace of nestlings about a day old, as well as an addled egg. These little fellows were carried off by a jay, I have reason to think.

"On June 28, in a shrubbery close to the orchard, I saw a hawfinch pursuing a jay, which had evidently been eyeing its young too closely, and I knew of another nest besides with young in it. One of these, when fledged and out of the nest, was brought in by my cat. So there were at least four pairs close to my bungalow. Nevertheless, the hawfinch is a *rara avis* in Breconshire."

It will be noticed that they were breeding in Wales, nearly a thousand feet above sea level, much later than is usual.

JOHN WALPOLE-BOND.

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II

IT has been said that Mancini, the brother-in-law of Mazarin, was an adept in astrology; he had prophesied that his daughter Marie Mancini would cause many troubles in the world; the event proved

that he was right. In fact, though her position when she married gave her lower rank than that of any of her sisters, the Pope and the King of France, and nearly all the governments of Europe, were perturbed by the quarrels between her and her husband.

The Cardinal, when he had recovered from the effects of the *Fronde*, and was once more the ruler of France, ordained that those of the Mancini and Martinozzi families who had not already done so should come to Paris from Rome. At Genoa the two mothers and their daughters embarked in a magnificent galley provided for the purpose by "la Superba." On arriving in the French capital Marie and her sister Hortense were placed in a convent for two years; at the end of this time they were introduced to the gay world of Paris; Marie was eighteen, Hortense only thirteen. At this time Mazarin was somewhat lonely; he had lost his sister and his niece Laura and his favourite nephew. Moreover he was still worried by the King and his volatile affections. Now, Marie was of marriageable age, but ugly; Hortense was a "little girl," but perfectly beautiful. In 1658 Louis XIV. joined the army in Flanders and fell ill of a complaint which was probably of the nature of typhoid fever. During the period of the King's suffering Marie Mancini showed every sign of violent grief; and when the convalescent Louis heard of her deep anxiety on his account he formed a serious attachment to her; the more willingly because her appearance had so much improved that she might now be considered a handsome woman. Moreover, she loved politics, literature, and art, and was called *la perle des précieuses*. She soon obtained such an ascendancy over the King that his marriage with her seemed imminent. Therefore the world was startled when the announcement was made that the Princess Margaret of Savoy would probably be chosen as queen. Within a few hours the two Courts set out with the intention of meeting at Lyons. Though the autumn was advanced, Louis made the whole journey on horseback, with Marie Mancini at his side. Olympe de Soissons was with them, but Louis

did not speak to her ; and before reaching Lyons she became so ill that she had to remain behind the *cortège*. Doubtless, she was intensely mortified by the change in the direction of the King's attentions ; and the student of the Marriages of Mazarin is left to wonder how it happened that the Cardinal never did "marry the King," although he was, as it seems, so often on the point of doing so. One niece after another caught the fancy of the fickle Louis, but it was always a case of "lightly come, lightly go."

At Lyons the high contracting parties met ; Louis was introduced to the Princess Margaret ; he said, "Elle me plaît." Though fickle, he was cautious ; he had heard a rumour that she was hump-backed ; and next morning, to find out the truth for himself, he suddenly entered her dressing-room while she was *en déshabillé* ; history does not reveal what he saw, but his project of marriage with the Princess was abandoned. The custom which forced ladies to receive visitors at their toilet had disadvantages—for the ladies. The Duke of Savoy now arrived, hoping to find his daughter's affairs settled ; and at the same moment came an envoy from Spain offering to Louis the hand of the Infanta. Mazarin preferred that Louis should marry the Infanta rather than Margaret of Savoy, since peace with Spain was greatly to be desired. The disappointed Duchess of Savoy dashed her head against the wall ; but Mazarin presented her with a pair of earrings, which she wore that evening, and which restored her good humour. Margaret bore her reverse with great dignity. In the following year, 1660, she married the Duke of Parma, who had so much admired Olympe de Soissons ; he was the third of five consecutive dukes of whom it is written that there was nothing remarkable about them except their enormous bulk. Margaret died soon afterwards.

Unexpectedly, Don John of Austria now appeared at the French Court ; he brought with him his "folle," or Court Fool, a woman called Capiton, who talked of nothing but the Infanta. Don John was a natural son of

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Philip IV., and was paying a diplomatic, if flying, visit to France, in spite of the fact that he had been defeated in arms by Turenne a few years before. His manners were rough and boorish ; but he seems to have been successful in his mission. For Mazarin was now bent on marrying Louis to Spain. Marie Mancini and her sisters were exiled to Brouage near Rochefort, where the Cardinal had property in the Salt-Marshes. The biographer of Mazarin's nieces, Amédée Renée (1858), thought that the Cardinal was unwilling to allow Marie to become Queen of France because she dared to differ from him in opinions, and was a girl of such commanding character that she would have ruled Louis in place of his Eminence. This seems probable ; for otherwise he would surely have rejoiced in an alliance with the greatest monarch in Europe. Whatever his reason, he put a stop to the correspondence between Louis and Marie—and advised his niece to console herself by reading Seneca !

Louis married the Infanta. Marie Mancini and her sisters returned to the Court. She did not lack suitors ; Prince Charles of Lorraine was one of them ; so was his uncle, who is said to have been always in love with a fresh charmer ; but the Cardinal got rid of them both. Shortly before his death he arranged for Marie a marriage with the Connétable Colonna ; she would have given the world to remain in France, but was driven into exile in her native country, Italy. Little is known of her early married life ; Colonna was an indulgent husband, and allowed her to live in Rome with all the easy gaiety of a Parisian *ménage*. Later, after many quarrels with the Connétable, Marie and her sister Hortense fled into Provence dressed as men ; they were stopped, and Marie was sent to Paris, Hortense to Savoy. Marie wandered far ; she crossed the St. Bernard and tramped through Switzerland ; then we find her in the Spanish Netherlands ; and from Ostend she was taken to San Sebastian. A little later the Connétable was at Madrid, his wife with him. After that she wandered from convent so convent. In 1689 her husband died. It is supposed that the widow

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returned to France ; but the latter days of this woman, who had almost ascended a throne, were spent in obscurity. She lived to the age of seventy-one and died at Pisa, suddenly, from apoplexy. On her tomb in St. Sepulchre's Church in that city her self-chosen epitaph may still be read :

MARIA MANCINI COLONNA

Dust and ashes.

Hortense Mancini, Duchesse de Mazarin, was the handsomest of the Cardinal's nieces, and her life was in many ways not less romantic and unhappy than those of her sisters and cousins. When she was but thirteen, Armand de la Porte, only son of the Maréchal de la Meilleraye, wished "to marry Mazarin"; Olympe was offered to him, but he preferred her younger sister. The Cardinal sought a grander alliance for Hortense than one with the grandson of a lawyer, however rich he might be. A list of Hortense's suitors would be a long one ; among them was Charles II. of England, then in exile, but Mazarin was on friendly terms with Cromwell ; Turenne, famous but fifty, whom the girl would not look at ; a Prince of Portugal, Regent and afterwards king, under the name of Pedro II. ; the Duke of Savoy, whose sister had been thrown over by Louis XIV. ; Coligny, not exactly a suitor, but one whom his Eminence thought of making his heir if he became the husband of Hortense. Coligny, however, was deeply attached to the Grand Condé, and would not be enticed away by the wiles of the Cardinal and his *âme damnée*, his factotum, his scapegoat, Ondedei, Bishop of Fréjus. Another candidate was a Prince of Courtenay, the last scion of the Royal Capets ; four of the family had been emperors of the East ; their descendants could not reconcile themselves to their fallen fortunes, and spent their strength in unavailing attempts to rise higher ; but this prince was entirely penniless, and Mazarin brushed him aside.

When Marie Mancini, wife of Colonna, was exiled to Brouage, Hortense went with her. Then Mazarin,

feeling the approach of death, decided to marry Hortense to the Duc de la Meilleraye, and to leave his great wealth to him on condition that he should take the name and arms of Mazarin. Thus the most beautiful of the nieces became Duchesse de Mazarin, and had not to change her name. In addition to what he inherited from the Cardinal the Duke secured the Governments of Alsace, Brittany, and Vincennes. What sort of man was this on whom Fortune showered all her best gifts? At the period of his marriage, in 1661, he appeared to be all that a bride could wish; but as time went on he seemed overweighted by his wealth and his position; he became extremely jealous, and dragged Hortense about in order to escape her imaginary lovers. He adopted strange forms of devotion, making it a matter of conscience to destroy all pictures and statues which offended against modesty. The Cardinal had collected glorious pictures, many by Titian and Correggio; those figures which were undraped were daubed over by the Duke. The minister Colbert, now in power, knew the money value of these works of art, but could not save them from the religious maniac. It is recorded that the Duke went on one occasion at daybreak into the gallery in company with a mason, and with a heavy hammer smashed the statues. At seven in the evening Colbert arrived, but he could do nothing. At nine o'clock M. de Mazarin, with five or six servants, returned to the gallery and continued his work of destruction until midnight. His intellect, of course, was disordered, but not sufficiently so to cause his seclusion. He did many other strange things; he went one day to the King and declared that he had a message from the Angel Gabriel that harm would come to his Majesty unless he broke with Mademoiselle de la Vallière. He drew lots as to his servants; so that the cook became steward, the *frotteur* secretary, and the Irish chaplain cook! He held that the will of God was declared by the drawing of lots.

At first Hortense had been willing to love her husband, but his vagaries and tempers soon put an end to all

affection. He used to awaken her in the middle of the night that she might help him to chase away the Devil. She escaped from her tyrant, and took refuge in her brother's house. The conjugal quarrels were long and bitter. The Duchess was sent by her husband to a convent; here she and a friend who was in like plight, the Marquise de Courcelles, both mere girls, played all sorts of absurd tricks on the nuns; they put ink in the *bénitiers*, so that the nuns daubed their faces black; they ran about the dormitories crying "Tayaut!" ("Tallyho!") to a troop of little dogs; they filled two boxes in the dormitory with water, and, the planks of the floor being badly joined, the water ran through and down on to the beds of the poor *religieuses* on the floor below; this the young ladies called "an accident." Some of the older sisters were told off to keep an eye on them; the prisoners walked about during the whole day, and soon tired out their watchers. Hortense was sent to another convent; the Duke followed in order to carry her off, but she laughed in his face and refused to go. Next day, Hortense from a turret saw the dust of a cavalcade; she thought that her Bluebeard was returning; but the visitors proved to be her brothers-in-law, the Comte de Soissons and the Duc de Bouillon, and other friends coming to her rescue. She sought to hide from the supposed danger and to force herself through a hole in the wall in frenzied haste; but she was too plump for the aperture and remained stuck between two iron bars unable to move, until Madame de Courcelles dragged her through after many struggles.

The Duc de Mazarin had an insane love of litigation; it was one of his chief joys. A court of justice gave Hortense her liberty; a higher court withdrew it. Finding that the judges "would not hear reason," she determined to go to Italy and stay with her sister, "la Connétable," until the matter was finally settled. She did not declare her intention, but stole away one evening—stole away in a coach and six—to the gates of the town; then, having forgotten her money and jewels, she

returned for them; after this, she mounted her horse, wearing male attire, and hardly made a pause until she found herself in Lorraine. She had with her a maid so short in stature that in man's clothes she was a most grotesque object; the Duchess, in the midst of her unhappiness and anxiety, laughed long and heartily at the queer sight.

M. de Mazarin heard of his wife's flight, and at three o'clock in the morning rushed off to the King and requested him to have the fugitive caught. But Hortense reached Nancy, and there found that Duc de Lorraine who had once asked the hand of her sister Marie. He gave her an escort as far as Geneva, whence she meant to cross the Alps to Milan. She met with many adventures—of which the worst was an injury to her knee caused by romping with her maid. She was wild with the sense of freedom. The hurt became worse, and she was carried over the mountains suffering much pain. At one time it was thought that her leg must be amputated; but she was spared that misfortune. Then the *parlement* gave judgment authorising the Duke to apprehend his wife wherever she might be. He, who never had enough lawsuits on hand, began an action against the Duc de Nevers (Hortense's brother) and the Chevalier de Rohan for aiding and abetting her flight. At length Madame de Mazarin arrived in Milan. Her sister Marie and the Connétable Colonna came to meet her. She did not find them very congenial, but amused herself in Venice, then in Sienna, and then in Rome. She also amused herself with a handsome young man named Belbeuf, much below her in rank. Having quarrelled with her brother and the Colonnas, she thought of a reconciliation with her husband, and with this end in view retired to a convent. He wrote that she must remain there two years. She now wished to leave, but was detained by force. Marie Colonna contrived her sister's escape, which so grieved the old abbess, their aunt, that she fell ill and died.

About this time the Duc de Nevers left Rome in

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order to marry Diane de Thianges, niece of Madame de Montespan. He spent six months on the journey, and Hortense went with him. When they reached Nevers they found an envoy from the Grand' Chambre (of Justice), the Captain of M. de Mazarin's guards, the Grand Provost of Bourbonnais, and brigades of archers, all enjoined to stop Hortense on her way; on the other hand, the Town Council set itself to protect her. Then arrived an order from the King that the Duke should sign a deed of reconciliation; he did so, weeping because he could not imprison his wife. Louis guaranteed to her an allowance of 24,000 livres, and gave her liberty to live in Rome. Thither she betook herself.

The next news of her was that she and her sister Colonna had fled from Rome and gone into Provence, both weary of married life. They reached Marseilles without luggage. M. de Grignan, who was Lord Lieutenant of Provence, met them at Aix, bringing them some underclothing sent by his wife; for they had travelled like true heroines with quantities of jewels and no clean linen. A story of one of the freaks of Madame de Mazarin at Chambéry is told by M. d'Orlier, who was Governor of the Castle. The lady, having shot a leveret, opened it to get its blood with which to wash her face, hands, and arms, saying that there was nothing better for the skin than the blood of a leveret; the country children ran after her, she being all red from the horrible ointment. No wonder that Mazarin sent his Captain of the Guards after his nieces. Hortense departed by sea to Savoy. The reigning Duke had been one of her suitors; he received her amiably at Turin. Little is known of her sojourn there, except that she gave the Duchess cause for jealousy. Hortense, like her sisters, was famous for her taste in dress and the variety of her array; during a whole fortnight she would appear each day with her hair in different modes. Saint-Evremond says that she spent three years in Savoy occupied with quiet studies; he may have included hair-dressing amongst them. But the reigning Duke died, and his widow became Regent, and

Hortense had to quit Savoy. She set out at the beginning of winter, by way of Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, for England. She passed through war-stricken countries, dressed *en Amazone* with *plumes et perruque*, and was followed by twenty male attendants; and all her talk was of hunting and dancing.

The adventurous lady, still beautiful at thirty, reached England and the court of her old admirer Charles II.; she might have taken the place of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and the British nation might have preferred her to the other Frenchwoman who was in the pay of Louis XIV. But Hortense took a fancy to the Prince of Monaco, and this put an end to her public career. She received a pension from Charles, and he permitted her to live in St. James's Palace, where she held a small court of her own.

The Duchesse de Mazarin now set up as a *bel esprit*; she argued with Vossius, the sceptical Canon of Windsor, with Justel, a Protestant refugee, with the poet Waller, and with the philosophical Saint-Evremond. The last named had been banished from France, and had resided in England fourteen years when Hortense settled there. He became one of her most fervent admirers, and to him we owe much of our information about her. He was at all her parties, where lofty arguments alternated with high stakes, and where finally the stakes prevailed:

Plus d'opéra, plus de musique,
De morale, de politique;

And with the infatuation of gambling came the infatuation of drink. Hortense was now at the dangerous age of forty, "the old age of youth, the youth of old age"; at this time a son of Olympe, a mere boy, the Chevalier de Soissons, came to visit his aunt, and fell desperately in love with her! In like case was the Swedish Baron de Banier. De Soissons challenged de Banier, who was wounded, and died a few days later. At this time the Duchesse was a grandmother. She had three daughters and a son, who was afterwards Duc de la

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Meilleraye. Her eldest daughter married the Marquis de Richelieu; the second was Abbess of Lys; the third married the Marquis de Bellefond.

Hortense was greatly shocked by this fatal duel, and yielded to a fit of devotion; her husband, always *dévo*t, heard of it and sent messengers to London to entreat her to enter a convent. She did not follow his advice. Time healed her sorrows. When the Revolution placed William III. on the throne of England, Hortense found herself without a pension, and would have left her adopted country but that her many creditors would not allow her to depart. The Duke advised her to be made bankrupt; it would be no harm, he said, "because her creditors were heretics." He also wished her to return to France and take up an action against him with regard to her property. His lawsuits lasted thirty years, and the millions of livres which should have been in Hortense's pocket went into those of the lawyers. William III. subsequently gave her a small pension, and she lived on in London, still admired, still lauded for her wit and charms. Lord Godolphin, Hampden, and many other eminent men were her intimate friends.

It was the worst misfortune of Hortense Mazarin—

Qui des femmes fut la plus belle—

that she became addicted to drink. Saint-Evremond wrote to her :

Moins d'eaux fortes, de vins blancs,
Vous irez jusqu'à cent ans.

He accuses her, not unkindly, of taking "eau d'anis, eau d'absinthe"; and the historian says that for a long time before her death she "lived on brandy." Her feebleness was extreme, and she went to reside at Chelsea, then a country village, for better air. Here she died in July 1699, almost in poverty—she who had been the greatest heiress in Europe. But she was not deserted; with her were her son and her sister, the Duchesse de Bouillon.

M. de Mazarin now had the pleasure of a lawsuit with

his wife's creditors before he could obtain possession of her body. Her life had been one of extraordinary adventure and vicissitude ; and Madame de Sévigné says that all her escapades were justified by *la figure de M. de Mazarin*.

Mazarin's other niece was Marie Anne Mancini ; for her hand, too, there were many suitors. Among them was the heir of the great name of Bouillon. The pedigree of that famous house dated from the twelfth century ; the Lords of La Tour were Counts of Auvergne and of Boulogne ; and among the scions of the family were the Dukes of Bouillon, the Viscounts of Turenne, and the Barons of Murat. From Godefroi, the mighty Crusader, to the "First Grenadier of the Republic," how many worthies have sprung from the stock of La Tour d'Auvergne ? They were a proud family, and their pride was thus satirised, but could hardly feel so slight a sting :

Entasser les ducs d'Aquitaine
 Sur ceux de Milan, de Guienne,
 Usurper la race et le nom
 D'Alfred, Astorgue, Barillon,
 Et remonter de règne en règne
 Jusqu'au temps de Charles Martel ;
 N'est-ce pas de la Tour d'Auvergne
 Faire une Tour de Babel ?

Every one has read of the Père Joseph, *l'Eminence grise*, who was the confidant and the adviser of Richelieu, but every one is not familiar with the name of the Italian Ondedei, Bishop of Fréjus, who stood in the like relation to Mazarin. He had his share in the marriages of his master. The Duc de Mazarin had promised to give him 150,000 livres if Hortense became the Duchess. The business was successfully transacted, but the Duke declined to fulfil his contract, saying that it would be an act of simony. Ondedei might have been better treated by the Bouillons ; and he pressed their interests on the Cardinal as he lay on his death-bed. But Mazarin was obdurate. Even in his agony the latter's son was prouder than the Bouillons. Marie Anne remained unprovided

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for at her uncle's death, although she was the young lady

Qu' on dit être toute divine,

It is true that she was only thirteen. She, even more than Hortense, was considered a wit as well as a beauty. At six years of age she wrote verses, and her letters and *bons mots* greatly amused her uncle. She was a spoiled child everywhere. Anne of Austria took up Marie Anne's cause, and the result was that on April 22, 1662, a year after Mazarin's death, the young girl was married to Maurice Godefroy de la Tour, Duc de Bouillon. He was the nephew of Turenne, a brave officer, and little given to frivolity. The Duchess lived her own life, which was a gay one. In 1665 she had a son; but, hardly burdened by the cares of maternity, she posed as the patroness of men of letters and especially of La Fontaine; in fact she made his reputation for him. At the Hotel de Bouillon the *beaux esprits* used to meet, Molière among them, and Corneille, greatest of them all. And while the Duke went to battle, battle came to the Duchess. It was a battle of plays. Pradon, a bad poet, was preferred by Marie Anne to Racine. He had brought out *Phèdre*, a tragedy. When *Phèdre*, Racine's tragedy, was about to be produced she engaged the whole building for six representations and had the play hissed; the affair cost her 15,000 livres. Of course, Pradon could not hold out against Racine; his piece fell into contempt, that of his rival survives as a masterpiece.

Marie Anne also meddled with sorcery, and was implicated in the matter of La Voisin, though not so seriously as the Comtesse de Soissons. Madame de Sévigné treated the Duchess's share in it as merely *pour rire*. An old Counsellor of State at the trial asked Marie Anne if she had not seen the Devil; she replied, "I see him now; he is ugly, old, and disguised as a Counsellor of State." Although her judges were made ridiculous and her friends merry by her replies on this occasion, she was exiled in 1680 to Nérac in Navarre by Louis XIV.; there she lived as a petty queen until she

had permission to return to Paris. In 1687 Marie Anne went to England to visit her sister Hortense Duchesse de Mazarin. At St James's she met Saint-Evremond and the circle surrounding her sister. La Fontaine celebrated the charms of Marie Anne, and Saint-Evremond those of Hortense in a literary duel wherein no one was wounded. But the abdication of James II. drove Marie Anne from London; William III. sent her to Rouen in his own yacht.

By this time Louis had had enough trouble with the family of the dead Cardinal. He gladly saw Marie Anne depart for Italy, where her eldest and favourite son, the Prince de Turenne, rejoined her. He had distinguished himself both in his studies and in warfare. Like almost all the scions of Mazarin's family he died young. His next brother was the Duc d'Albret, Governor of Auvergne; the next was a knight of Malta; the youngest was a general of Light Cavalry.

During the latter part of her life the Duchesse de Bouillon seems to have been more famous for her pride than for any other quality; it is one which wears very well. At all times it was a salient point in her character. She was greatly enraged at having to take a place second to that of the Duchess of Hanover, and revenged herself amply. Hearing that Madame de Hanovre was going to the play, all the Bouillon family, with a large retinue, met the lady and her party; there was a battle *à outrance*, the harness of the horses was cut, the coach knocked about, and the German Duchess terrified, and Marie Anne was triumphant. Saint-Simon calls her "the Queen of Paris." In 1714 she died, retaining her pride and her charms to the last of her sixty-five years.

Two nephews of Mazarin had died young; there was left Philippe Julien Mancini. He was born in 1639 and lived till 1717. As a youth he was no favourite of his uncle, who nevertheless gave him considerable wealth and made him Duc de Nevers; but Hortense and her husband were the actual heirs of Mazarin. M. de Nevers married Diane de Thianges, who, as has been said, was Madame

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de Montespán's niece. This lady was beautiful and charming at sixty. The Duke also had an abundance of admirers in Paris, in Fresnes, in Rome. Coulanges says that

Rome était aimable,
Plaisante, agréable,
Pendant le règne de Nevers ;
Toujours de jolis vers,
Toujours une table
De peu de couverts.

The economical duke chiefly occupied himself in making little verses. He wrote thus to the Abbé Chaulieu :

Par St. Cyr,
De plaisir
J'eusse été,
Transporté
Si Chaulieu
Dans ce lieu
Fût venu, etc.

His appreciation of other poets may be measured by his patronage of Pradon in opposition to Racine. There is not much to tell of such a man.

His sweet daughter, known as "Api," married the Duc d'Estrées and died young. Nevers had one son, who became the father of Louis Jules Bourbon-Mancini-Mazarini, Duc de Nivernais, a well-known figure in the political and literary world of the first half of the eighteenth century ; with him ended the line of Mancini. The d'Estrées family became extinct in 1762.

It is a wonderful story, that of the nieces of Mazarin ; they were wives and mothers of Stuarts, of Estes, of Carignans, of Vendômes, of Contis, of Colonnas, of Bouillons. Yet, as we have seen, the houses of Stuart Este, Vendôme, Conti, Bouillon, and Soissons, were shortly afterwards extinct. To whom can we point now as a descendant of Mancini, the latter ? The lesson of Mazarin's life is obvious.

F. BAYFORD HARRISON.

Mingled Memories in Old Norwich

THE city of gardens and churches, as it has been aptly called, which in past centuries ranked as the second in importance and commerce in the British Isles, is not the resort of many Americans or tourists. Yet nowhere do the old world, with its quaint and stirring memories, and the new world, full of commercial activity and realism, mingle so curiously as in Norwich. It is at once the city of ancient kings and of prosperous modern factories; the city of knights and ladies and mediæval romance, as well as the home of conventional twentieth-century families.

For in the midst of the grind and clatter of an improved electric tram system lies a labyrinth of historic streets, deviating into dingy cobbled courtyards and dark alleys, and offering a sufficient variety of relics of the past to fill the portfolios of an antiquary. In the midst, I repeat; for while many of these interesting thoroughfares are quiet and deserted except perchance by the ghosts of their former residents, some are a network of tram lines, and the poorer inhabitants of one of the oldest streets in Norwich have only to stretch out their hands from the bulging gables to touch the shoulders of the outside passengers, as with a jolt and a clatter they rush by the scene of many a courtly drama and early struggle, when the Christ to whose saving presence forty-six churches were afterwards dedicated was unhonoured and unknown.

But in those dark days the now modernised, tram-pierced King Street, with its quaint yards and alleys running down to the river, was but a tract of land known as Conisford, dotted with mud huts. After the horrors of a Pagan invasion it advanced into some sort of settled dwelling-place for man and beast, and at length became the resort of merchants, princes, Jews, and courtly dignitaries; in fact, it was the patrician quarter of the

second city in the kingdom. Up and down these winding shallow staircases moved ladies in ruffs and farthingales, or the towering headdresses of Edward III.'s reign, waving farewell to gallant cavaliers from the latticed windows which now overlook some hideous



St. Ethelbert's Gateway

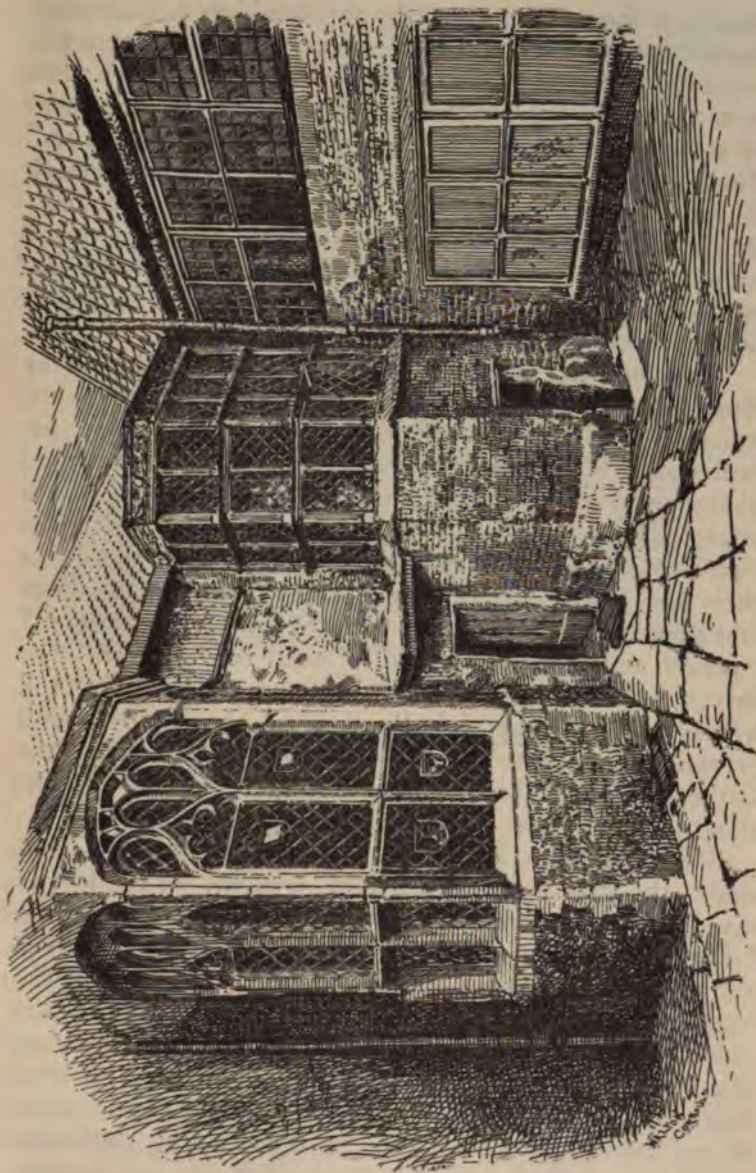
factory or brewery. In and out of these alleys and grey stone churches princes and priests came and went, intent on strife and persecution. Here in the grand old "musick-house," with its enormous latticed windows and heavy beams, dwelt Sir John Paston, known to all readers of the famous Paston letters; and later, Sir Edward Coke, the great lawyer, lived under the same roof. He passed away; and the house was turned to

other uses. It echoed with the minstrelsy of the city waits, the clinking of tankards, and the clattering of post and coach horses, for from then till now it has been a "house for beer." What glories of romance, what whispers of escape, what plots, what songs, what bitter cries and ribald jokes would fill our ears if the old walls about us could speak; for not only this long narrow street but a mile or so around us is historic ground, laden with an air of romance which should suffice to inspire a hundred novels.

We have for the moment cast off the hurrying habit of modern life and forgotten the insistent needs of work and action, and are waiting, as it were, on the threshold of centuries for knights and ladies, trafficking Jews, and ministering friars. If we are imaginative enough we can follow in fancy the gay dresses, the alert Hebraic faces, and the black and white garments of "the religious" down the highways and byways of the city; but few of the passers-by can enlighten us about them. To those who hasten past we are merely visitors, lucky "do-nothings," who can indulge the strange and unremunerative fancy of gazing at old red bricks, or prowling about some of the grey decaying churches which crowd together in the ancient streets. Hereditary influences and distinctions are difficult to abandon, and Norwich, even in these days of higher criticism and agnosticism, retains her ecclesiastical and even her Puritanical reputation. She was the refuge of persecuted dissenters from Roman Catholicism during bitter years of strife and the witness of the Lollards' martyrdom; small wonder then that the church, and clergy, and parochial enterprises play no small part in her comfortable, prosaic life to-day.

It is only a few steps from the top of King Street to Tomblond—the wide cobbled space before the two Cathedral gateways—and then once again we stand in the old world, on the burial place of thousands who fell under the devastating visitation of the Black Death.

This is the scene, too, of the celebrated Monk's Fair on the Feast of Trinity, when the citizens and country folk



A Merchant's Residence in Old Norwich

displayed their wares on stalls, and tumblers and dancing-bears delighted the populace. Out of the lawlessness and rebellion which paralysed the city in Henry II.'s time arose the magnificent Ethelbert Gateway as "an atonement by the citizens for injuries done to the monks in 1272." The high and massive and finely carved grey stonework of this memorial overlooks a scene of mingled memories and marks the entrance to the close, the green and tranquil dwelling-place of Cathedral dignitaries and a few peace-loving citizens, who elect to wake and fall asleep to the sound of the Cathedral clock and bells.

It is a fine and imposing House of God, this long grey Norman building with its apsidal chapels and transepts, which grew from the religious fervour and desire for expiation of Bishop Herbert in 1110. He it was who urged on the weary or careless builders, declaring that "they were asleep, with folded hands, numbed, as it were, and frost-bitten by a winter of negligence, shuffling and failing in their duty from a paltry love of ease." And as stone was laid upon stone he exhorted them to "take heart again," "persist untiringly," "not to let hand or foot rest," "to shiver in winter cold, swelter in summer heat," to "toil by day and watch by night." So from the exertions and privations of these twelfth-century builders grew the Cathedral which, through the long centuries, was to withstand the storms of political and religious frenzy.

Beyond it again, at the extreme east end of the Close, under the broad Bishop's Bridge, trodden by the feet of many devoted souls on their way to martyrdom in the Lollards' Pit, runs the murky river charged with barges and wherries on their way to Yarmouth. And here, if the bargee chances to glance up, he will look upon one of the oldest and most interesting views in one of the oldest and most interesting of English cities. Across the level fields which border the water, and above a rich medley of red roofs and trees, rise the broad flying buttresses of the Cathedral, which is glorified by its soaring spire and the majestic air of Norman architecture. But the Norfolk waterman, a unique character in his way, has

no artistic tastes. Besides, he has a task to perform, and little time to dream ; so he doggedly urges his lumbering craft through the muddy water and leaves reflection to us.

Succeeding centuries have carved their marks largely on the old part of the city which lies north-westward from the Cathedral. We cross Tombland again, and pass the curious porticoed house formerly the home of Sir John Falstaff. Here the sounds of prosaic modernity die away, and we are untroubled by the jar of trams.



A Corner of Tombland

You will see but few well-dressed people moving down the tortuous, narrow alleys, under the overhanging gables, and about the grass-grown churchyards ; for the history of this part of the city is distinct from that of the others which we have visited. The over-hanging wooden dwellings are as redolent of toil and poverty to-day as they have been throughout history. No knights, no gentry of high degree, lived among them. Occasionally the carving on one of the heavy doors indicates the former home of a civic magnate or rising merchant, but otherwise the memories are plebeian and industrial. Here in hundreds came the busy Flemings, and brought the priceless woollen industry, preferring exile to an abhorred form of religious worship.

Many of the churches and alleys and streets stand now as they did in the days of bitter persecution, when a man's

creed might condemn him to death. The ancient church of St. Gregory, which is at present the resort of comfortable, easy-going churchmen, was the refuge of many a hounded fugitive, who, with wild hands and imploring cries, sought sanctuary there. Now hideous red brick factories are wedged in where space permits, and look down upon crowded historic alleys or green and quiet courtyards.

Of the great charm of the Norwich of to-day—the large, oak-panelled, heavily-timbered dwelling-houses, with shallow staircases, and the peaceful gardens which surround them—there is not space to write here. In nearly every street which is not wholly abandoned to the modern builder, stand these delightful dwellings. Sometimes they are tenanted by lovers of the old world, who are content to forego the attractions of a suburb in order to obtain, at an absurdly low rental, the sixteenth-century mansion of a merchant prince. Sometimes, alas, these time-honoured houses are filled with boxes and all the *impedimenta* of a prosperous factory.

The old city, beloved of such men as Sir Thomas Browne, James Martineau, George Borrow and Nelson, has shown us something of its history in a few brief hours, but only a very small something; for there are nooks and corners amongst the mediæval houses and ancient streets which lie beyond the range of the visitor of a day. Yet even our brief survey may have told us that Norwich is essentially a city of mingled memories.

GWENDOLINE C. PERKS.

Retrospective Review

THE MARVELLOUS ART OF NECROMANCY

“Le Dragon Rouge, ou l’Art de commander les Esprits Célestes, Aériens, Terrestres, Infernaux ; avec le Vrai Secret de faire parler les Morts ; de gagner toutes les fois qu’on met aux Loteries ; de découvrir les Trésors Cachés, etc. etc. 1521.”
(No name of printer or place of printing.)

THIS extraordinary little book, with title-page in red, and a devil, horned, tailed, and cloven-hoofed, depicted in the same bright colour, is remarkable for compressing into a hundred and six small pages as much grave absurdity as ordinarily would suffice to fill a folio. It is unusual for occultism to express itself in 24mo, and the author, anticipating probable objections to his brevity, remarks by way of preface that the ignorant, swaddled in prejudice and puffed up with vain presumption, will question his ability to set forth in so terse a way the essence of the noble art of necromancy. But, whatever may be thought by such deluded persons, he has no doubt that those intimate with the divine science “will regard this book as the most precious treasure in the universe.”

After this modest opening our author starts with a description of the “Dragon Rouge,” a marvellous work compiled from “the veritable writings of the great King Solomon,” who, after spending his life in the most difficult researches, penetrated at last all secrets of the unseen world and mastered the infernal spirits. To follow in Solomon’s footsteps, the votary must be armed with intrepidity, prudence, wisdom, and virtue ; he must be firm and resolute, and must observe with scrupulous exactitude all the instructions given to him, for should he fail even in the most minute detail his entire enterprise will be worse than useless. Sixty-seven years of patient study and persistent invocation have gained for the author a knowledge not only of the habits and customs

of aerial and terrestrial demons, but of the virtuous and magnanimous spirits, chief of whom is the great Adonay.¹ If you would secure for yourself the friendship of this valuable ally, you must avoid the fair sex, and must only break your fast at midday and midnight, or, if you prefer it, at seven in the morning and seven at night. You must make invocations to the "*grand et puissant Adonay*," and after an extended course of prayer "you go to a druggist and buy a blood-stone of the kind called *Ematille*," which will defend you from any accidents that may arise in the course of your experiments. All this seems comparatively simple. Nor does the drawing of the cabalistic circle present any insuperable difficulty. There are a few preliminaries such as sacrificing a young rabbit, taking a sprig from a wild nut tree, and burning incense; but on the whole the devil seems easily raised—he has only to be palavered with the right form of invocation. If, after repeating the specified formula for the third time, he has not yet made appearance, you must read the following "*grande appellation tirée de la véritable Clavicule de Salomon*": "I conjure thee, O Spirit, to appear at once, at the bidding of the great Adonay, Eloim, Ariel, Jehovam, Agla, Tagla," and so on, reciting all the names of the aerial powers. "After having twice repeated these great and powerful words, you may be sure," our mentor says serenely, "that the Spirit will appear immediately."

The part played by the devil is pusillanimous in the extreme; though he begins by expressing resentment at having his repose disturbed, a little persuasion and a few threats effectually quiet him, and presently he promises to come again at such times as his tormentor shall direct. He makes the conventional demand for soul and body, but apparently more for form's sake than in any hope of gratification. He takes a refusal quite submissively, and signs a compact in which he pledges himself to come when called, and to discover hidden treasure, on the sole condition that he is given a piece of gold (or silver, he

¹ The Adonai of Lord Lytton's romance "*Zanoni*."

adds modestly) the first day of each month. Should this small payment be omitted the defaulter will belong to him for ever. He strives to carry off his defeat by boasting prodigiously of his sagacity and vaunting the universality of his sway; and he enumerates his titles, bragging persistently of his great rank and power, conversing all the while in the Italian tongue. Despite his grandeur, he even submits to the condition that in process of finding hidden treasure he shall not emit unpleasant diabolic odours or make himself in any way objectionable to the mortal who invokes him; and such is the power of "King Solomon's talisman" that the enemy of mankind submits almost without protest to a course of bullying which any self-respecting spirit would resent. The grateful magician then makes his "*actions de grâce*" in sundry prayers to God Almighty, in which edifying fashion the first book ends.

The second book contains a table of precedence of infernal spirits, with facsimiles of their "true signatures" to prevent mistakes. "Lucifer, *Empereur*," "Belzebuth, *Prince*," and "Astarot, *Grand Duc*," are the three most potent, and they have a Prime Minister, a Lieutenant-General, General and Generalissimo, Field-Marshal, and Brigadier, under whose command, again, are eighteen familiar spirits (with names such as Elegor, Valefar, and Glasialabolas), to say nothing of the rank and file of spirits, millions of menials, whose names, we learn, are too obscure for publication. It will suffice (our author says) to court the most influential, especially the Emperor Lucifer's Prime Minister, Lucifugé Rofocale, in whose gift are all the riches of the world. The Generalissimo, Satanachia, should also be conciliated, for he controls the feminine section of humanity, and keeps ministering spirits who are practised in mixing magic potions much in use among unscrupulous lovers. The commander of the second legion of spirits is not to be neglected either, for he makes a speciality of discovering secrets and "unveiling the greatest mysteries"; while the Lieutenant-General can bring on a hailstorm at

will, and has in his service "*un corps très considérable d'esprits,*" through whose aid he can accomplish whatever work his votary wishes—provided that the wish is formed at night. The Brigadier, Sargatanus, is particularly useful, for he has "the power to render you invisible, to transport you where you please, to open locks, and to let you see everything that happens within doors." Nebiros, "Field-Marshal and Inspector-General," in addition to his tours of inspection of the Infernal Militia, has the arduous duty of teaching other spirits the virtues "of Metals, Minerals and Vegetables," and he himself can read the future, and thus is one of the most potent necromancers in existence.

King Solomon's mode of invocation of the spirits as quoted by our author is said by him to be infallible, but he advises supplementary Latin prayers, which, he says, should be recited after the diabolic interviews are over.

To render yourself invisible, you steal a black cat and buy a new pot (note the distinction), and also purchase a mirror, an agate, some charcoal, and other odds and ends, and at the stroke of midnight you take water from a fountain. Then you place the stolen cat in the honestly bought pot, hold the cover on the pot with your left hand, and never look behind you, no matter what noises you may hear. After boiling the cat for four-and-twenty hours you cast its flesh over your left shoulder and regard yourself fixedly in the mirror, reciting a Latin charm. When you no longer see yourself in the mirror you may know that you are invisible. There are no directions how to become visible again. We are also given minute but puzzling instructions how to raise the dead from their graves and hold amicable consultations with them, and among the instructions are interspersed expressions of incongruous and unexpected piety. "It is absolutely necessary to be present at midnight mass on Christmas Eve if you would have familiar conversation with the inhabitants of the other world." You can learn how to win whenever you hazard money in a lottery, to be insensible to the pains of torture, to protect yourself against

firearms, to make judges always favourable to your interests, to cure gout and pleurisy, and to mutilate your enemies by means of incantations or cause their deaths within a year; all these, and other feats less mentionable, can be easily managed with the help of Solomon's talisman. We are instructed, moreover, how to make the "*Miroir de Salomon*," a process occupying some eight-and-forty days, and necessitating the use of several curious ingredients, with the usual accompaniment of Latin orisons. When all is successfully accomplished, and you are looking into your magic mirror which reflects the mysteries hidden from all other men, the spirit Adonay will waft you benedictions, and you should make the sign of the Cross in token of your co-operation with the angelic powers. Thus, in edifying fashion, this extraordinary work is brought to a conclusion. There is appended a table of "fortunate and unfortunate days," which list, we are assured, is said by divers learned men to have been presented to Adam and Eve, apparently as a parting gift when they were leaving Paradise. The person desiring to walk warily on unlucky days may see at a glance how he is placed :

Heureux.	Mois.	Malheureux.
4, 19, 27, 31	Janvier	13, 23
7, 8, 18	Février	2, 10, 17, 22
3, 9, 12, 14, 16	Mars	13, 19, 23, 28
5, 27	Avril	10, 20, 29, 30
1, 2, 4, 6, 9, 14	Mai	10, 17, 20
3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 23	Juin	4, 20
2, 6, 10, 23, 30	Juillet	5, 13, 27, 31
5, 7, 10, 14, 19	Août	2, 16, 22, 24
6, 10, 13, 18, 30	Septem.	12, 16, 22, 24
13, 16, 23, 31	Octobre	3, 9, 27
3, 13, 23, 30	Novem.	6, 25
10, 20, 29	Décem.	15, 28, 31

Whether this little volume was a speculation of some impudent and enterprising publisher who saw excellent

opportunity of profiting by popular credulity, or whether three hundred and eighty years ago some dabbler in black magic was so far deluded as to write it in good faith, it is impossible to say. But, whatever the motives of its author, the result is tolerably entertaining to those who dare confess to an occasional weakness for the bizarre, absurd, and curious element in bibliography.¹

MICHAEL BARRINGTON.

¹ The existence of a somewhat similar treatise amongst the manuscripts preserved in the archives of the Rhenish provinces of Bavaria seems to indicate that the "Dragon Rouge" may have been published in good faith. When Aytoun was at Aschaffenberg and meditating a translation of Goethe's *Faust*, a German professor informed him that "Faustus of Wittenberg had been tried for sorcery in the criminal court of that very province," and that not only the record of his trial, but even his conjuring book, could still be seen. Aytoun went eagerly to inspect Faust's mysterious volume, which was kept in an oaken chest and secured by chain and padlock. It contained a number of boards covered with parchment, and on each board (says Aytoun) there was painted "with great skill and delicacy the full-length portrait of a spirit or demon, with his name inscribed below. . . . Beneath each picture was drawn the pentagram or cabalistic sign of the spirit," and his powers were specified. "Some could raise tempests, some cause delusions, some discover hidden treasures; and on the reverse of each board were written the spells for summoning them, and the precautions necessary to be taken. The book was most extraordinary, even as a work of art; and I can truly say that in turning it over I felt almost as much astonished as William of Deloraine might have been when he took the volume from the hand of the Scottish wizard. But what struck me more forcibly than anything else was an inscription at the end of the volume to this effect: '*I, Johann Faust, have made this book, which contains the semblances of the spirits which may be evoked, with their signs, and the spells which can compel them. But thou, whosoever thou art, who shall open it, beware; for by doing these things I have lost myself, soul and body. Jo. Faustus.*' I cannot vouch for the exact accuracy of these words, for I was not allowed to copy anything, but I wrote them down from memory shortly afterwards. The book is most undoubtedly genuine, and I think you will agree with me that very few manuscripts are to be found of so extraordinary a nature" (letter from Aytoun: Sir Theodore Martin's "Memoir of Wm. Edmonstoune Aytoun," Blackwood, 1867, pp. 40, 41).—M. B.

Correspondence

An Unnoticed Passage relating to the Admirable Crichton

MR. URBAN,—Shortly after the publication in the January number of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE of my article on the Admirable Crichton, I came upon an unrecorded passage concerning him in the "Totall Discourse of The Rare Adventures and Painefull Peregrinations" of William Lithgow, the traveller, which is early enough to be of some importance as evidence of the manner of Crichton's death at the Court of Mantua.

William Lithgow, from whom this new light comes, was born in Lanark about 1582. He was early seized with a desire to "surveigh" the world, and in 1609,¹ having already traversed the Orkneys and Shetlands, Germany, Bohemia, Helvetia, and the Low Countries, he set out from Paris on the first of the journeys described in the "Totall Discourse." In 1614 he published a short account of his adventures under the title of "A Most Delectable and True Discourse of an admired and painefull peregrination from Scotland to the most famous Kingdomes in Europe, Asia, and Affricke," which was reprinted in 1616 and 1623. A brief abstract of the chapters dealing with the Mediterranean and Bosphorus was incorporated in the second volume of "Purchas his Pilgrimes" (1625). In 1632 appeared the first complete edition of the travels under the title of "Rare Adventures and Painefull Peregrinations of long Nineteen Yeares Travayles from Scotland to the most famous Kingdomes in Europe, Asia, and Affricke." The book became popular, and editions were published down to 1811, while—a curious fact, perhaps to be accounted for by Lithgow's enthusiastic Protestantism—no fewer than four Dutch editions were published between 1652 and 1669. A facsimile reprint of the edition of 1632 has been recently published by Messrs. Maclehose.

¹ So ed. 1632. Earlier edd. 1610.

So much for the bibliography of the "Totall Discourse." Of the peculiarities of the author's vocabulary and style the Crichton passage affords but a poor idea, but it sufficiently illustrates an amiable weakness, not unknown to other writers of Lithgow's nation—a desire to glorify Scotland and the Scots. He is speaking of Malta, where he landed "to see the Order of our Knights of Christendome," and after describing the city and its fortifications, he continues: "Here the great Master or Prince for that yeare being a Spaniard made much of me for Jerusalem's sake;¹ so did also a number of these gallant knights, to whom I was greatly obliged. And withall, to my great contentment, I rancountred here with a countrey gentleman of mine, being a souldier there, named William Douglas, who afterward for his long and good service at sea was solemnly knighted, and made one of their order. Whose fidele and many services have beene since as plausibly regarded by the Maltezes, as Monsieur Creichton his worth, in learning and excellent memory, rests admired in Italy, but especially by the noble Gonzagaes, and dependant friends of the house of Mantua; for whose losse, and accidentall death, they still heavily bemone: acknowledging that the race of that Princely stock, by God's judgments was cut off, because of his untimely death."

This interesting passage does not occur in the editions earlier than 1632. In them digressions are comparatively rare. But any definite evidence which precedes Urquhart's story (1651) is of importance, especially in regard to Crichton's relations with the Court of Mantua.

The earliest explicit account of Crichton's death at Mantua is in John Johnston's "Heroes Scoti"—*Mantua a Ducis Mantuani filio ex nocturnis insidiis occisus est*; David Buchanan in *De Scriptoribus Scotis* (1625) refers to his death at the hands of the prince, and adds that a love affair was the cause. Buchanan appears to be the earliest writer to whom the works of Aldus were familiar, and on these he bases his account.

¹ Lithgow was returning from a journey to the Holy Land.

It will be seen that Lithgow was following a tradition already established in his account of Crichton's death, but he is the first to mention the grief of the Court of Mantua, afterwards so much amplified by Urquhart (see GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, January 1907, p. 40). Moreover, his narrative is the only passage even in Scotch literature to assert that Crichton's death brought the judgment of extinction on the house of Gonzaga, and it is worth recording among the early accounts of his career, since it was probably unknown to Sir Thomas Urquhart, who, had he been aware of this tradition, would hardly have omitted so striking a posthumous tribute to the glory of the Admirable Crichton.—I am, Mr. Urban, yours faithfully,

KATHARINE A. McDOWALL.

Sylvanus Urban's Notebook

S YLVANUS URBAN—that imperishable *persona*—was honoured by the friendship of Dr. Johnson, as those familiar with his history know. When Edward Cave founded THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE in 1731, Sylvanus came into existence, and in November 1734 we find Johnson making an offer to him “to communicate the sentiments of a person, who will undertake, on reasonable terms, sometimes to fill a column. His opinion is, that the public would not give you a bad reception, if, beside the current wit of the month, which a critical examination would generally reduce to a narrow compass, you admitted not only poems, inscriptions, etc., never printed before, which he will sometimes supply you with; but likewise short literary dissertations in Latin or English, critical remarks on authors ancient or modern, forgotten poems that deserve revival, or loose pieces worth preserving. By this method, your literary article—for so it might be

called—will, he thinks, be better recommended to the public than by low jests, awkward buffoonery, or the dull scurrilities of either party.”

The letter proceeds: “If such a correspondence will be agreeable to you, be pleased to inform me, in two posts, what the conditions are on which you shall expect it. . . . Your letter, by being directed to *S. Smith*, to be left at the Castle in Birmingham, Warwickshire, will reach your humble servant.” Cave put a note on the communication showing that he answered it, but the import of his reply is not known. In July 1737 Johnson again wrote to him: “Having observed in your papers very uncommon offers of encouragement to men of letters, I have chosen, being a stranger in London, to communicate to you the following design, which, I hope, if you join in it, will be of advantage to both of us. The History of the Council of Trent having been lately translated into French and published with large notes by Dr. Le Courayer, the reputation of that book is so much revived in England, that it is presumed, a new translation of it from the Italian, together with Le Courayer’s notes from the French, could not fail of a favourable reception.” Johnson advanced some further arguments in support of his suggestion, and added, “Be pleased to favour me with a speedy answer, if you are not willing to engage in this scheme; and appoint me a day to wait upon you, if you are.”

His actual connection with the magazine, which, as Boswell informs us, was “for many years his principal source of employment and support,” began in March 1738, when he addressed certain complimentary Latin verses to Sylvanus:

Urbane, nullis fesse laboribus,
Urbane, nullis victe calumniis,
Cui fronte sertum in erudita
Perpetuo viret et virebit;

Quid molliatur gens imitantium,
Quid et minetur, sollicitus parum,
 Vacare solis perge Musis,
 Juxta animo studiisque felix.
Linguae procacis plumbea spicula,
Fidens, superbo frange silentio ;
 Victrix per obstantes catervas
 Sedulitas animosa tendet.
Intende nervos, fortis, inanibus
Risurus olim nisibus æmuli ;
 Intende jam nervos, habebis
 Participes operae Camænas.
Non ulla Musis pagina gratior
Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
 Novit, fatigatamque nugis
 Utilibus recreare mentem.
Texente Nymphis sarta Lycoride,
Rosæ ruborem sic viola adjuvat
 Immista, sic Iris refulget
 Æthereis variata fucis.

In the following May a translation of this poem by
"Briton" appeared in the magazine :

Hail, URBAN ! indefatigable man ;
Unwearied yet by all thy useful toil !
Whom num'rous slanderers assault in vain ;
Whom no base calumny can put to foil.
But still the laurel on thy learned brow
Flourishes fair, and shall for ever grow.
What mean the servile, imitating crew ?
What their vain blust'ring and their empty noise ?
Ne'er seek : but still thy noble ends pursue,
Unconquered by the rabble's venal voice.
Still to the Muse thy studious mind apply,
Happy in temper as in industry.
The senseless sneerings of a haughty tongue,
Unworthy thy attention to engage,
Unheeded pass : and though they mean thee wrong,
By manly silence disappoint their rage.
Assiduous diligence confounds its foes,
Resistless, though malicious crowds oppose.
Exert thy powers, nor slacken in the course,
Thy spotless fame shall quash all false reports :
Exert thy powers, nor fear a rival's force,
But thou shalt smile at all his vain efforts ;
Thy labours shall be crowned with large success,
The Muses' aid thy Magazine shall bless.

No page more grateful to th' harmonious Nine
 Than that wherein thy labours we survey ;
 Where solemn themes in fuller splendour shine,
 (Delightful mixture !) blended with the gay,
 Where in improving, various joys we find
 A welcome respite to the wearied mind.

Thus when the nymphs in some fair, verdant mead
 Of various flow'rs a beauteous wreath compose,
 The lovely violet's azure-painted head
 Adds lustre to the crimson-blushing rose.
 Thus splendid Iris, with her varied dye,
 Shines in the æther, and adorns the sky.

It would be unjust to suppose that these adulatory verses expressed a fictitious sentiment. Boswell has recorded Johnson's remark that when he first saw St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, the birthplace of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, he "beheld it with reverence," and has told us that Edward Cave's publication "had attracted the notice and esteem of Johnson in an eminent degree." In 1738 Johnson again addressed Cave, with reference to his poem "London": "When I took the liberty of writing to you a few days ago, I did not expect a repetition of the same pleasure so soon; for a pleasure I shall always think it, to converse in any manner with an ingenious and candid man; but having the inclosed poem in my hands to dispose of for the benefit of the author (of whose abilities I shall say nothing, since I send you his performance), I believed I could not procure more advantageous terms from any person than from you, who have so much distinguished yourself by your generous encouragement of poetry." There is further correspondence on the subject, leading up to the publication of "London" by Robert Dodsley. Boswell commented thus upon the letters: "To us, who have long known the manly force, bold spirit, and masterly versification of this poem, it is a matter of curiosity to observe the diffidence with which its author brought it forward into public notice, while he is so cautious as not to avow it to be his own production."

At this period Johnson became—in Boswell's phrase—"a regular coadjutor" of Edward Cave. "That part of his labour which consisted in emendation and improvement of the productions of other contributors, like that employed in levelling ground, can be perceived only by those who had an opportunity of comparing the original with the altered copy. What we certainly know to have been done by him in this way was the Debates in both Houses of Parliament, under the name of 'The Senate of Lilliput,' sometimes with feigned denominations of the several speakers, sometimes with denominations formed of the letters of their real names, in the manner of what is called anagram, so that they might easily be deciphered. . . . The details in Parliament, which were brought home and digested by Guthrie, whose memory, though surpassed by others who have since followed him in the same department, was yet very quick and tenacious, were sent by Cave to Johnson for his revision; and after some time, when Guthrie had attained to greater variety of employment, and the speeches were more and more enriched by the accession of Johnson's genius, it was resolved that he should do the whole himself, from the scanty notes furnished by persons employed to attend in both Houses of Parliament. Sometimes, however, as he himself told me, he had nothing more communicated to him than the names of the several speakers, and the part which they had taken in the debate. Thus was Johnson employed during some of the best years of his life, as a mere literary labourer 'for gain not glory,' solely to obtain an honest support." Well, "poverty," as Napoleon said, "is the midwife of genius." In the edition of Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson" that Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons are now issuing, of which Mr. Roger Ingpen has charge, there is a facsimile reproduction of a page of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* containing a report of certain proceedings in the "Senate of Lilliput" prepared for the press by Johnson, and among the illustrations is a portrait of Edward Cave, after the picture by F. Kyte, painted in 1740.

Probably there is scarcely a household in the country in which the subject of "psychical research" has not been discussed, under one name or another, during the past few years. And the incertitude of the results obtained from long and diligent investigation by earnest and competent inquirers strongly illustrates the difficulty of any scientific handling of this subject. The paid "medium" usually protests that conditions which would admit of indubitably genuine data being recorded are, inherently, such as frustrate his or her efficacy. And the paid medium has been exposed again and again. All that is marvellous about such persons is the audacity and success of their renewed attempts upon the credulity of a certain class. But the strange thing is that the serious inquiries of the most highly qualified men lead to contradictory conclusions.

The late Professor Henry Sidgwick wrote, in 1876, to Mr. H. G. Dakyns: "I am bound to tell you that our present investigation in London . . . has as yet led to no satisfactory results. We are applying a test which seems to us as conclusive as any that can be devised; we had *seven* séances, nearly altogether unsuccessful, and on Friday and Saturday last we had two which were even more suspicious in their partial success than the previously unsuccessful ones, so much so that two members of our circle have announced their intention of withdrawing, as from a proved imposture." Sidgwick's biographers, after quoting this letter, observe: "Before the end of the series of sittings, incidents of a still more suspicious character occurred, so that the probability of fraud became painfully heavy." Sidgwick found firmer ground for belief in the matter of thought transference. On March 30, 1887, he noted in his diary: "We had interesting experiments yesterday evening in thought transference with Miss Relph; not *quite* enough success to impress the public decisively, but the conditions unexceptionable, and the results such as leave no doubt in my mind that I witnessed the real phenomenon. It cer-

tainly is a great fact ; I feel a transient glow of scientific enthusiasm, and find life worth living merely to prosecute this discovery. If only I could form the least conception of the *modus transferendi*, and if only we could find some percipient whose time we could control a little more ! ” On March 31 : “ Alas ! our second serious effort to get thought transference under our ‘ unexceptionable conditions ’ was a complete failure, and the former results are hardly such as to convince an outsider. Still, I believe in them, and shall go on. ” At the close of a controversy carried on in the columns of a contemporary last summer the Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research wrote : “ Psychical research has shown that in rare cases the ‘ possessed, ’ entranced, or hypnotised person exhibits knowledge of definite facts, present or past, which he cannot have got by normal means, and has apparently acquired by telepathy from the living, or, in still rarer cases, perhaps from the dead. . . . On the other hand, it is a noteworthy fact that the ‘ physical phenomena ’ of spiritualism—by which is meant such things as the movements of untouched objects apparently through some unknown force, or the ‘ materialisation ’ of ‘ spirit forms ’—are of very recent growth. . . . They date practically from the famous rappings of the Fox sisters at Hydesville, New York, in 1848 . . . It is, in short, from professional mediums—that is, from persons who have a direct pecuniary or other interest in their production—that practically all the evidence for physical phenomena has been derived. ” A detailed, and destructive, criticism of the “ physical phenomena ” follows.

Yet no less an authority than Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace—to cite but one example—adopts an entirely different attitude towards the “ physical phenomena. ” In his autobiography he has recorded a whole series of “ materialisations ” which he regards as undeniably genuine. And he criticises the scepticism of Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick. Mr. Wallace lays especial stress upon the results obtained in his presence through a

certain American medium, Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler. On one occasion, after various written messages had been communicated from the spirit-world, "most wonderful physical manifestations occurred. A stick was pushed out *through* the curtain. Two watches were handed to me *through* the curtain, and were claimed by the two persons who sat by the medium. The small tambourine, about ten inches diameter, was pushed *through* the curtain and fell on the floor. These objects came through different parts of the curtain, but left no holes, as could be seen at the time, and was proved by a close examination afterwards. More marvellous still (if that be possible), a waistcoat was handed to me over the curtain, which proved to be the medium's, though his coat was left on and his hands had been held by his companion all the time; also about a score of people were looking on all the time in a well-lighted room. These things *seem* impossible, but they are, nevertheless, facts." The most discouraging point about it all is that the spirit messages quoted by Mr. Wallace have a turgid mediocrity of style which is painful, and the pranks exhibited seem more fitted for Yarmouth sands than for a solemn reunion to which the quick are able to convene the dead. "The living being dies," said Hegel, "because it is a contradiction." Upon the testimony just quoted, its case is not better after its decease. If travellers who have passed the bourn return to comport themselves in this manner, one can only think, *Quel dommage!*

May-Day

MAY-day is no longer celebrated with old-time observances, and most of its ancient superstitions are extinct. Here and there some slight attempt is made to honour bygone customs, but the well-intentioned effort usually ends in failure. The Druids celebrated

Beltein, a festival falling on May 1, by lighting immense fires on hill-tops by night. This practice of making fires came down to modern times in the Highlands of Scotland, the Isle of Man, and in Ireland, and may still linger in some of the more remote parts

of those countries. It is among the Celtic races of the United Kingdom that Druidism survives. The Irish lighted fires at short distances apart, and drove their cattle between them. Fathers would take their children in their arms, and jump or run through the flames. This is a survival of the custom of the elder Phœnicians, that "abomination of the heathen," denounced in II. Kings, xvi. 3, a custom introduced into our country from Eastern lands.

The chief of our May-day ceremonies may be traced to Roman sources, more especially those associated with flowers. The Romans celebrated the Floralia or Floral Games, which began on April 28, and lasted several days. Over the doors of houses were suspended branches bearing fruit and flowers. Not content with these adornments, the gallants of Rome repaired to the woods and cut down trees to set them up before the houses of their mistresses. The forests were being cleared of trees, and to prevent this destruction it was ordered that a tall shaft or pole, ornamented with garlands, should be substituted for the trees, and from this practice we obtained our English May-pole.

We have in Stow's "Survey of London," published in 1598, an account of the May-poles and games of his home. His description is all the more valuable because he tells of what he saw. "In the month of May," says he, "the citizens of London of all estates, generally in every parish, and in instances two or three parishes joining together, had their several Mayings and did

fetch their May-poles with divers warlike shows; with good archers, morris-dancers, and other devices, for pastime all day long; and towards evening they had stage-plays and bonfires in the streets. These great Mayings and May-games were made by the governors and masters of the City, together with the triumphant setting up of the great shaft, or principal May-pole, in Cornhill, before the parish church of Saint Andrew, which was thence called Saint Andrew Undershaft."

May-time merry-makings had been shorn of part of their ancient glory when Stow wrote his notice, owing to the dangerous riot which occurred on May-day, 1517. Much damage was then done, and many lives were lost, before the troops of Henry VIII. could quell the outbreak; it originated with the London apprentices, who were a formidable body, and chiefly directed their resentment against foreign merchants and artisans for supposed interference with the natives of this country. About three hundred of the rioters were taken prisoners, and several of the ringleaders were hanged on gibbets erected in various parts of the metropolis. This tragical day was subsequently known as the Evil May-day.

We learn from various chronicles that King Hal delighted in the May-day festivities. He rode a-Maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill with Queen Katherine, accompanied by many lords and ladies. The king was but keeping up a custom which other monarchs had observed. In Chaucer's "Court of Love" we are told that early

on May-day, "fourth goth all the Court, both most and lest to fetch the fleuris, and branch and bloomse."

Puritanical authors exercised their powers of writing against May-poles and May-games. When their party was gaining power, attempts were made to stop the pleasures of the populace. In 1589 the local authorities of Lancashire were called upon to suppress "May-games," "bull-baits," and other "enormities." When James I. passed through the county in 1617 he heard of the attempts to end the enjoyment of the people, and issued the famous document known as the "Book of Sports." This was reissued, with a new preface, by Charles I. in 1633. His Majesty came to the assistance of his pleasure-loving subjects, and it was declared that, "for his good people's lawful recreation, after the end of Divine Service, his good people be not disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreation; such as dancing, either men or women; archery of men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmless recreations; nor from having May-games, Whitsun Ales, and the setting up of May-poles, and other sports therewith used; so as the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or neglect of Divine Service. And the women shall have leave for the decorating of it, according to their old customs. But without his Majesty doth hereby account still as prohibited, all unlawful games to be used on Sundays only, as bear and bull-baiting, interludes, and, at all times, in the meaner sort of the people by law prohibited,

bowling." A few years later the May-pole was doomed, at least for some time. Parliament expressed disapproval, and in 1644 issued an order for its destruction. The reason assigned for the order was "because the prophanation of the Lord's Day hath been heretofore greatly occasioned by May-poles (a heathenish vanity, generally abused to superstition and wickedness), the Lords and Commons do further order and ordain that all and singular May-poles, that are or shall be erected, shall be taken down and removed by the constables, bors-holders, tything-men, petty constables and churchwardens of the parishes, where the same shall be; and that no May-pole shall be hereafter set up, erected, or suffered to be within this kingdom of England, or dominion of Wales. The said officers to be fined five shillings weekly till the said May-pole would disappear."

After the Restoration the May-pole was once more raised in the land. In 1661 one was erected in the Strand with much ceremony, and it remained until 1717. It was one hundred and thirty-four feet in height, and has frequently been referred to in prose and poetry. Pope wrote:

Where the tall May-pole once o'er-looked the Strand.

As late as 1800 an anonymous author asked:

What's not destroy'd by Time's relentless hand?

Where's Troy?—and where's the May-pole in the Strand?

A charming picture of the May-pole appears in the "Sketch Book," and shows how the relic

impressed an American visitor to England. "I shall never forget," wrote Washington Irving, "the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days by the antiquities of that venerable place, the examination of which is equal to the turning over of the pages of a black-letter volume, or gazing on the pictures of Froissart. The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers and peopled the green banks with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plain of Cheshire and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked from among swelling hills down the long green valley through which the Deva wound its wizard stream, my imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia." At the present day the May-pole still stands in a few English villages, and links the past with modern times.

It was a common belief in olden days that if young people went a-Maying and rubbed their faces

in the morning dew they would for the next twelve months have rosy cheeks. We gather from Pepys' "Diary" that Mrs. Pepys knew the virtues of May dew. "My wife," writes Pepys, "away to Woolwich, in order to a little air, and lie there to-night, and to gather May dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with."

Marriages in May are regarded as unlucky. An old proverb says:

Marry in May and you'll rue the day.

Another wise saw tells us:
'To wed in May is to wed in poverty.

The following advice is still followed in many parts of the country:

He that would live for aye
Must eat sage in May.

On May morning at daybreak a hymn is sung from the tower of Magdalen College, Oxford, and this is all that has come down to us of a pre-Reformation decree that Mass should be said for the soul of King Henry VII. The origin of the ancient custom, like that of so many others, seems to be nearly forgotten.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

Societies and Institutes

Arrangements

ROYAL INSTITUTION (Albemarle Street, W.).—The programme of lectures after Easter contains the following:—Professor G. H. Bryan, two lectures on Wings and Aeroplanes; Professor W. Stirling, three lectures on Stimulation, Luminous and Chemical; Mr. D. S. MacColl, two lectures on Alfred Stevens (the English Sculptor and Painter); Professor G. H. F. Nuttall, two lectures on Malaria, Sleeping Sickness, Tick Fever, and Allied Diseases; Professor H. A. Miers, two lectures on The Birth and Affinities of Crystals; Dr. A. W. Verrall, two lectures on (1) Euripides and his Age, (2) The Bacchantes of Euripides; Mr. H. F. Newall, two lectures on Spectroscopic Phenomena in Stars: (1) Chemistry, (2) Motion; Professor Sir James Dewar, three lectures on Chemical Progress—Work of Mendeleeff and Moissan; Professor S. P. Thompson, three lectures on Studies in Magnetism (the Tyndall Lectures); Professor W. C. McIntosh, two lectures on Scientific Work in the Sea Fisheries; Mr. Arthur Bouchier, two lectures on The Limits of the Dramatic Art; and Sir William H. White, two lectures on The Contest between Guns and Armour.

For the Friday evening meetings, the provisional arrangements include papers by Professor C. S. Sherrington, Mr. James Swinburne, Sir James Crichton-Browne, Signor Com. Giacomo Boni, Professor G. Chrystal (assisted by Mr. E. M. Wedderburn), Professor J. A. Fleming, Mr. A. H. Savage

Landor, and Professor Sir James Dewar.

The SOCIETY OF ARTS (John Street, Adelphi) has issued the following list of arrangements:—Wednesday, April 17, 8 P.M. (ordinary meeting): Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell, "Aerial Navigation." Tuesday, April 23, 4-30 P.M. (Colonial Section): The Hon. John Winthrop Hackett, "Social and Economic Conditions in Australia." Wednesday, April 24, 8 P.M. (ordinary meeting): Herbert Wright, Controller of the Government Experimental Station, Ceylon, "Rubber Cultivation in the British Empire." Tuesday, April 30, 8 P.M. (Applied Art Section): William Burton, "Lustre Pottery." Wednesday, May 1, 8 P.M. (ordinary meeting): Alfred Edward Carey, M.Inst. C.E., "The Defence of the Sea Coast from Erosion." Thursday, May 2, 4-30 P.M. (Indian Section): Sir Edward Charles Buck, K. C. S. I., LL.D., "The Applicability to Indian Rivers of the Italian System of dealing with Silt." Wednesday, May 8, 8 P.M. (ordinary meeting): Paul Schlicht, "The Production of Coke and its Application to Domestic Fires." Wednesday, May 15, 8 P.M. (ordinary meeting): Herbert W. G. Macleod, M.D., "Trypanosomiasis, or Sleeping Sickness." Tuesday, May 28, 8 P.M. (Applied Art Section): Sherard Cowper-Cowles, "Sheffield Plate and Electro-Plate." Wednesday, May 29, 8 P.M. (ordinary meeting). Thursday, May 30, 4-30 P.M.

(Indian Section): Laurence Robertson, I.C.S., "Irrigation Colonies in India."

It is announced that the annual conversazione of the Society will probably be held on Tuesday, July 2. Each member is entitled to a card for himself and one for a lady.

A meeting of the FOLK-LORE SOCIETY will be held at 8 P.M. on April 17, at 22 Albemarle Street, W. Another meeting, at the same place and hour, will be held on May 15.

Meetings of the ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE will be held at 3 Hanover Square, W., on April 16, April 30, and May 14, at 8 P.M. Each member may introduce two friends (ladies or gentlemen) to the evening meetings.

A meeting of the SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF HELLENIC STUDIES will be held in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, on April 30, at 5 P.M. The Council will meet at Burlington House at 4.30 on the same day.

On April 24 Mr. Luigi Ricci will lecture before the DANTE SOCIETY at 38 Conduit Street, W., on "Francesca da Rimini." Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador, will be in the chair. The annual dinner of the Society will take place on June 12 at the Hotel Cecil.

On April 18, at 5 P.M., before the ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY (7 South Square, Gray's Inn), Miss A. B. W. Chapman will read a paper on "The Diplomatic and Commercial Relations between England and Portugal, 1509-1807." On May 16, at the same hour, Mr. J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly

will lecture on "Some Early Spanish Historians." By permission of the Benchers, the meetings of the Society are held in the Lecture Hall, Field Court, Gray's Inn.

A meeting of the BRITISH ASTRONOMICAL ASSOCIATION will be held at Sion College, Victoria Embankment, E.C., on April 24, at five o'clock. Other meetings, at the same place and time, will be held on May 29 and June 26.

A meeting of the ROYAL MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY will be held at 20 Hanover Square, W., on Wednesday, April 17. Mr. E. M. Nelson will read a paper on "The Podura Scale," and there will be an exhibition of slides of Foraminifera by Mr. A. Earland. Other meeting will be held on May 15 and June 19.

Before the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY, at University College, Gower Street, the Rev. Professor Skeat will deliver an address, at 8 P.M. on May 3, on "The Survival of Anglo-Saxon Personal Names at the Present Day."

Indoor meetings of the ASHMOLEAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY OF OXFORD will be held on May 2, May 16, May 30, and June 14. On May 2 Mr. G. A. Henry, of Kew, will read a paper on "A Visit to the Forests of North America, Spain, Corsica and Algeria." On May 16 Mr. A. M. Bell, of Balliol College, will lecture on "Prehistoric Oxford: Neolithic Settlement at New Iffley." In the months from May to August there will be several field-days for geological, botanical and entomological purposes.

The ROYAL SOCIETY OF ANTI-

QUARIES OF IRELAND have decided to hold a conversazione in May, at which it is hoped that the Lord-Lieutenant and the Countess of Aberdeen will be present. Communications on the subject should be addressed to the hon. secretary of the Conversazione

Executive Committee, at the Society's rooms, 6 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. The Society's Dinner Club, established in 1906, will be continued during the year. A quarterly meeting will be held, at the address named above, on April 23.

Transactions

At the meeting of the ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON (30 Hanover Square, W.), on March 19, Dr. Henry Woodward, Vice-President, in the chair, the Secretary read a report on the additions that had been made to the Society's menagerie during the month of February 1907.

Mr. Herbert F. Standing read a paper, illustrated by lantern-slides and series of photographs and specimens, on recently discovered subfossil Prosimiæ from Madagascar, in which he discussed their affinities with extant lemurs and with the higher primates. The remains were obtained in the muddy bed of a swamp formed by the blocking-up of the river Mazy by a lava-flow, at from a few inches to three or four feet below the surface. They consisted of a large number of skulls and limb-bones of lemurs and lemur-like animals. This great amount of material enabled the author to corroborate the view, previously put forward by Dr. Forsyth Major, that the extinct lemurs of Madagascar are, in many respects, intermediate between existing lemurs and monkeys, and to express his belief that the New World monkeys and the Lemuridæ, as well as the Malagasy Indrisinæ, had a common origin.

He also stated his opinion that, in view of the recent additions to our knowledge of the Prosimiæ and of what the present collection revealed with regard to their close relationship to the apes, it was not possible to separate the primates, as hitherto, into the two sub-orders Lemuroidea and Anthropoidea.

Dr. L. W. Sambon read a paper on animal parasites, and described three new species, viz., *Wellcomeia Mitchelli*, *Sparganum Baxteri*, and *Schistosomum Mansoni*. Dr. Sambon also described five new Hæmogregarines discovered by himself and Dr. C. G. Seligmann in snakes, viz.: *Hæmogregarina Pococki*, *Hæmogregarina Shattocki*, *Hæmogregarina Refringens*, *Hæmogregarina Mansoni*, and *Hæmogregarina Rarefaciens*.

A paper by Messrs. Oldfield Thomas and R. C. Wroughton was read, giving an account of a collection of mammals, the seventh of the series, made by Mr. C. H. B. Grant at Coguno, Inhambane, and presented to the National Museum by Mr. C. D. Rudd. The collection consisted of two hundred and twelve specimens belonging to thirty-nine species, of which six were described as new.

At the general meeting of the

LINNEAN SOCIETY OF LONDON on March 21, Professor W. A. Herdman, President, in the chair, Mr. E. A. Newell Arber, of Trinity College, Cambridge, University Demonstrator in Palæobotany, gave a summary of a paper, written by himself and Mr. John Parkin, "On the Origin of Angiosperms." In attempting to trace the ancestry of this group, the authors commence by a survey of living Angiosperms with a view to determining which among them present primitive features, and also with the hope of arriving at some hypothesis as to the type of fructification possessed by the earliest members of the group. They dissent emphatically from the view generally held, and especially advocated by Engler, that the most primitive Angiosperms to-day are those with unisexual flowers and without perianth, e.g., Piperales, Pandanales, etc. This conclusion is criticised on the grounds that (1) the perianth must be assumed to arise *de novo*, and to be an organ *sui generis*; (2) such plants have a sharply defined and highly complicated inflorescence, which can hardly be regarded as primitive; (3) it has so far proved barren from a phylogenetic standpoint. On the contrary, they urge the acceptance of a strobiloid theory of the angiospermous fructification on the grounds that it is typically and primitively a diplosporangiate (hermaphrodite) cone with a well-marked perianth, and one in which all the organs were originally numerous, spirally arranged, and hypogynous. It is pointed out that some of these primitive features are still retained among members of the Magnoliaceæ,

Ranunculaceæ, Alismaceæ, etc. From such a cone the authors would derive by reduction the apetalous, unisexual flowers.

The flower is recognised as a special type of strobilus, to which the name *Anthostrobilus* is given, and of which two forms can be distinguished, the one gymnospermic, the other angiospermic. Both, however, are essentially of similar construction.

Turning to the fossil evidence, the authors conclude that, while the *pro-anthostrobilus* of the direct ancestor (Hemiangiospermæ) of the Angiosperms is unknown, the recent elucidation of the *pro-anthostrobilus* of the nearly related mesozoic Bennettiteæ has placed in our hands the clue to the origin of the flower of the Angiosperms, as interpreted on the strobilus theory. The Bennettitean cone is discussed and the origin of the organs of the angiospermous fructification traced in outline. In this connection attention is called to an important law of evolution which states that corresponding stages in the evolution of the various members of a seed-plant are not contemporaneous in point of time. The view is expressed that the "motive force" which called the Angiosperms into existence was a radical change in the method of pollination. The anemophily of the mesozoic ancestors was replaced by entomophily (the latter being regarded as the primitive angiospermous habit), and this resulted in a shifting of the pollen-collecting mechanism from the megaspore itself to the megasporophyll.

The SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIETY held their annual general meet-

ing at their rooms, 24 Buckingham Street, Strand, on March 20, when Lord Avebury delivered the presidential address. On April 8 a paper on "The Problems of Cities" was read before the Society by Professor Geddes.

The March meeting of the HAWICK ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY was held in the Museum, Hawick, on the evening of March 26, when the President, Mr. J. W. Kennedy, formulated a scheme for the collection and classification of the place-names of the district, which, after discussion, was adopted. As showing what might be done by systematic work in this direction, the Secretary, Mr. Vernon, submitted a list containing upwards of four hundred places in the county of Roxburgh, all more or less linked with the Church prior to the Reformation. References were included to diocesan and parochial officials, monasteries and their officials, kirks and kirklands, holy wells, crosses, hospitals, tithe-houses, temple-lands, etc.

At the last meeting of the ASHMOLEAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY OF OXFORD Mr. T. C. Hodson, for many years in the Indian Civil Service and resident in the country north of Burmah, gave a lecture on the people of the tribes known as the Kukis, Nagas, and Manipuris. His remarks were upon this occasion confined to the country and habits of the Manipuris. The animals mentioned were the leopard, which sometimes comes within the village area, and an interesting species of goat with horns as long as its body, their use being to lift the grass on the edges of swamps. A large number of birds, such as the duck, goose, teal and snipe,

migrate to Manipur in September. The heads of girl children are shaved close until the age of twelve years, when the hair is allowed to grow. In the schools English is taught. The clothing of the girls and women consists of two garments, and a description of these was given; from the slight difference in colour and design it can be readily seen whether the wearer is a Mahommedan or Hindoo. The women wear gold ornaments, never silver, and an interesting account was given of a company promoter who was told that there was gold everywhere in Manipur, but was downcast when he found that it would have to be mined from the women. The peasants are the backbone of the State. Their agricultural implements are primitive; the plough and other tools are mainly made of wood, and cows are used to draw them. The fisheries form a monopoly of the Government and are let at three months' leases at small rents; there are twenty-two kinds of fish not found in Bengal. The chronicles of Manipur, written on palm-leaves about the year 1660, and now in the possession of Mr. Hodson, are being translated. The idea prevails, it seems, among Manipuri women that the reason why unmarried men are sent there from England is that there are not enough women in England.

A general meeting of the LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY (London Institution, Finsbury Circus) was held on April 6 to commemorate the three hundred and second anniversary of the death of John Stowe. Visits were paid to the churches of St. Catherine Cree and St. Andrew Undershaft.

Short Reviews

"SCULPTURA: OR THE HISTORY AND ART OF CHALCOGRAPHY AND ENGRAVING IN COPPER." By JOHN EVELYN. (The Clarendon Press.)

THE addition of John Evelyn's "Sculptura: or the History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving in Copper" to the Tudor and Stuart Library published by the Clarendon Press, is a matter of archæological rather than literary or technical importance. Mr. C. F. Bell in his introduction points out that the artistic-historical value of the book is not great: "The interest of the volume to the historian of engraving at the present day is once more reduced to the same single page—that containing the specimen of Prince Rupert's work in mezzotint—which excited and baffled the aspiring curiosity of engravers at the time of its publication." He also draws attention to the fact that "the dedication to Boyle and the solemn presentation to the Royal Society show that it was accepted as a serious contribution to scientific knowledge in an era of unprecedented scientific brilliancy. And although it has been preserved principally by the author's personal renown from the oblivion which rarely fails to overshadow superannuated technical literature, its interest is very far from being merely personal." The dedication "To the Honourable and Learned Gentleman, Robert Boyle, Esq." whom Evelyn pronounces to be "the Phoenix of this latter Age," is typical of the fulsome flattery of the time, though a still better

specimen of the style is to be found in a letter by the same writer to the Duchess of Newcastle published among his correspondence. The dedication is followed by an equally laudatory account by Monsieur Sorbières of a certain Signor Giacomo Favi, a learned traveller, who aroused the admiration of Evelyn, but whose introduction seems rather irrelevant to the matter in hand until we realise that he was the inspirer of Evelyn's original idea with regard to this treatise. This is explained in one of the very few references made to the work in his diary: "*Jan. 16th, 1661.*—Went to the Philosophical Club . . . I presented my Circle of Mechanical Trades, and had recommended to me the publishing of what I had written upon Chalcography." The existence of this project of a "General History of all the Trades" was confirmed by the writer of the biographical notice of Evelyn prefixed to the second edition of "Sculptura," published in 1775; its abandonment at a later date is referred to in a letter from the author to Dr. Godolphin, Provost of Eton, February 1697-8: "I had been importuned to make a second edition of my Chalcography, now grown very scarce, and to bring it from 1662, where I left off, to this time, there having since that been so great an improvement of sculpture. This was a task I had no inclination for, having a long time given over collections of that sort."

There is much that is quaintly

interesting in "Sculptura." Evelyn, with questionable logic, computes, "Graving to be older than Idolatry," and says, "whoever was the inventor of Letters, was doubtless also the Father of Sculpture." His reference to Adam as "the most learned of all men living" is also curious reading in the twentieth century. Evelyn's writings cannot fail to impress his readers with the amount of information on all subjects of which he was possessed, and, as his editor justly observes, his tendency is to involve one "in a cloud of names," so numerous are his quotations and references. The Clarendon Press edition has a special interest in that it includes the hitherto unpublished second part of "Sculptura," which was lately discovered among the archives of the Royal Society when search was being made for Evelyn's more practical account of "the new way of Graving called Mezzo-tinto," as shown to him by Prince Rupert. This account has not been found and it seems doubtful whether it was ever received by the Royal Society. Evelyn's reason for not publishing it in "Sculptura," as he intended, is characteristically explained as follows: "I did not think it necessary that an Art so curious, and (as yet) so little vulgar (and which indeed does not succeed where the workman is not an accomplished Designer, and has a competent talent in painting likewise), was to be prostituted at so cheap a rate, as the more naked describing of it here would too soon have exposed it to." The second part of "Sculptura" is entirely devoted to a technical description of the construction and

method of using "the Rowling Press," largely derived by Evelyn from the appendix of "La Manière d'Imprimer les Planches en Taille Douce," by Abraham Bosse, from the second edition of which are also taken the six plates used in illustration.

ALEX ECERTON.

"HUMAN PERSONALITY AND ITS SURVIVAL OF BODILY DEATH."
By FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.
An abridged edition by his son LEOPOLD HAMILTON MYERS.
(Longmans, Green & Co.,
10s. 6d. net.)

"Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death" appeared about four years ago, and, as Mr. Leopold Myers observes, "It cost two guineas and was published in two volumes, each of which was a little under seven hundred pages in length." The single volume now before us is an abridged edition which gives the pith of the original work. In these days when almost everybody is interested in psychic phenomena, and when few people have too much time on their hands, this condensed edition has especial value. When the work was written it cost its author rather dear. He was not, as he himself says, either a recluse or an eccentric, but a man who felt that he had manifold links with his kind, a man whose desire it was to live among minds equal or superior to his own. And his convictions caused him to reap a harvest of disapproval from many distinguished personages in the world of science who were otherwise his friends. In the last few years

there has been a marked change in the attitude of the scientific world towards occultism; nevertheless, there is still some resentment in the minds of those to whom the whole subject of "Spiritualism" is anathema. And by them this remarkable book is likely to be as coldly received now as it was when it was first issued.

Putting aside the question of belief or disbelief in the phenomena so convincingly described by Mr. Myers, we are obliged to admire the extreme conviction with which he has written and the sobriety with which he presents to us many matters not explained by the normal man's philosophy. The first axiom which Mr. Myers lays down for his readers' consideration is one with which few will disagree, namely, that the method of modern science, "that process which consists in an interrogation of Nature entirely dispassionate, patient, systematic; such careful experiment and cumulative record as can often elicit from her slightest indications, her deepest truth," has not yet been applied to the all-important problem of existence—the powers or the destiny of the human soul. He proceeds to speak of the obvious fact that in the civilised countries of the West there has been for nearly two thousand years a distinct belief that survival beyond death has actually been proved by certain phenomena observed at a given date in Palestine; and beyond the Christian pale it has ever been commonly held that ghostly phenomena of one kind or another exist to testify to a life beyond that which we know. A sentence

in the introduction puts the matter with directness and force: "If a spiritual world exists, and if that world has at any epoch been manifest or even discoverable, then it ought to be manifest or discoverable now." This is a sentence which should give some of us pause. We are apt to say that the age of miracles is past and to inquire no further. Mr. Myers, like Carlyle, though on other grounds, would have us believe that the age of miracles is with us, that we are living among them, and that they surround us in our daily lives. He frankly admits that there is a hiatus in his theories, and on page 31 he says: "The needed clue, as I believe, can be afforded only by the discovery of laws affecting primarily that unseen or spiritual plane of being where I imagine the origin of life to lie." This clue is still wanting, but it is certain that, if it exists, we shall come nearer to it by a respectful attention to those who are endeavouring to find it than we can by treating them with a contempt which they assuredly do not deserve.

It is impossible in the space of a few lines to touch adequately upon this book. When it originally appeared it gave rise to keen controversy, but it was generally admitted to be well worth reading. Quite apart from any opinions to be formed or shaken by its perusal, it contains an amazing number of instances—all of which the author did his best to trace to their origin—of phenomena occurring in hypnotism, of sensory automatism, motor automatism, trance conditions, possession and ecstasy. These illustrate

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Mr. Myers's theories in such a manner as to entitle them to the most serious consideration. Philosophy and orthodoxy are alike apt to resent psychic phenomena which are alien to them. Yet, as the author very justly observes *à propos* of the "deep disquiet of our time": "Never perhaps did man's spiritual satisfaction bear a smaller proportion to his needs."

The appendices give experiences of Robert Louis Stevenson and of many other persons, including Mary Duchess of Hamilton and Sir Alfred Cooper. The work of compression is never a grateful one, and the manner in which Mr. Leopold Myers has performed his task should gain him unqualified admiration.

ALICE L. CALLANDER.

Notices of Publications

TRANSACTIONS OF THE HAWICK ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY. Session 1906 and Index 1856-1906. (Hawick: at the *Express* Office.)

Last year was a great year for this Society. On September 18 it celebrated its jubilee by a banquet in Hawick Town Hall, and on this occasion the freedom of the burgh was presented to the President, Dr. J. A. H. Murray, editor of the "Oxford New English Dictionary"—and a native of the district. Lord Rosebery attended the dinner, and he and Dr. Murray were among the speakers afterwards. On an earlier day in the same month, the 4th, the Society's Museum was transferred to the Hawick Town Council "in Trust for behoof of the Public." The volume before us contains, as a supplement, a "Historical Sketch of the Hawick Archæological Society, 1856-1906" by J. J. Vernon, with a very valuable index for the transactions throughout that period. Among the illustrations are a

photograph of the founders of the Society, and an excellent portrait of Dr. Murray.

There is a mass of interesting information in the papers read during 1906. Among the contributions are "Border Heroes and Heroines," "The Religious Experiences of Catherine Hamilton, 1688-1753," "Jamie Telfer o' the Fair Dodhead," "Rattling Roaring Willie," and "A Citizen of Hawick, 1785." The citizen was Vincent Lunardi, the Aeronaut.

The following stanza of "Rattling Roaring Willie" from a version in the collection of Allan Cunningham, may be new to some readers:

I made my gallant fiddle

Of our repentance stool,
The lasses went wild wi' laughing,
And danced frae Paste to Yule.
The doucest foot o' the parish
Has wagged to it wantonlie:
Oh mony's the mirthsome minute
My fiddle has made for me.

Mr. Vernon contributes a curious paper on "Festive Funerals."

From it we learn that, when Sir Hugh Campbell of Calder died in the spring of 1716, the expenses connected with his burial amounted to £1647 16s. 4d. Scots. There was a charge of £55 15s. "to buy one cow, one ox, five kids, two wedders, eggs, geese, turkeys, pigs and moorfowl." These comprised the more substantial items of the entertainment. Besides £40 for brandy to John Finlay in Forres, £82 6s. to Baillie Cattenach at Aberdeen for claret and £35 to John Fraser in Clunas for waters (whiskey), there was a charge by James Cuthbert, merchant, of £407 8s. 4d. for "22 pints of brandy, 18 wine-glasses, 6 dozen pipes, 3lbs. of cut tobacco, 2 pecks of apples, 2 gross corks, one large pewter flagon at £6 and one small at £3, currants, raisins, cinnamon, nutmegs, mace, ginger, confected carvy, orange and citron peel, two pair black shambo gloves for women" and other small articles. There was also "£40 for flour, £39 12s. to the cooks and baxters, and to malt brewn from the said Sir Hugh's death to the interment, 16½ bolls, £88." There were many other items. Festive funerals, indeed, and each one well adapted to lead to others. Sir Hugh's "hearse and adornments connected with it" cost £358. The Scot of those days may have had the alleged national parsimony in life, but he was horribly lavish in death.

NOTES AND QUERIES. No. 171; Tenth Series. April 6, 1907. Athenæum Press, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E.C. Price fourpence. In the number before us Mr. J. R. Ford records the

interesting discovery of John Lucas's manuscript "History of the Parish of Warton in Lancashire." This work disappeared about a hundred years ago, and it was supposed to be lost. There is an incomplete copy in the Bodleian. The original has come to light in the library of Mr. D. B. Wilson, of Seacroft Hall, near Leeds; it came into his possession from his great-grandmother, who was Lucas's grand-daughter.

THE INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF APOCRYPHA (with which is incorporated Deutero-Canonical). April 1907. International Society of Apocrypha, 15 Paternoster Row.

The current number of this journal contains a brief paper on "The Book of Baruch," by Professor W. B. Stevenson, a somewhat lengthier contribution, from the Rev. W. O. E. Oesterley on "Messianic Teaching in the Apocrypha," and an interesting article—which has the rare defect of being too short—on "The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," by the Rev. Dr. Sinker. Other subjects dealt with are "The Theological Contents of the Psalter of Solomon" and "The Oxyrhynchus Agrapha." It would be ungrateful to find fault with this excellent magazine, but one may, perhaps, be permitted to make the suggestion—prompted by appreciation of its contents—that more space should be allotted to the development of the more important themes. Dr. Sinker's account of a book widely accepted as authentic in mediæval times might be amplified with great advantage, and one hopes that he

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will return to the subject and treat it more fully.

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS. Latine Incerti Auctoris; Græce Hugonis H. Johnson. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

One feels thankful that there are still people in the land like the author of this pamphlet who have leisure and inclination to translate Latin verse into Greek. A comparison of the few lines of the original quoted below with the Greek version will show with how much success Mr. Johnson has performed his pleasant task :

ite, Nymphæ, posuit arma, feriat-
tus est Amor.

iussus est inermis ire, nudus ire
iussus est,
neu quid arcu neu sagitta neu
quid igne laederet.
sed tamen, Nymphæ, cavete, quod
Cupido pulcer est :
totus est in armis idem quando
nudus est Amor.

cras amet . . .

βῆτε, Νύμφαι, βῆτ' ἀνοπλὸς ἐσθ
ἐυράζει τ' Ἔρως·
χωρὶς ὀπλων ἦλθε γυμνός· ἦδ' ἐφετηρῆ
μητρὸς ἦν·
μὴ βιῶ τι μῆτ' αὐτῶ μῆτε βλάπται
πυρπολῶν.
ἀλλ' ἀπιστοὶ βῆτε, Κοῦραι· παῖς γὰρ
εὐχαρὶς Πόθος·
καὶ πάνοπλος, γυμνός, ὦν περ, ἀλλ'
ὄμως θωρήσσεται·
αὔριον φρίξας . . .

Garden Notes

"FORGOTTEN hath the erthe her pore estate of wyntere." Even the Londoner, looking hopefully on the green spikes in his window boxes, dreams of the wet fields full of irises, of swallows, and of the first marsh marigolds. He sees in a few grape hyacinths the blue-bells in some enchanted wood, and hears the cuckoo's voice in the cry of some idle boy. The grimy buds in the squares conjure up a vision of white and pink orchards, of daffodils in the windy grass, of young lambs wagging their tails in the next field. Even in town there comes that unmistakable smell of spring—the smell that "surmounteth pleynlie alle odoures."

In the country, frost-bitten and tattered stalks have broken down and disappeared as if by magic in a night. The green sticky whorls

of the goosegrass climb rampantly up the hedges; dogs' mercury grows in crude green patches everywhere, hiding the brown leaves that look so forlorn in the sunshine. Who, I wonder, were the reckless mortals who ate dogs' mercury and suggested John Hill's sinister warning in his *Herbal* of 1756, "The plant is poisonous and has destroyed many persons"?

Wallflowers, the old-fashioned Leopard's bane, alyssum, above all the wealth of daffodils, cream-coloured and white and deepest gold, strike the dominant note of colour in the garden now, for indeed April may well be called the golden month. The woods are soft with primroses, the king-cups are bright in the low-lying fields, from the hedges the willow catkins scatter their yellow dust on the wind.

There is a pond I know on the top of a hill where the gorse bushes hang down in thick masses to the water's edge, making a golden circle to the golden pool. Later on the same effect is produced by the softer yellow of the broom-flowers, and for weeks the water is golden except where the clear reflection is blurred by white patches of the water crowfoot. It is these stray suggestions that are so valuable to a receptive mind.

Ronsard says, "J'aime fort les jardins qui sentent le sauvage," and we must go to Nature to learn the secret of her wildness.

It is curious how the smallest piece of water in a garden gives this feeling at once. It is like the little children's game, "Earth, Air, and Water;" we seem to have so much in our possession when we have these three. I do not mean, of course, those little pocket ponds, usually hidden in some out-of-the-way corner of the garden, muddy little holes, covered with duckweed and breeding gnats by the million. In nine cases out of ten such ponds as these, only useful for watering purposes, are better done away with altogether. With very little trouble they can be drained and the hollows used to advantage by planting shrubs requiring some little shelter, such as the more delicate of the hardy azaleas.

But to the happy owner of a little stream that flows through his garden, what possibilities are open! Even he whose imagination carries him no further than peppermint on the banks, and bull-rushes and blue forget-me-nots in the water, is sure of a pretty effect

at more than one season of the year. But a more enterprising gardener is not so easily satisfied.

By skilfully manipulating the margin of his stream, enlarging a hollow here, deepening a pool there, or directing the course of the shallow water at the grass's edge, and planting with discretion, the tiniest brook can be changed in a few seasons to a charming little water garden full of lovely plants.

There are so many beautiful aquatic plants that the difficulty is to choose among them all. Where space admits the hybrid water-lilies which have been cultivated of late years in such numbers, give a great variety of colour, and bloom very freely through the summer. We are all familiar with our own white water-lily, *Nymphaea alba*, and its yellow companion *N. luteum*, but the hybrid varieties are not nearly so well known. They range in colour from pink to crimson and purple, from cream and yellow to the darkest orange. One variety of the Laydekeri group, *Nymphaea L. Aurora*, has been called, not unfitly, the chameleon water-lily. Its flowers are rose-coloured when they first open, changing in a day or two to orange, and later on to dark red. It is a beautiful flower, but not so striking, I think, as *Nymphaea L. fulva*. The flowers of this water-lily have stamens of deep gold, contrasting finely with the petals, which are cream-coloured and lined with red.

None of these hybrids is very difficult to grow. They will indeed bloom, as one enthusiastic admirer of them tells me, in tubs—tared water-barrels—when no other space is available

I would not grow them in a tub any more than I would keep a peacock in a hen-run. In gardening, as in life, it is surely a great thing to accept cheerfully one's limitations.

It is not good nor wise to be of those who crave most for pansies when the soil is gravel; who passionately desire ranunculuses on clay, blind to the joy of roses; or who make a hobby of rock plants when the garden is of Essex mud.

I can see truly my peacock pacing a terrace, where clipped yew trees stand tall and stately, but I should not dream of introducing so ravenous a fowl to my small garden paths. I can hanker after grey stone balustrades, jewelled begonias, orange and scarlet, and the radiant turquoise of my peacock's tail, but I recognise the inevitable limitations of life, and believe that suitability is an essential of the gardener's art.

It is best to plant these water-lilies now in about a foot of soil below the water. The best way is to sink the root stocks in a loosely made basket which prevents the earth from being scattered before the plants are established, and the roots may be safely left in the mud through an ordinary winter.

"And nearer to the river's trembling edge

There grew broad flag-flowers,
purple prankt with white."

Japanese irises, *Iris Kæmferi*,

flourish well on the sunny bank; of a pond or stream. They require a somewhat sheltered position, and, planted in bold masses, produce a fine effect in July and August. The predominant colour in the wild type is violet-blue, but there are in cultivation all shades of lilac, purple, crimson and white.

The iris comes to us from all quarters of the world. We have species from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Their names alone conjure up many memories.

There is the tall grey iris from Armenia, sad as its country's history; the yellow iris from the sacred heights of Lebanon; the little lilac iris from the wind-swept Himalayas; and the dull purple iris from Mesopotamia. Somehow, anything from Mesopotamia sounds so like something in a fairy tale.

From the iris family alone we can have flowers in our gardens from January to September. I saw this year in a southern garden a path bordered on each side with broad masses of *Iris unguicularis*, and I thought what a pretty border plant it made. The pale, sky-coloured flowers are very beautiful in early spring, and they have a sweet primrose scent which is an added charm.

Another beautiful spring flowering iris, which blooms in April, is *Iris histrioides*. Its flowers are of the same vivid bright blue as the Spanish iris, and are seen at their best in the rock-garden.

MARY C. COXHEAD.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

The Englishwoman as Voter

(It is the desire of the Editor that THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE should give expression to widely varying opinions on important subjects of controversy; but he does not, of course, identify himself with his contributors in the statement of their views.)

IN considering the character and prospects of the Englishwoman, one is struck first by her unique position. She neither possesses the enfranchisement of her Colonial sisters nor the family protection that is the privilege of her cousins across the Channel. Even French and Italian admirers of British ways have been heard to affirm that the family in the Continental sense of the word has no existence in England. This they infer from the fact that the English father, unless distinctly wealthy, does not consider it essential that his daughter should be provided for; he does not plan for her; and, vulgar wit notwithstanding, it is quite common to find an English mother who does not plan for her either, even in that one respect which is supposed to be her prerogative. All this implies no lack of domestic happiness in England, where, perhaps, a certain want of parental care has proved bracing to the national character. It remains true, however, that in Continental eyes the average English girl is as much without a father as she is without a vote.

As a consequence, there is no country where women of the better types are readier to show the adventurous spirit than in England. The Englishwoman is free of that

family rule that affords protection, and not yet admitted to the wider citizenship which gives her a definite place in the world outside. For years she has borne patiently restrictions on her professional ambitions, and hampering rules devised to settle for her what she should do or should not do. Her longsuffering, however, has had nothing of the spiritual or religious in it, for that is alien to her robust nature. It has been frankly utilitarian, that of the nursery child who hopes, if it is "good" long enough, the sugar plum will at last be conceded. When she discovered that this hope was vain, she forthwith, without hysteria, in entire good humour, changed her tactics.

As a Holloway suffragist, and an Australian, I was much struck by the unaffected composure with which the prisoners accepted their cue to "raid." None of them appeared to see anything extraordinary in it; entirely absent was that spirit of sham gentility that would have been noticeable in at least a certain section of them had the country been America or Australia. They did not seem to realise that in no land, except Germany, perhaps, would large bodies of women, irrespective of class or creed, thus have arisen for their own rights purely and solely. So doing, they have astonished their husbands and brothers; and they may astonish them still more. They have not surprised themselves, however; they were well aware of their own Britomart possibilities.

These possibilities are of no sudden growth. The Englishwoman is not developing a new character, but reverting to an old one. After all the mild enfeebling teaching of the Middle Ages (the cult of that submission which was so well preached to the "Suffragettes" by the Holloway chaplain), she is still one with the women whom Tacitus describes, the dames who were chosen for their strength of arm and wisdom in council and not for their charms. She remembers that even in the despised days of old she possessed rights more similar to men's than those which she holds now. She sat in the Anglo-Saxon Parliament; occasionally she led armies to war, like

Philippa of Hainault. In medicine and in religion she had greater power than she has now. In the despotic times when justice, or the reverse, was dispensed from the castle she had some share in the dispensing; now, when the settlement of affairs has gone to other courts, she has no place on the bench. However she may qualify herself, even the right to plead for a client is denied her. Yet these long-continued denials have been strengthening her. As it has been truly remarked, but for one such refusal there might have been no revolutionary movement, for there would have been no Miss Pankhurst free to give the legal talents, denied outlet elsewhere, wholly and entirely to the service of the cause. The athletic renaissance of some ten or fifteen years ago has also tended to bring Englishwomen back to the old Germanic standard by stopping their poor attempts to Latinise themselves into something less vigorous. With this cult of their physique women acquired the necessary animal courage to add to the moral bravery which had always been their attribute. Will it be said, generations later, that the suffrage was won on the playing fields of Girton?

What will be man's ultimate sentiment towards this recreated Germanic woman? Subconsciously, he is already favourable; though he hardly recognises it as yet, here is the type that suits him, the free and equal companion, somewhat independent of his commendation. That contempt and dislike for women, as such, noticed by Dr. Emil Reich in his lectures, and by Hubert Bland in his "Letters to a Daughter," and observed by all outsiders, be they foreigners or Colonials, is specially significant, because it coincides with a strong belief in woman's virtues. The Italian despises women somewhat more than the Englishman, but he does so because of an intrinsic belief in their moral untrustworthiness, and in differing degrees the same thing may be said of various other nations. Perhaps the Englishman's faith in his womankind leans slightly towards credulity, yet for all this he cannot disguise his dislike when forced to meet her in business or professional life. As has been pointed

out by the writer already mentioned, his consideration for her is a matter of class not of sex. This tacit contempt is due to the fact that the Englishwoman until lately has been modelling herself on wrong lines, cultivating passive virtues instead of the active qualities best suited to the nation. It is, perhaps, not so slight a fact as it seems that in all London there is, Royalty excepted, but one statue to a woman, that representing the warlike Boadicea, standing significantly enough opposite the House of Commons. Women have toiled for the poor and suffering, but their presentments in stone do not look down on us beside those of Raikes and Peabody. Women have worked at home with pen and brush, but they have not found sepulture in Westminster Abbey; Mrs. Browning's body was only offered this honour for the sake of her husband. The general absence of female genius in that burial place of the great has more than once excited the wonder of Frenchwomen. So far as the art of sculpture is concerned, Boadicea is our only exemplar.

There is one new development in her character that has helped more than any other towards the Englishwoman's partial success. She has learned obedience towards her own sex. In this she differs from other types of women who might seem more advanced. The enfranchised Australian women, for instance, have shown little tendency to stand by one another; the American, for all her seeming freedom of mind, is more influenced by masculine opinion than the British woman. That is to say, the former believes that she is ethically and intellectually superior to man, but must have his belief in her in order to realise it; this makes for some weakness of character, as showing a psychical dependence on his faith in her that cannot but have a retarding influence. The Englishwoman, on the other hand, is more swayed by the opinion of her fellow women; she can dare anything so long as these believe in her, or so long as she hopes they will eventually believe in her. This is the secret of the determination which the leaders of the new movement

have shown. Almost unconsciously, women had been learning for many years the lesson of combination and mutual confidence. Their leaders trusted, and not in vain, that at a given signal they would show the new characteristic by their actions; according to the words of one of them the response was quicker and more widespread than she had anticipated.

What will be the outcome of this new movement, if it last long before the vote is conceded? Undoubtedly the mere agitation will tend to strengthen the character of the Englishwoman and to give her, as months—perhaps years—pass on, a stronger leaning towards her own sex, and, possibly, a one-sided manner of viewing questions affecting them. This one-sidedness, be it noted, is never the outcome of the suffrage granted. It is noticeably absent, for instance, in the enfranchised Colonies; it is the outcome rather of a long withheld suffrage, an enfranchisement entreated and demanded for years, worked and literally fought for, and still refused. Such an agitation will certainly create a bitterness unknown in the Colonies where enfranchisement came easily and soon, and unknown in the other older lands, where it has not excited such vigorous controversy. It must be remembered also that in the English provinces there exist large numbers of women who partly from chance, partly through their own will, practically never come under the influence of the male mind at all. In Continental lands such women are influenced by the family or the Church. The Englishwoman, however, is almost wholly free from her father's power, while the clerical mind has far less control over her than is popularly supposed. In Australasia it was noticeable that the clergy had absolutely no power in influencing the feminine vote, even at a time when there was some feeling against the secular education system, a sentiment which the woman's vote was expected to exemplify. In England also there will be little clerical influence; the masses of women who are well read, intelligent, and have leisure, will come more and more under the influence of the feminine organisations. So large is the field of

women's work and women's interests in Great Britain that they may safely do so without seeming to themselves narrow. Already the leaders of the movement announce some success among the provincial people, who are the most difficult to win and the most loyal when won.

The longer the suffrage is withheld the stronger will be this tendency to one-sidedness; indeed, it may almost seem that now more danger lies in denying than in conceding the right. Yet if the franchise be conferred, will not this one-sidedness be perilous? This is not likely. The granting of the suffrage will have in itself a steadying effect, by conferring new responsibilities and removing the sense of injury. Undoubtedly a Woman's Party will be formed. True, there is no vestige of such a body in the Colonies; England, however, has greater industrial problems to solve, and her women are more closely knit together in bonds of comradeship and interest. That this Party will effect something one may take for granted; that it will not do all its promoters expect is equally certain. The male industrial worker has no expectation of ever being dependent on his wife, so he has little reason to interest himself in laws for her benefit. The woman worker, on the other hand, sees herself not only as worker but as the possible dependent on a male worker. Therefore, when the interests of men and women workers seem to conflict, she will by no means always appear on the side of her own sex. The same law applies to other social reforms, so that the Woman's Party may sooner or later sink into a mere pleasant reminder that woman expects to receive some consideration from the State.

As regards general changes owing to woman's advent to power, it is questionable whether humanitarian legislation will be the chief result. Social and domestic reform may come more to the front for a time, but it is doubtful, sentimentalists notwithstanding, whether woman is really more humanitarian at heart than man, and whether her keen present interest in social wrongs, such as those connected with prison life and the like, may not be due to the fact that as an out-

sider she feels free to criticise what she has not helped to make. Where the Englishwoman may effect a strong and lasting change may be in the long procrastinations of Parliament, its tortuous ways, its scanty work and superabundant speech. Though this assertion may raise the ghost of an old joke, it is safe to say that woman's first attempt will be towards the shortening of speeches and the simplifying of Parliamentary procedure. She will endeavour also to stop that curious process of subdivision by which a politician separates his honour as a gentleman from his honour as a Member of Parliament. We have the word of unbiassed observers that this has been the case in New Zealand, the only colony that has had the suffrage long enough to show quite definite results—and in New Zealand there is a time limit for Parliamentary speakers. Similar effects are likely to be produced in England, where women are better educated in public life, and where they possess in consequence more self-confidence and power of initiative.

CONSTANCE CLYDE.

Frederick, Prince of Wales

HISTORIANS have found something to praise in George I., and the bravery of George II. on the field of battle has prejudiced many in favour of that monarch. George III. has been extolled for his domestic virtues, his successor has been held up to admiration for his airs and graces, and William IV. found favour in the eyes of many for his homely manner. Of all the Hanoverian princes in the direct line of succession to the English throne, Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales, alone lacks a solitary admirer among modern writers.

Frederick was born at Hanover on January 6, 1707, was educated there, and there, after the accession of George II. to the English throne, he remained, a mere lad, away from parental control, compelled to hold a daily

Drawing-room, at which he received the adulation of unscrupulous and self-seeking courtiers in a dull, vulgar and immoral court. George II., remembering his behaviour to his father, was in no hurry to summon his son to England, and Frederick might have remained the ornament of the Hanoverian capital until his death had not the English thought it advisable that their future king should acquire a knowledge of the manners and customs of the land over which he seemed likely to reign. Neither the King nor the Queen had any affection for the young man, and they were so reluctant to bring him into prominence, or themselves have frequent intercourse with him, that they disregarded the murmur of the people, and were inclined even to ignore the advice of the Privy Council—when news from Hanover caused them hurriedly to send for him.

Queen Sophia Dorothea of Prussia had years before said to Princess Caroline, afterwards Queen of England, "You, Caroline, cousin dear, have a little Prince, Fritz, or let us call him *Fred*, since he is to be English; little Fred, who will one day, if all go right, be King of England. He is two years older than my little Wilhelmina. Why should they not wed, and the two chief Protestant houses, and nations, thereby be united?" There was nothing to be said against this proposal, and much in its favour. As Carlyle wrote,

Princess Caroline was very willing; so was Electress Sophie, the Great Grandmother of both the parties; so were the Georges, Father and Grandfather of Fred: little Fred himself was highly charmed, when told of it; even little Wilhelmina, with her dolls, looked pleasantly demure on the occasion. So it remained settled in fact, though not in form; and little Fred (a florid milk-faced foolish kind of boy, I guess) made presents to his little Prussian cousin, wrote bits of love-letters to her and all along afterwards fancied himself, and at length ardently enough became, her little lover and intended—always rather a little fellow—to which sentiments Wilhelmina signifies that she responded with the due maidenly indifference, but not in an offensive manner.

Then Prussian Fritz or Fred was born, and it was further agreed that Amelia, George II.'s second daughter,

should marry him. George I. sanctioned the arrangement, but the treaty in which it was incorporated was never signed; and on his accession, George II., for many reasons, was no longer desirous to carry out the marriage. Only Queen Sophia held to *her* project, and Frederick, the intended husband. The latter, doubtless incited by his father's opposition to imagine himself in love with Wilhelmina, caused it to be intimated to Queen Sophia that, if she would consent, he would travel secretly to Prussia and marry his cousin. The Queen was delighted, and summoned her husband to be present at the nuptials, but, anxious to share her joy, must needs select as a confidant the English ambassador Dubourgay, who, of course, could not treat such a communication as confidential, and, to the Queen's horror, told her he must despatch the news to his sovereign. In vain Sophia Dorothea pleaded for silence: it would spell ruin for it to be said that the envoy had known of the secret and had not informed his master. The only chance for the successful issue of the scheme was that Frederick should arrive before his father could interfere, but this was not to be. Colonel Launay came from England charged to return with the heir-apparent; and so the marriage was at least postponed.

On his arrival in England on December 4, 1728, Frederick¹ was received with acclamation by the populace, but his relations with his parents were strained from the start. The original cause of quarrel is unknown to the present generation, and even at the time few were acquainted with it, though Sir Robert Walpole knew it, and Lord Hervey,² who wrote it down, only for his memorandum to be destroyed by his son, the Earl of Bristol.³ It may be assumed that the King's conduct in the negotiations for the marriage with the Princess of

¹ Created Duke of Gloucester, 1717; Duke of Edinburgh, 1727; Prince of Wales, January 9, 1729.

² John Hervey, younger son of John Hervey, first Earl of Bristol, styled, after the death of his elder brother, Baron Hervey of Ickworth (1696-1743).

³ George William Hervey, second Earl of Bristol (1721-1775).

Prussia widened the breach. The Prince of Wales was certainly not an agreeable person. In Hanover he had indulged to excess in *Wein, Weib, und Gesang*, and he was the unfortunate possessor of a mean, paltry, despicable nature that revolted those with whom he was brought into contact. His mother hated him—"He is such an ass that one cannot tell what he thinks"; his sister Amelia loathed him and wished he were dead—"He is the greatest liar that ever spoke, and will put one arm round anybody's neck to kiss them, and then stab them with the other if he can"; and his father detested him. "My dear firstborn is the greatest ass, the greatest liar, the greatest *canaille* and the greatest beast in the whole world, and I heartily wish he was out of it," so said George II., and it must be conceded that in the main he was right.

Of course, the faults were not all on the side of the Prince of Wales; indeed, they were fairly evenly distributed between father and son. From the first he was publicly ignored by George II.:

Whenever the Prince was in the room with the King it put one in mind of stories that one has heard of ghosts that appear to part of the company, and were invisible to the rest; and in this manner wherever the Prince stood, though the King passed him ever so often, or ever so near, it always seems as if the King thought the Prince filled a void of space.¹

The father took advantage of his position to keep the son short of money; and the son, after the manner of Hanoverian heirs-apparent, retorted by throwing himself into the arms of the opposition. The Prince of Wales's great grievance was that he received an allowance only of £50,000, and that *at the King's pleasure*; and he contended that as George II., when Prince of Wales, had received £100,000 a year from George I.'s Civil List of £700,000, it was manifestly unfair that, as the Civil List had been increased to £800,000, the Prince of Wales's income should be reduced by half, and even that be dependent on the sovereign's humour.

¹ Hervey: "Memoirs of the Court of George II."

Frederick, who had left Hanover in debt, had become further embarrassed in London, and, to free himself from financial trouble, discussed with Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, a marriage between himself and her granddaughter, Lady Diana Spencer,¹ conditional on the dowry being £100,000. The ambitious old lady was favourable to the scheme—it has been said, perhaps with truth, that it was her proposal—and arrangements were made for the ceremony to take place privately at the lodge in Windsor Great Park; but Sir Robert Walpole heard of it—that wily statesman learnt most secrets—and told the King, who forbade the marriage.

The Prince did not at first commit any serious offence against the King, but he contrived, with or without intention, to irritate or affront him almost daily. He wrote, or inspired, the "History of Prince Titi," in which the King and Queen were caricatured; and, with the guidance of Bubb Dodington,² formed a court that was a rendezvous of the opposition and the disaffected generally. It became his object in life to outshine his father in popularity, and as George II. was not a favourite, and Frederick could be agreeable when he wanted to make a good impression, and had, besides, the invaluable asset of a reasonable grievance, he did to a large extent succeed in his quest.

The Prince's character at his first coming over, though little more respectable, seemed much more amiable than upon his opening himself further and being better known it turned out to be; for, though there appeared nothing in him to be admired, yet there seemed nothing in him to be hated—neither anything great nor anything vicious. His behaviour was something that gained one's good wishes while it gave one no esteem for him, for his best qualities, whilst they preposessed one the most in his favour, always gave one a degree of contempt for him at the same time.³

If George II. was jealous of the Prince of Wales, the latter in turn was jealous of his sister, the Princess Royal, and he regarded it as a personal affront when in 1734 she

¹ Afterwards Duchess of Bedford.

² George Bubb Dodington, afterwards Baron Melcombe of Melcombe Regis (1691-1762).

³ Hervey: "Memoirs of the Court of George II."

was united to the Prince of Orange, thus, in spite of his two endeavours, marrying before him, and securing a settled income. A quarrel ensued, and the rivalry between the two convulsed the operatic world, into which it was suitably carried, being in itself *opéra bouffe*. The Princess Royal was a friend and patroness of Handel at the Haymarket Theatre; and therefore her brother and his companions must support the rival Buononcini at Lincoln's Inn Fields. The King and Queen sided with their daughter, and, says Hervey :

The affair grew as serious as that of the Greens and Blues under Justinian at Constantinople; and an anti-Handelist was looked upon as an anti-courtier, and voting against the Court in Parliament was hardly a less remissible or more venial sin than speaking against Handel or going to the Lincoln's Inn Fields Opera.

After the marriage of the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales presented himself before the King, and made three demands—permission to serve in the Rhine campaign, a settled and increased income, and a suitable marriage. George II. gave an immediate and decided refusal to the first, but consented to consider the other proposals. As a result of negotiations arising from this conversation, the Prince of Wales married, on April 26, 1736, Augusta, daughter of Frederick, Duke of Saxe-Gotha, amidst great national rejoicings.

A salvo of eulogistic addresses in rhyme greeted the nuptial pair, headed by William Whitehead, the Laureate, who, on such occasions, could always be relied upon to write ridiculously fulsome lines :

Such was the age, so calm the earth's repose,
When Maro sung, and a new Pollio rose,
Oh ! from such omens may again succeed
Some glorious youth to grace the nuptial bed ;
Some future Scipio, good as well as great ;
Some young Marcellus with a better fate ;
Some infant Frederick, or some George, to grace
The rising records of the Brunswick race.

The new Princess of Wales was a mere girl, straight from her mother's country house, and ignorant of courts, but not lacking self-possession nor good sense. "The

Princess is neither handsome nor ugly, tall nor short, but has a lively, pretty countenance enough,"¹ and she found favour in the eyes of her husband. But, though he was attracted by her, he was not content to be faithful. "The chief passion of the Prince was women," says Horace Walpole, "but like the rest of his race beauty was not a necessary ingredient." Soon after he came to England he had an intrigue with Anne Vane, the eldest daughter of Gilbert, Baron Barnard, and one of the Queen's maids of honour. "Beautiful Venelia" was not immaculate, and when she gave birth to a child in her apartments in St. James's Palace, the first Lord Hartington and Lord Hervey both believed themselves to be the father; but she, to make the most of her opportunity, wisely accredited the paternity to the Prince of Wales, who thus earned the undying hatred of Hervey.² The proud father then turned to Lady Archibald Hamilton (wife of the Duke of Hamilton's brother), who had ten children, and was neither young nor beautiful, but clever enough to make her husband believe she was faithful, although the intimacy between her and her royal lover was patent to all the world besides.

Realising the advisability to be off with the old love before he was on with the new, Frederick sent Lord Baltimore to Miss Vane, commanding her to live abroad for a period, on pain of forfeiting the allowance of £1600 that he had made her since her dismissal from court—"if she would not live abroad, she might starve for him in England." Miss Vane sent for Hervey, who recommended her to refuse obedience—a step that infuriated the Prince with the adviser; but eventually she reminded her erstwhile lover of all she had sacrificed for the love she bore him, and this so tickled his vanity that not only did he permit her to retain her son and the income, and to remain in England, but gave her a house in Grosvenor Street wherein to live.

¹ *Waxall*: "Historical Memoirs of Our Time."

² The boy was christened Cornwell Fitz-Frederick, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, February 26, 1736.

Following the example of George II., who had appointed his mistress, Mrs. Howard, to be Woman of the Bedchamber to his wife, Frederick made Lady Archibald Hamilton a Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess of Wales. Lady Archibald was, however, soon replaced in his favour by Lady Middlesex, who, though not good-looking, was the possessor of many accomplishments, but she had to be content to share his affections with Miss Granville and various opera dancers and singers.

The Prince, being unable to secure an increased income from his father, resorted to the usual device of borrowing money wherever he could get it. The Duchess of Marlborough wrote :

They have found a way in the city to borrow £30,000 for the Prince at ten per cent. interest, to pay his crying debts to tradespeople; but I doubt that sum will not go very far. The salaries in the Prince's families are £25,000 a year, besides a good deal of expense at Cliefden in building and furniture; and the Prince and Princess's allowance for their clothes is £6000 a year each. I am sorry there is such an increase in expense more than in former times, when there was more money a great deal: and I really think it would have been more for the Prince's interest if his counsellors had advised him to live only as a great man, and to give the reasons for it; and in doing so he would have made a better figure, and been safer, for nobody that does not get by it themselves, can possibly think the contrary method a right one.

The debts accumulated so rapidly, that there was really some show of reason for Lord Hervey (always on the look-out to revenge himself for the defection of his mistress) when he said to the Queen that there

was danger of the King's days being shortened by the profligate usurers who lent the Prince money on condition of being paid at his Majesty's death, and who, he thought, would want nothing but a fair opportunity to hasten the day of payment; and the King's manner of exposing himself would make it easy for the usurers to accomplish such a design.

Hitherto in his quarrels with his parents Frederick had not always been in the wrong, but in 1737 he committed an unpardonable offence in connection with the birth of his first legitimate child, Augusta, afterwards Duchess of Brunswick, and mother of Caroline, the unhappy consort of George IV. Though he had known

for many months that the Princess of Wales was with child, he did not inform his parents of the approaching event until July 5. But that was the least part of his transgression. Twice in that month he took the Princess secretly from Hampton Court to St. James's Palace, and on the second occasion, with only Lady Archibald Campbell in attendance, arrived in London but a few hours before the *accouchement*.

The Queen had determined to be present at the birth. "She cannot be brought to bed as quick as one can blow one's nose," she had told the King, "and I will be sure it is her child." Both were furious at being circumvented, and the King expressed his anger in no measured terms. "See now, with all your wisdom, how they have outwitted you," he said to his wife. "This is all your fault. There is a false child will be put upon you, and how will you answer it to all your children? This has been fine care and fine management for your son William; he is much indebted to you." The Queen drove to St. James's without delay, saw the child, and abandoned her suspicions. "God bless you, poor little creature," she said as she kissed it, "you have come into a disagreeable world." Had it been a big, healthy boy, instead of a girl, she said, she might not so readily have accepted the paternity claimed for it. Lord Essex¹ wrote from Hampton Court to the Prince of Wales on August 3 :

The King has commanded me to acquaint your Royal Highness that his Majesty most heartily rejoices at the safe delivery of the Princess; but that your carrying away of her Royal Highness from Hampton Court, the then residence of the King, the Queen, and the Royal Family, under the pains and certain indication of immediate labour, to the imminent danger and hazard both of the Princess and her child, and after sufficient warnings for a week before, to have made the necessary preparations for this happy event; without acquainting his Majesty, or the Queen, with the circumstances the Princess was in, or giving them the least notice of your departure; is looked upon by the King to be such a deliberate indignity offered to himself and to the Queen, that he resents it to the highest degree.²

¹ William Capel, third Earl of Essex (1697-1743).

² Letters . . . between the King, Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, on the occasion of the birth of the young Princess, 1737.

A lengthy correspondence ensued, wherein, on the one hand, the Prince excused himself on the ground that the Princess was seized with the pains of labour earlier than was expected, and that at Hampton Court he was without a midwife or any assistance ; and, on the other, the King declined to accept these reasons as true, refused to receive his son, and ordered him to leave St. James's as soon as possible.

George II. summed up the situation in a final letter dated September 10 :

GEORGE R.

The professions you have lately made in your letters, of your peculiar regards to me, are so contradictory to all your actions, that I cannot suffer myself to be imposed upon by them. You know very well you did not give the least intimation to me or to the Queen, that the Princess was with child or breeding, until within less than a month of the birth of the young Princess : you removed the Princess twice in the week immediately preceding the day of her delivery, from the place of my residence, in expectation, as you have voluntarily declared, of her labour ; and both times upon your return, you industriously concealed from the knowledge of me and the Queen every circumstance relating to this important affair : and you, at last, without giving any notice to me, or to the Queen, precipitately hurried the Princess from Hampton Court, in a condition not to be named. After having thus, in execution of your own determined measures, exposed both the Princess and her child to the greatest perils, you now plead surprise and tenderness for the Princess, as the only motives that occasioned these repeated indignities offered to me and to the Queen your mother.

This extravagant and undutiful behaviour in so essential a point as the birth of an heir to my crown, is such evidence of your pre-meditated defiance of me, and such a contempt of my authority and of the natural right belonging to your parents, as cannot be excused by the pretended innocence of your intentions, nor palliated or disguised by specious words only.

But the whole tenour of your conduct for a considerable time has been so entirely void of all real duty to me, that I have long had reason to be highly offended with you.

And until you withdraw your regard and confidence from those by whose instigation and advice you are directed and encouraged in your unwarrantable behaviour to me and your Queen, and until your return to your duty, you shall not reside in my palace : which I will not suffer to be made the resort of them, who, under the appearance of an attachment to you, foment the division which you have made in my family, and thereby weaken the common interest of the whole.

In the meantime, it is my pleasure that you leave St. James's with all your family, when it can be done without prejudice or inconvenience to the Princess. I shall for the present leave to the Princess the care of my grand-daughter, until a proper time calls upon me to consider of her education.

(Signed) G. R.¹

The Prince, through Lord Baltimore, sought to make a personal explanation to the Queen, who, through Lord Grantham, declined to receive it; and later the Princess, doubtless inspired by her husband, wrote to the King and Queen to express a desire for reconciliation, but in vain, for, in the sovereign's eyes, his son's offence was rank. Indeed, the King went so far as to print the correspondence between himself and the Prince of Wales, and the latter made the effectual reply of publishing the not dissimilar letters of his father, when Prince of Wales, to George I. This reduced the King to impotent fury. He declared he did not believe Frederick could be his son, and insisted that he must be "what in German we call a *Wechselbalg*—I do not know if you have a word for it in English. It is not what you call a foundling, but a child put in a cradle instead of another."

What induced Frederick to risk the life of his wife and unborn child, and to put to hazard the succession, was a mystery at the time, and must remain without satisfactory explanation. That it was done solely to annoy his parents seems an insufficient reason, though no other is apparent, and Hervey suggests that the hasty nocturnal removal was undertaken to prevent the presence of the Queen at the birth.

The Prince of Wales had, in 1730, taken a lease from the Capel family of Kew House (the fee of which was many years afterwards purchased by George III. from the Dowager Countess of Essex), and thither he and his wife repaired for a while after being evicted from St. James's Palace; but soon they returned to London, and held their court, first at Norfolk House, St. James's Square, placed at their disposal by the Duke of Norfolk, and later

¹ Letters . . . between the King, Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, on the occasion of the birth of the young Princess, 1737.

at Leicester House, Leicester Square. The King expressed a wish that no one should visit his son, and actually caused it to be intimated to foreign ambassadors that their calling on the Prince of Wales was objectionable to him; but this injunction was so generally disregarded that he took the extraordinary step of issuing, through his Chamberlain, a threat:

His Majesty, having been informed that due regard has not been paid to his order of the 11th of September, 1737, has thought fit to declare that no person whatsoever, who shall go to pay their court to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, shall be admitted into his Majesty's presence, at any of his royal palaces.

(Signed) GRAPTON.

Even this measure failed of its effect, for while those who sought the King's favour had not been to Leicester House, the Opposition, knowing they had nothing to lose, were not affected by the new command. Indeed, delighted to have so influential a chief, they flocked around Frederick, and Bolingbroke,¹ Chesterfield,² Pulteney,³ Dodington, Carteret,⁴ Wyndham,⁵ Townshend,⁶ and Cobham⁷ were soon numbered among his regular visitors; and Huish has compiled a long list of peers who frequently attended his *levées*.

The Prince made a very determined bid for popularity among all classes. He put himself at the head of "the patriots" and in 1739 recorded his first vote as a peer of Parliament against the Address and in favour of the war policy; subsequently, when war was declared, taking part with the Opposition in the public celebrations. He encouraged British manufactures, and neither he nor the Princess wore, or encouraged the wearing of, foreign

¹ Henry St. John, first Viscount Bolingbroke (1678-1751).

² Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773).

³ Sir William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath (1684-1764).

⁴ John Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville (1690-1763).

⁵ Sir Charles Wyndham, afterwards second Earl of Egremont (1710-1763).

⁶ William Townshend, second son of Charles, second Viscount Townshend (1702?-1738).

⁷ Richard Temple, Viscount Cobham (1669?-1749).

materials. He gave entertainments to the nobility at his seat at Clifden in Buckinghamshire, and, visiting Bath in 1738, cleared the prison of all debtors and made a present of £1000 towards the general hospital. Nor did he neglect letters and art, for which he had some slight regard. He patronised Thomson, and Vertue the engraver, employed Dr. Freeman to write a "History of the English Tongue" as a text-book for Prince George and the younger princes¹; sent two of his court to Cave, the publisher, to inquire the name of the author of the first issue of "The Rambler"; and exchanged badinage with Pope, whom he visited at Twickenham. Pope received him with great courtesy and expressions of attachment.

"'Tis well," said Frederick, "but how shall we reconcile your love to a prince with your professed indisposition to kings, since princes will be kings in time?"

"Sir," said the poet, "I consider Royalty under that noble and authorised type of the lion: while he is young and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and caressed with safety and pleasure."

Frederick became very popular. There was a general impression that he had been ill-treated, and there was a disposition among the lower classes to make amends for the slight he endured in having to live as a private gentleman at Norfolk House, without even the usual appanage of a sentry.

Some I have heard who speak this with rebuke,
Guards should attend as well the prince as duke,
Guards should protect from insult Britain's heir,
Who greatly merits all the nation's care.
Pleas'd with the honest zeal, they thus express,
I tell them what each statesman must confess;
No guard so strong, so noble, e'er can prove,
As that which Frederick has—a *people's love*.

"My God, popularity makes me sick; but Fritz's

¹ Besides Augusta, Frederick by his wife had issue: George III.; Edward Augustus, Duke of York and Albany (1739-1767); William Henry, Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh (1743-1805); Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland (1745-1790); Frederick William (1760-1765); Caroline Matilda (1751-1775), who married Christian VII., King of Denmark; and Louisa Anne, who died at an early age.

250 The Germanian: *Melodrama*

THE LATTER PART OF THE SCENE WAS PASSED IN THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER AFTER HEARING THAT WHICH FREDERICK HAD SAID IN CONGRUENCE WITH THE HIGH COURT. "COURT HON. COURT HON."

"I fear that yesterday, in his name in the House, they talked of the King's being that night with the same lady *frail* as one would talk of a coach being overturned, and that my poor son should incur as if he had been already King. But you think me an old man which he came into my drawing-room in the morning, though he does not think it to honour me with his presence if *swear* me with that of his wife's of a night. I swear his behaviour shocked me so prodigiously that I could hardly bring myself to speak to him when he was with me afterwards; I felt something here in my throat that swelled and half-choked me." The King was as bitter, and refused to admit Frederick to the Queen's death-bed. "His poor mother is not in a condition to see him act his false, whining, cringing tricks now." The Queen declared that she was sure he wanted to see her only to have the delight of knowing she was dead a little sooner than if he had to await the tidings at home.

An attempt, in 1742, to bring to an end the crying scandal of the open enmity between the King and the heir-apparent was made by Walpole, who thought, by detaching the Prince from the Opposition, to strengthen his ever-decreasing majority. The Bishop of Oxford¹ was sent to Norfolk House to intimate that if the Prince would make his peace with his father through the medium of a submissive letter, ministers would prevail upon the King to increase his income by £50,000, pay his debts to the tune of £200,000, and find places for his friends. The terms were tempting, but the Prince, aware that Walpole's position was precarious, declined them, stating

¹ Thomas Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury (1693-1768). "The bishop, who had been bred a presbyterian and man midwife—which sect and profession he had dropped for a season, while he was president of a very free-thinking club, has been converted by Bishop Fallot, whose relation he married, and had his faith settled in a prebend of Durham."—HORACE WALPOLE.

that he knew the offer came, not from the King, but from the minister, and that, while he would gladly be reconciled to his father, he could accomplish that without setting a price upon it. "Walpole," he declared, "was a bar between the King and his people, between the King and foreign powers; between the King and himself." The refusal was politic, for Walpole was most unpopular. "I have *added* to the debt of the nation," so ran the inscription on a scroll issuing from the mouth of an effigy of Walpole, sitting between the King and the Prince; "I have *subtracted* from its glory; I have *multiplied* its embarrassments; and I have *divided* its royal family." The Prince's refusal to entertain the overture was a blow to the minister, who contended against a majority in the House of Commons until February 2, 1742, when he declared he would regard the question of the Chippenham election as a vote of confidence, and, if defeated upon it, would never again enter that House. He was beaten by sixteen, and on the 18th inst. took his seat "in another place" as the Earl of Orford.

Immediately after Walpole's downfall, messages were exchanged between Norfolk House and St. James's, and on February 17 father and son met and embraced at the palace. The Prince's friends came into office, and the Prince testified to his joy by liberating four-and-twenty prisoners from his father's Bench—the amount of their debts being added to his own. He was indeed so overcome with delight at his virtue in being reconciled to the King that he ventured upon a joke when Mr. Vane, who was notoriously in the court interest, congratulated him on his reappearance at St. James's. "A vane," quoth he to the courtier, "is a weathercock, which turns with every gust of the wind, and therefore I dislike a vane." Witty, generous Prince!

The reconciliation was short-lived, and thereafter for the rest of his life Frederick was in opposition to the Court; but of these later years there is little or nothing to record, save that he solicited in vain the command of the royal army in the rebellion of '45. In March, 1751, he caught cold, and on the 20th, while Desnoyers

was playing the violin by his bedside to amuse him, crying, "*Je sens la mort,*" he expired suddenly—it is said from the bursting of an abscess which had been formed by a blow from a tennis ball. At the whist-table the King received the news, and, showing neither surprise nor emotion, crossed the room to where the Countess of Yarmouth sat at another table; after saying simply, "*Il est mort,*" George II. retired to his apartments. "I lost my eldest son," he remarked subsequently, "but I am glad of it."

The writers of the day were fulsome in their praise of the deceased Prince. An amusing sermon was preached at Mayfair Chapel, in the course of which the preacher, lamenting the demise of the royal personage, declared that his Royal Highness "had no great parts, but he had great virtues; indeed, they degenerated into vices; he was very generous, but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people; and then his condescension was such that he kept very bad company."

Those who knew the Prince and had no object to serve in lauding him, spoke without ambiguity:

He was indeed as false as his capacity would allow him to be, and was more capable in that walk than in any other, never having the least hesitation, from principle or fear of future detection, in telling any lie that served his purpose. He had a much weaker understanding, and, if possible, a more obstinate temper than his father; that is, more tenacious of opinions he had once formed, though less capable of ever forming right ones. Had he had one grain of merit at the bottom of his heart, one should have had compassion for him in the situation to which his miserable poor head soon reduced him, a mother that despised him, sisters that betrayed him, a brother set up against him, and a set of servants that neglected him, and were neither of use nor capable of being of use to him, or desirous of being so.

So said Lord Hervey,¹ and, though his known enmity to Frederick makes one reluctant to accept his estimate, it must be admitted that his remarks are borne out by others well qualified to judge.

Sir Robert Walpole, who, during the Prince's lifetime, thought that, if the King should die, the Queen and her unmarried children would be in a bad way, said to Hervey:

¹ *Memoirs of the Court of George II.*

I do not know any people in the world so much to be pitied as that gay young company with which you and I stand every day in the drawing-room at that door from which we this moment come, bred up in state, in affluence, caressed and courted, and to go at once from that into dependence upon a brother who loves them not, and whose extravagance and covetousness will make him grudge every guinea they spend, as it must come out of a purse not sufficient to defray the expenses of his own vices.

What is to be said in his favour? That through his intercession Flora Macdonald, imprisoned for harbouring the Chevalier, received her liberty; that when Richard Glover, the author of "*Leonidas*," fell upon evil days he sent him £500; that he was a plausible speaker,¹ fond of music, the author of two songs, and had sufficient sense of humour to attempt an occasional practical joke. On the other hand, he was a gambler and a spendthrift, without a notion of common honesty; unstable and untruthful, a feeble enemy and a lukewarm friend. He is, indeed, best disposed of in the well-known verse:

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There's no more to be said.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

¹ "As a friend to liberty in general, and to toleration in particular, I wish you may meet with all proper favour; but for myself I never give my vote in Parliament; and to influence my friends or direct my servants in theirs does not become my station. To leave them entirely to their own conscience and understanding is a rule I have hitherto prescribed to myself, and it is my purpose to adhere to it through the whole of my life." This was Frederick's reply to the Quaker who asked him to use his influence in favour of the bill concerning his sect; and, as Huish remarks, "could anything be more agreeable to the spirit of the British constitution?"

In an Irish Glen

IT is nearly the quietest place in the world, and quite the most bewitching. Bounded on three sides by heathery hills and on the fourth by the sea, it demands so little attention from the big world that it does not even boast an inn. In the old days, before the ubiquity of the bicycle, the dwellers in this glen were safe from the harassment of the tourist: none came here to spoil their landscape and complain of the thinness of their "chuckens." Even now an unfamiliar face causes excited comment, and an unknown figure on the beach is a matter for indignation. Yet lately there have been as many as three bicycles in the village at the same moment, and once I met someone who had seen a motor-car only a few miles away. The world is too much with us now.

It has been suggested to me that the place must be dull. That is an idea to laugh at, for there is too much good comradeship and too much merriment in Ireland for dullness to exist. Every cottage holds a friend and a "creepy-stool" to sit on by the open hearth, and a two-handed welcome. A great many of them also hold the pig; but one soon gets used to that, whether it is the live one grunting behind a precarious parapet of wood or the dead one hanging from the roof by his heels. One thinks nothing of pigs; but once, while I was having a "crack" with a friend over a peat fire, my hair was nibbled by an inquiring horse, and that, I own, was a surprise to me.

"May I never sin," cried my hostess, "but he's thinkin' it's the hay!" And the Irish have a reputation for compliment!

Well, it is true enough that the people of the Glen can pay very pretty compliments, but some of them have a doubtful sound to English ears.

"'Deed, dear, I wouldn't ha' known ye," said an old man, sadly, "ye've got *so clean*."

I believe he meant *thin*. One hopes so.

"We've missed ye many a day, Mem," cried an enthusiastic friend; "for sure ye were never like a lady at all!"

This is the highest praise possible. Homeliness—"just like one of ourselves"—is the first of virtues in a land where shyness and reticence are invariably mistaken for pride. Many a time I have heard some "leddy from England" condemned as "tarrible haughty" for no greater lapse of manners than passing a total stranger on the road without "so much as sayin' it's a fine day."

"Eh, but ye're the nice plain leddy!" is a greeting that has a disconcerting effect on the uninitiated, to whom it should be quickly explained as meaning nothing worse than "plain-spoken."

Gratitude for gifts is often expressed picturesquely. I have seen a man, on receiving an unassuming present of socks, bare his white head, and say solemnly, with eyes directed skywards: "When hope was gone, help came." And a more solid gift, such as a shirt or a petticoat, will secure for the giver the promise of every imaginable comfort, including a "handsome husband" and a "crown of glory." These may seem large returns for a yard or two of flannel; but it must be remembered that in the Glen there are plenty of handsome husbands and very little flannel, and the reward is therefore not so disproportionate as it sounds. That shirt will have to last, probably, till another comes from the same quarter, for money is pitifully scarce, and since 'taties and turf are necessities, the wardrobe is a luxury that is generally left to luck.

"All the gold in Ballytearim is what's sticking to the whin," sings the Glen's own poet; and that golden glory of the gorse is not, perhaps, so great a compensation to the dweller in wind-swept Ballytearim and its like as to the poet. The relative values of sentiment and sustenance were once naively expressed by a dear old woman who is now dead. She was telling her troubles.

"Och, dear, I've neither father nor mother, nor brother

nor sister. They're all dead. And *worst o' all*, the goat's giving no milk this year!" She was a widow, but the loss of her husband does not seem to have counted for much among her sorrows. She had a poor opinion of matrimony.

"All I gained by me marriage was the loss of me eye," she would say. "Wasn't I lighting me man's pipe when a spark lit out o' the fire intil me eye and blinded me? That's all I got by me marriage."

She was a cripple, too, and living on a parish pittance, but this rarely depressed her. She, like every true child of the Glen, could gossip wittily and laugh with sincere enjoyment among conditions that would move a spectator to tears if it were not for the infection of his hostess's merriment. Her grunting pig in its wooden box she would refer to as "me old piano over there in the corner." In the Glen, even the small children are full of humour. It was once suggested to a barefooted mite of six, on a bitter day, that she might be the better for a pair of stockings. She answered with pride :

"But I have a pair of stockings." Then, after a pause, she glanced up with the brightest of smiles and a very palpable twinkle in her violet eyes, and added : "But the one's white and the other's black !"

A visit to the dying is not here an occasion for long faces and solemn voices. There was a man who was wasting in consumption—the gayest of companions and the best of story-tellers—who used to allude to his own funeral with a smile of grim humour.

"Aye," he used to say, "every day I'm getting a lighter burden for four !"

Death often visits the Glen : for food is chiefly potatoes, and drink is chiefly strong tea—when it is not the "cratur"—and clothes are scarce, and floors are of mud, and roofs are mainly ventilation, and winds are damp. One would think this must be a dreary place to live in—if one had never lived here. As a matter of fact, there are few such well-loved corners in all green Ireland, and that is saying a great deal. It is loved not only for its rare beauty, its purple moors and mossy

woods and blue headlands, but also for that unnameable spell that floats in Irish air, that glamour of romance which makes every Irish peasant at the same time a poet and a poem.

"It's the purtiest place in the world," says Bidly or Paddy in a tone of earnest conviction; and though neither Bidly nor Paddy has ever seen any other place, and one must therefore smile at the rashness of the statement, one is in one's heart inclined to agree with it. The pity of it is that so many Biddies and Paddies are driven to enlarge their experience by emigration. Moira O'Neill has spoken for all such exiles.

Wathers of Moyle, I hear ye callin'
Clearer for half o' the world between,
Antrim hills and the wet rain fallin'
Whiles ye are nearer than snow-tops keen:
Dreams o' the night an' a night wind callin'
What is the half o' the world between?

MAUD STAWELL.

To Delia, from her Country Lover

(SEVENTEENTH CENTURY)

MY fickle love, my Delia, say,
Could I but carry you away,
And in my cottage set you down,
'Midst trees and flowers, far from the town
You think you tire of—would you stay?

Ah no, at first, demure yet gay,
At sweet simplicity you'd play
In wooden shoes and home-spun gown,
My fickle love.

But in a week, aye, in a day,
You'd weary and would hear me pray
A longer trial with a frown,
Then mocking at your country clown
And his poor hopes—you'd say me nay,
My fickle love.

WINIFRED ROSS.

The Loch Lomond Expedition

An Episode of the Rising of 1715

The Lord's my targe, I will be stout
With dirk and trusty blade ;
Though Campbells swarm in flocks about,
I will not be afraid.

THESE lines quaintly illustrate a phase of Highland sentiment during the first half of the eighteenth century, when "Campbells" might be taken as a comprehensive term for the Hanoverian element as opposed to the supporters of the Stuart cause. This Western clan had consistently sided against the Jacobites, and the rising of 1715 found their chief, the Duke of Argyll, in supreme command of the Government forces in Scotland.

On August 20, the Earl of Mar had raised the Chevalier's standard at Braemar ; the northern clans were thronging to join him ; and broken bands, on the watch for any opportunity of plunder or retaliation, lurked among the glens and passes commanding access to the Lowlands.

In October some MacGregors under Gregor MacGregor of Glengyle, a nephew of Rob Roy, swept through the pass of Balmaha, raided the lands of Buchanan and Menteith, seized all the boats, and retired to Inch Murren, the largest island on Loch Lomond, about two miles from Balloch. Here they made merry at the expense of His Grace of Montrose ; for, not content with occupying his land, they devoured several of his deer ; although, as we are indignantly told, they might have had cows' flesh in plenty. This preference for venison is interesting, as cattle were then a prized and somewhat rare commodity in the Highlands. At midnight these caterans came ashore in the parish of Bonhill, where they were received by the ringing of all the church bells. Such an ominous sound may have suggested the infliction of a Presbyterian discourse ; it acted on their nerves with terrifying effect,

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and they at once thought fit to scamper in great haste back to their boats. They returned to the island, took care to load their flotilla with more of His Grace's venison, and departed for Inversnaid.

No self-respecting county could tolerate such conduct, and the Loch Lomond expedition was the response. An account of this operation, which was conducted with all the pomp and circumstance of a modern review, was reprinted and edited by James Dennistoun, of Glasgow, in 1834, from original documents; but who the author was does not appear. He begins by describing the Clan Gregiour as a race of men "utterly infamous for thieving, depredation, and murder," and refers to other peculiarities in order to expose them as "miscreants who neither fear God nor regard man." The expedition started with five hundred volunteers from Paisley and Ayrshire, who had been posted as a garrison to protect Hanoverian interests in Dumbarton and the district, and one hundred sailors, "well hearted and well armed," from the men-of-war then lying in the Clyde. These brought with them their pinnaces and long boats armed with two large screw-guns and four pateraroes, which were swivel-cannon fixed to the gunwale and often charged with nails, stones, and any miscellaneous projectiles that came readiest to hand. Local levies also joined from Dumbarton, Kilpatrick, Rosneath, Row, and Cardross, under the command of the Honourable Master John Campble of Mammore, uncle to the Duke of Argyll, MacAulay of Ardencaple, and a fine train of the gentlemen of the shire.

The boats were dragged by horses up the Leven, "which next to Spey is reckon'd the most rapid river in Scotland"; and though our informant limits his description strictly to the martial side of the enterprise, it is permissible to suppose from what he leaves unsaid that a glorious autumn day lent energy and courage to the band. The devious windings of the river led them through a valley then famous for its sylvan beauty, and at no time more pleasing than when in the full radiance of its autumn tints. Three miles up they would reach

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the only sign of habitation, a few cottages round Cordale House and the old mansion of the Smolletts, the Place of Bonhill. Both these mansions stood close by the riverside, as indeed they stand to this day. Here, no doubt, they baited, and refreshed the inner man, for even high enterprise must be sustained at intervals by bread and cheese.

On reaching the loch, as many as could boarded the boats; sail was set, and on water and land the expedition advanced in order of battle. We are told that the men marched with the greatest ardour and alacrity; while from the pinnaces, pateraroes and small arms were discharged, and so dreadful a noise was produced through the multiplied echoes of the vast mountains that "perhaps there was never a more lively resemblance of thunder." In fact, "they made altogether so very fine an appearance as had never been seen in that place before, and might have gratified even a curious person." And so, against evening, when the russet on the distant hills was fading into sombre grey, and fringes of mist lay like smoke along the wooded shores, they came to Luss, eleven miles out.

Here they were joined by Sir Humphrey Colquhoun and forty or fifty of his clan, "stately fellows in their short hose and belted plaids, arm'd each of 'em with a well-fix'd gun on his shoulder, a strong handsome target, with a sharp pointed steel of above half an ell in length screw'd into the navel of it on his left arm, a sturdy claymore by his side and a pistol or two with a durk and knife in his belt." King George or King James might mean little to them; the propinquity of a hereditary foe was sufficient excuse for their patriotism. They remembered Glen Fruin, where, a little over a century before, their clan had been almost exterminated by the MacGregors.

Next morning the Jacobites amongst them tried, as they had already done, to turn the expedition. Macdonald of Glengarry, who was lying in Strathfillan with fifteen hundred men, was said to have reinforced the MacGregors.

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The Highlanders would sit in safety behind the rocks and pepper the boats as they crossed to Inversnaid. But in vain; "all this could not dishearten these brave men. They knew that the McGregiours and the Devil are to be dealt with after the same manner, and that if they be resisted they will flee."

Thus comforted, they persevered; and by noon reached Inversnaid, the place of danger. Here it was deemed advisable to prepare the ground by artillery fire; and as the enemy absolutely declined to show himself, Captain Clark, "in order to rouse those thieves from their dens loos'd one of his great guns and drove a ball through the roof of a house on the face of the mountain, whereupon an old wife or two came crawling out and scrambled up the hill, but otherwise there was no appearance of any body of men on the mountains, only some few, standing out of reach on the craggy rocks looking at them." On this the whole force, "to the number of one hundred men in all" (presumably the boats could hold no more, and the remainder stood to admire and encourage on the Inverouglass shore), "with the greatest intrepidity leapt on shore, got up to the top of the mountain, and drew up in order, and stood about an hour, their drums beating all the while, but no enemy appearing, they thereupon went in quest of the boats." These they destroyed or carried back with them to Luss, and thence returned next day to Dumbarton, "without the loss or hurt of so much as one man."

The account ends with a pious reflection on the Providence of God in that, though a prodigious storm had been raging for three days past, they got a fair wind in their poop all the way up the loch, and "when they had done their business it kindly veer'd about and brought them safely and speedily" home. It then commenced to blow as boisterously as before. Nor did they abuse their opportunity to burn the goods and housing of the MacGregors. They did not take from them the value of a shoe latchet, save one fork, which is excused as it "might have been used as a weapon."

Although it seems to have been a fantastical affair, there can be no doubt that the expedition had the desired effect. In a time of mutual distrust and great uncertainty, it showed that here at least the authorities were determined to act with energy and decision, and that any descent on Dumbartonshire would meet with a warm reception. The Macgregors retreated to Strathfillan, where Glengarry was joined by fresh levies from the western islands. He ventured no further south, but turned off with his whole force, some two thousand four hundred strong, against Inverary.

STUART K. TURNBULL.

The Hermit Pope

ON the 19th of May the Roman Church celebrates the Feast of St. Celestine, Pope and Confessor, praying in her collect for grace "after the example of him who prized the supreme pontificate less than humility," "to despise all worldly things and happily attain to the rewards which are promised to the humble." In startling contrast with her canonisation is the scathing judgment of Dante; he has placed Celestine, "who made from cowardice the great refusal," on the confines of hell, amid "that crew of caitiffs, hateful alike to God and to His enemies, who lived without blame and without praise."

The story of the Hermit Pope and his "great refusal" is one of the strangest pages in the strange book of mediæval history. Celestine is the embodiment of the apocalyptic ideas which filled many men's minds when the thirteenth century was drawing to its close—ideas which had their fountain-head in the prophecies of the Calabrian mystic, Joachim de Flore. Joachim had announced the coming of a new dispensation, under which political organisation and outward ceremonial should be replaced by asceticism and contemplation, and monks should preach the "eternal

gospel" and rule the world. Celestine's age was one of widespread corruption in the hierarchy; and an ardent zeal for Church reform was abroad, mingled with wild, fantastic hopes. In the Franciscan Order a sharp strife was being waged between the "Spirituals," inspired by the teachings of Joachim and clinging to the absolute poverty which had been St. Francis's ideal, and the laxer brethren, who aimed at worldly wealth and influence. In Celestine the "Spirituals" found a Pope after their own heart. Great was their joy at his election; it seemed as if at last the saints were to judge the world.

Peter of Morrone was probably the man most famous for sanctity in all Italy when, near the age of eighty, he ascended the papal throne as Celestine the Fifth. The son of peasants in the Abruzzi, he had, since his twenty-first year, given himself to a hermit's life in the mountains of his native province. Seeking solitude, he withdrew to the almost inaccessible summit of Monte Majella; but thither the fame of his holiness drew other ascetics, until it became necessary to build houses and found an order. During Peter's lifetime this order is said to have so increased as to possess thirty-six monasteries and more than six hundred monks. To obtain the due confirmation of it, Peter is stated by his later biographers to have made a journey on foot to the Council of Lyons; and marvellous tales are told of how two angels attended him to ward off danger, and how on his arrival he hung his cowl on a sunbeam. From what we know of his life, Peter seems to have been a simple-minded anchorite, with little learning, and little knowledge or understanding of the great world.

His sudden and startling elevation to the papacy was due to dissensions among the Cardinal electors. In July 1294 the papal chair had been vacant for more than two years—a thing only once paralleled in earlier history—and the rival parties showed no signs of coming to agreement.

Then Latinus Malabranca, the most distinguished member of the College, acting by arrangement with

Charles II., King of Naples, declared to the cardinals assembled at Perugia that the Holy Ghost had made in a dream a revelation to a saintly man. It was that the Divine wrath would descend within four months if a Pope were not chosen. Benedict Gaetani, afterwards Boniface VIII., the leader of the party opposed to Latinus, inquired if the saintly man was Peter of Morrone; Latinus answered that he was, and at once proposed that the inspired hermit should be elected to the vacant throne. The cardinals, taken by surprise, possibly conscience-stricken, and each hoping to gain power through a feeble Pope, at last came to an understanding, and on July 5, 1294, Peter was chosen to be Supreme Head of the Church.

No sooner was he elected than a dispute arose as to who was to gain the first influence over him by bearing the news. Finally, instead of the usual embassy of cardinals, the Archbishop of Lyons and the Bishops of Orvieto and Porto, with two apostolic notaries, were dispatched. One of the cardinals, however, suddenly joined them at the foot of Monte Morrone, and King Charles lay in wait near by.

Strange indeed must the contrast have been between the brilliant train of ecclesiastics and the simple recluse whom they saluted on the mountain's summit as Head of Christendom. Gazing through the iron-barred window of a narrow cell, they beheld a timid old man, clad in a rough tunic, with unkempt beard, pale and sunken cheeks, limbs emaciated by many fasts, and eyelids wet with tears. Reverently kneeling, they told him how great a lot had fallen to him. He retired a while to pray for counsel, and then declared that he accepted, though unwillingly, the call, fearing Divine punishment if, for his own peace' sake, he refused to bear the burden.

No sooner had he been escorted down the mountain to the monastery at its foot than King Charles appeared, and the unhappy Pope never escaped from his clutches while his pontificate lasted. Charles, who had many ends

to serve, made him a mere tool, and gave him as officials creatures of his own. On them Peter, unused to business, leaned, and the King was able to work his will.

The cardinals at Perugia thrice besought the Pope to join them there, but Charles contrived to prevent him from going, and they on their part were afraid to venture into the King's dominions.

Meanwhile Peter had been transferred to Aquila. He entered the town riding on an ass, with the reins held by Charles and his son. Many praised his humility; others deemed that he was lowering the dignity of the papacy. The townsfolk received him with enthusiasm. Soon followed his consecration, coronation, and investiture with the pallium. Three cardinals only were present to perform the rites.

When the others heard of the events at Aquila, jealousy of the King's influence drew them thither. They insisted on a second coronation, and the ceremony was repeated in great state in a church outside the walls. Another solemn entry into Aquila then took place, Peter riding, surrounded by the whole Curia and with a great train of clergy, not upon an ass, but upon a white steed. An immense crowd, moved, so contemporary witnesses tell, by spiritual enthusiasm rather than by hope of gain, took part in the festivities, and sought the blessing of the saint-Pope.

We have seen how powerless Celestine lay in Charles's hands. The only part of the Pope's policy which came from himself was his care for the religious orders. He bestowed special privileges upon the Morrónites, the order he had founded, who now took the name of Celestines. He favoured the "spiritual" Franciscans, taking them under his peculiar patronage; he divided the Roman province of the Dominicans into two; he visited Monte Cassino, the parent house of the Benedictines, and sought to persuade the monks to join his own order; and to the needy Johannites he assigned certain revenues.

Most of his other official acts may be traced to the pressure of the ambitious Charles. New cardinals were

created on the King's nomination ; his son was made Archbishop of Lyons ; his treaty with Aragon was confirmed ; money was assigned to him by the Pope for the recapture of Sicily ; and finally the whole Curia was transferred to his capital city of Naples. No wonder the cardinals, who in electing Celestine had hoped to win power for themselves, were indignant at the sight of a Pope wholly under the thumb of a self-seeking layman. The confusion, too, which resulted from Celestine's complete ignorance of business was lamentable.

Meanwhile the Pope himself was feeling painfully the burden of his office and his complete unfitness for it. Still more was he troubled by the lack of time for penitential observances. As Advent drew near, he had a wooden cell constructed in a remote part of the palace, and there gave himself to devotion, neglecting his official duties. He would often say to his friends that, but for their sake, he would wish not to be Pope. His business he handed over to three cardinals ; naturally the others objected, declaring that there were now three popes instead of one.

Then came the idea of abdication. It is doubtful who suggested it ; some say the cardinals, and that Benedict Gaetani, Celestine's successor, worked upon the Pope's conscience by speaking words of supposed angelic warning through a tube into his lonely cell. More probably, however, the idea sprang from Celestine's sense of his own incapacity.

Anyhow the desire for freedom grew stronger and stronger within him. Still, abdication was a thing unknown in the annals of the papacy, and its very possibility was questionable. Celestine took counsel of Benedict Gaetani, a profound lawyer, who expressed surprise, but declared the step possible, if valid grounds could be shown. Before long the plan became known to men to whom it was unwelcome in the highest degree—to Charles, to the newly appointed officials and cardinals, and to the Celestine brothers. The Celestines stirred up the people, and a great mob made its way into

the palace and demanded to see the Pope, who dared not admit that abdication was more than a passing thought in his mind.

In the College of Cardinals there were two parties, for and against the proposed abdication. Through the efforts of the latter section a procession was organised, in which many bishops and all the monks and clergy of the kingdom of Naples took part. It marched from the cathedral to the palace, and one of the bishops besought Celestine not to listen to those who would persuade him to resign. Celestine's answer was indecisive, but showed in which direction his intention lay.

It was not long before the first step was taken. A bull was issued, declaring valid the abdication of a Pope on important grounds. On December 13, 1294, Celestine appeared in the Consistory in full pomp, and renounced his high office on the grounds of his "desire for humility, for a purer life, for a stainless conscience, the weakness of his body, his ignorance, the perversity of the people, his personal incapacity, and his longing for the tranquillity of his former life." He then descended from his throne, laid aside the papal insignia—the ring, the crown, and the mantle—and sat upon the ground.

Touched by his humility, one of the cardinals exclaimed: "Thou art fleeing that which all men, wise and foolish alike, desire!" His resignation accepted, Peter hastened to his cell, "with such signs of spiritual gladness in his eyes and face"—so some eye-witnesses told Petrarch—"as if he had not freed his shoulders from a grateful burden, but his neck from a deadly axe; and in his countenance there shone an angelic light."

To him, perhaps, the five months of his pontificate may have seemed but an evil dream, a delusion of the fiend, an unreal interruption of his true life of solitude, fasting, and prayer.

Alas! there was little more peace for him on earth. His very existence was a danger to the title of his successor, Benedict Gaetani (Boniface VIII.), for the

legality of the abdication was questioned. The poor hermit was placed under custody, and sent to Rome with an escort. He escaped, and, after wandering among the woods of Apulia, returned to his old mountain hermitage. Thither his pursuers followed him, and he fled, taking ship for Dalmatia. A storm threw him back on the Italian coast. The people there venerated him as a saint, and begged him to declare himself Pope again, but he gave himself up to the *Podestà* of the place and was brought once more into the hands of Boniface, who persuaded him to consent to perpetual imprisonment. Shut up in the mountain fortress of Fumone near Alatri, in a cell so narrow, it is said, that when he slept his head touched the altar where he celebrated Mass, he did not linger long. On May 19, 1296, he passed away, martyred, it seemed, by the cruelty of his successor.

In 1313 the Church canonised him. How Dante judged him we have seen ; on the other hand Petrarch, in his book on "The Solitary Life," praised the "wondrous and lofty mind" which led Celestine to despise the highest prize ever renounced by mortal man.

We of the modern world may perhaps be content neither to praise nor condemn, but to pity him.

C. A. MILES.

Harmless Beverages in Relation to Health

FEW people know that fluid in the way of water and other harmless beverages is of even more importance in the preservation of health than the food they eat ; indeed food would be of no use, nor could it be assimilated by the system, nor would it nourish or maintain the tissues, if it were not for the assistance of water. This is the vehicle which enables the food that

maintains life to pass into the tissues through the organs which deal with it. To begin with, we can live longer without food than we can without fluid. In extreme emergency human and animal life may be carried on without solid sustenance for a period of forty or fifty days, but if all fluid is withheld it has been proved that about a fortnight would be the limit. This fact illustrates how important fluid is in the operations of life, and how important it is to the continued maintenance of health. The system seems to demand it more than it does food, and the deprivation of fluid entails far greater agony than the deprivation of food. This has been illustrated over and over again in cases of shipwreck, and during campaigns in hot countries, where it was difficult to procure water. Indeed I have been told that during the Soudan campaign, soldiers would rush to wells putrid with decaying vegetation and animal refuse, though they knew they were drinking poison. Plenty of pure water is, therefore, of supreme necessity to our well-being. How essential it is that it should not be contaminated as, unfortunately, it so often is in populous districts. Though the law is so stringent with regard to the adulteration of food it is exceedingly lax as to the adulteration of water with sewage and other dangerous products. Sewage, and the refuse of tan-yards, paper-works, dye-works, chemical works, and other sources of contamination are still allowed to run into rivers, and people use river-water that fish are unable to live in, and then expect to be healthy. It is true that the State has done a little in this way in recent years, but it is gross dereliction of duty in the State not having done more. Were all waters used for drinking purposes pure, the rate of mortality would go down four or five more per thousand, and typhoid would become unknown, for this is almost entirely a disease of polluted water.

The law punishes the man who sells diseased meat, but the law does not punish the authorities who sell impure water; and the latter kills a hundred people where the former kills one. Thirty or more years ago a cesspool

overflowed into a rivulet supplying the village of Compton in Dorsetshire with water. The result was a virulent epidemic of diphtheria. One whole family of six children was swept away, and many others died. Water may appear to the eye clear and bright and sparkling and yet be dangerous to health. Life would indeed be safer if all water were boiled before being drunk; a pinch of salt added to each tumblerful would do away with its insipidity. Water thus treated, and spring water, or water from artesian wells, are the only safe waters for drinking purposes; and it is well to remember that filtering water does not always destroy or eliminate all poisonous germs.

The human body consists of five-sixths of its weight in fluid—indeed we might say of pure water, as it is possible to convert it into this element—and on the maintaining of the balance of fluid in the body depends in a great measure life and freedom from disease. It is common knowledge that pure fresh air and plenty of it is an important factor in maintaining healthy life and stamina, and common observation of those who live in towns and those who live in the country illustrates this to the meanest capacity. Contrast the ruddy appearance and rude health of the agricultural labourer with the pale, anæmic complexion of the town denizen who lives in the vitiated air of crowded dwellings. The latter may be far better fed than the former; but food, to nourish the system to perfection, requires two adjuncts—fresh air and pure water.

Now, water to the kidneys is as important as air to the lungs, and just as the more pure air inhaled by the lungs the better the health, so the more water taken to flush the blood of impurities by the aid of the kidneys and skin, the better for health in every way.¹

The lay reader may ask what fluid does that it should be so important. I may point out that it does this: it enables the blood, more particularly by the action of the

¹ See "Health and Condition in the Active and the Sedentary" (London: Sampson Low & Co., publishers).

kidneys and the skin, to carry out of the system the refuse of food that is not used in the operations of life. By flushing the blood it enables it to wash away as it passes through the body the waste of different tissues that have done their work in the process of life and the everlasting change that is going on in the body from the cradle to the grave. These have become effete matters, which when retained in the blood lead to very many forms of ill-health to which I shall refer later on. It is simply amusing to me, who daily deal with ailments arising from improper food taken, and to excess of fluid in the shape of wine, beer, etc., to observe the ignorance that exists as to the relative merits of food and fluid in relation to health and long life. It is by no means unusual for patients to come, say, for the treatment of gout, which is entirely due to improper food and insufficient and injurious liquids in the way of alcohol in its different forms, who have been frightened by some ignorant adviser who has told them that it is injurious to drink at meals; that drinking at meals leads to obesity and indigestion, and other ailments of mal-nutrition or over-nutrition. It is a dangerous fallacy, for I might go so far as to say that any one having a tendency to gout, or the gouty diathesis, is simply courting disaster by limiting fluid; and that he or she cannot drink too much harmless fluid; indeed the amount may be unlimited with benefit to the gouty. In their case to dissolve the uric acid in the system in such a way that the kidneys can eliminate it, two hundred thousand times its weight in fluid is essential. The retention there of this poison is incompatible with health, as it leads to gout in all its protean forms. It is perfectly true that there are conditions in life where fluid has to be limited to the amount that should be taken, but this applies to diseased states of the system that certainly do not come within the knowledge of the kind of individual who generally arrives at the fallacious conclusion that every man of forty is either a fool or a physician. In point of fact he may be both, but as a rule he is mostly the former.

It may seem an absurdity to call water a food, but it is a very important food, for, as before remarked, without water the solids could not be taken up as nutriment into the blood, and by so doing maintain life and keep the economy in working order. The quantity of water that should be taken daily depends largely upon circumstances, but as a rule about four and a half pounds or pints of water are excreted from the body daily, and therefore this amount must be taken, either in fluid or in food. For instance, vegetables and fruits of all kinds are nearly entirely made up of water, and even meat in its different forms is nearly all water. Half the weight of the solid food taken during the day may be estimated as water. The amount that should be consumed by the individual depends a great deal upon the food he lives on. For instance, the vegetarian requires less water, or rather requires to drink less water than the meat-eater, and the meat-eater requires more water than the vegetarian, as the waste of a meat diet has to be carried away by the kidneys; and it is very important that plenty of fluid should be taken to do this, otherwise such conditions as gout, rheumatism, and other states of health depending on too much food and too little fluid to carry it off are the result. Needless to say, in hot weather more liquid is necessary, as transpiration is so much more rapid, especially if exercise is taken, and there can be no robust health without exercise, as the action of the skin is absolutely necessary; supreme mental and physical condition depend upon this.

In a state of health the water that is taken is excreted by the kidneys, skin and lungs, and no amount taken would be retained beyond a short time. That is, assuming a person took two or three times the ordinary amount of water, there would be no increase in weight from it, but there are such diseases as dropsy, where the water is retained in the tissues, and in this case the amount of water imbibed should be as small as is compatible with maintaining life.

I have had occasion to notice, in dieting for the reduction

of weight, where the weight is often taken daily and always weekly, that though the amount of fat lost daily under a given dietary must be always absolutely the same, the weight of the body does not always show this. Indeed, where the decrease of a pound or two in weight should take place, an increase sometimes occurs, and thus I have, from long observation, come to the conclusion that the tissues are really reservoirs of water, and from some condition, probably atmospheric, there is a great deal more fluid in the tissues on some days than on others. This is, of course, absolutely compatible with perfect health, but is a curious fact nevertheless. It is also important to health that the amount of water consumed during the day should be, as far as possible, distributed over the day. This refers more particularly to fat persons, whose hearts are always weak; in their case it is not advisable that the blood should contain more than the normal amount of weight in fluid. It is a curious fact, but nevertheless it is a true one, that hot water is a greater aid to digestion taken during meals than cold water. The hot water stimulates the stomach walls, and the meal is more rapidly digested and passes out of the stomach more quickly; therefore those who suffer from sluggish digestion would do well to drink hot water with meals in preference to cold. This accounts for the fact that a tumbler of hot water will often relieve the severe pain of flatulent indigestion.

In thickly populated countries there is considerable danger of infection from polluted water, and water, passing so rapidly into the circulation, is a greater source of infection than any solid food or milk; indeed one would not be going too far in saying that water kills more people in this way in England than alcohol. It is true that of late years the subject of pure water has attracted a large amount of attention, but still there is no gainsaying the fact that no person is wise who drinks water unless it has first been boiled, if it is not from some source where its purity is not a matter of doubt. It must always be remembered that filtering water does not get

each person and one for the pot is not a good one, as the size of teaspoons varies, and so does the size of the tea-leaf and the closeness with which it lies together. Tea-tasters use the weight of a new sixpence to three and a half ounces of water. This would be a weak infusion, and, as a rule, the tea-drinker likes a strong beverage with plenty of body. A very important matter in the making of tea is that the pot should be thoroughly heated in order that the temperature may be maintained, as it is only at the boiling-point that the volatile constituents of the leaf, to which the beverage owes its taste and merits, can be properly extracted. To make it in perfection, after it has infused for from three to five minutes, it should be drawn off from the teapot into another heated pot. In this way but an infinitesimal amount of tannin enters into its composition; a second brew should be avoided, for a single one is sufficient to remove from the leaf all useful constituents.

Forty or fifty years ago, the only tea sold in England was Chinese, but of recent years Ceylon and India have supplied a vast quantity. In my opinion, from long experience and observation of the different teas, those from Ceylon are in every way the most serviceable and the most delicious. This tea has also other advantages besides the excellence of its quality, as it comes from a British dependency, and is prepared under British auspices. It does not pass through the dirty hands of the Mongolian, but is manipulated after it leaves the bush entirely by machinery, and this of the most up-to-date character. This remark applies peculiarly to the vast estates of the Lipton Company, the largest importers of tea in the world, whose name is now a household word. The whole art and process of bringing the leaf to perfection is too complicated to enter into here. Suffice it to say that it undergoes many processes, drying, blending, packing and so on, during the whole duration of which it is untouched by hand. It goes without saying that the larger establishments that grow tea for the English market can only offer it for consumption in a very

period than this the tannin that the leaves contain is drawn out in excess, and though tannin is not in the usual acceptation of the term a deleterious substance, still the liquid is far better when this does not occur.

It is interesting to note what enormous strides the consumption of tea has made in England, and indeed in many other countries, since it was first imported by the Dutch East India Company in the year 1610. Its price was then ten guineas a pound, so that one can readily believe that it grew but slowly in popularity; and even fifty years after this Pepys, writing in his diary, says: "I called for a cup of tea, a Chinese drink which I have never drunk before." Indeed, it is only since the beginning of the last century that it has made such enormous strides in popular favour, and deservedly so.

The consumption then was one pound and a quarter per head of the population and now it amounts to over six pounds per head. Great Britain consumes more than all the other European countries put together, and tea seems more popular among English-speaking races than it does among others. Speaking from personal experience of Continental countries, whatever may be the shortcomings of those who make tea in England, they do not equal the shortcomings of those who make it in France, Italy, Germany, and elsewhere; indeed, it is almost impossible to get a good cup of tea in any country outside our own. Tea, to be the delicious beverage it should be, should be infused, and not boiled or stewed, as is so often the case. The Chinese rule is to take water from a running stream. That from hill springs is best; well water is the worst. What this really means is that the water should be well aerated, and the tea should be made directly the water boils. If it has to be made with hard water it is advisable to put a pinch of soda in the teapot, though moderately hard water is the ideal to be aimed at. The quantity of tea that should be infused in any given quantity of water, depends in a great measure upon the taste of its votary. The old rule of a teaspoonful for

each person and one for the pot is not a good one, as the size of teaspoons varies, and so does the size of the tea-leaf and the closeness with which it lies together. Tea-tasters use the weight of a new sixpence to three and a half ounces of water. This would be a weak infusion, and, as a rule, the tea-drinker likes a strong beverage with plenty of body. A very important matter in the making of tea is that the pot should be thoroughly heated in order that the temperature may be maintained, as it is only at the boiling-point that the volatile constituents of the leaf, to which the beverage owes its taste and merits, can be properly extracted. To make it in perfection, after it has infused for from three to five minutes, it should be drawn off from the teapot into another heated pot. In this way but an infinitesimal amount of tannin enters into its composition; a second brew should be avoided, for a single one is sufficient to remove from the leaf all useful constituents.

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perfect form, while they have also to offer it at a cheaper price than the smaller ones, and therefore Ceylon and Indian teas have greater value for money than Chinese teas. They also contain less tannin and are superior in flavour. Personally I prefer the tea grown on and exported from the Lipton estates in Ceylon to any other, though I believe that a blend of Ceylon and Indian teas is considered an advantage. But as far as I am concerned as a tea-drinker, and one who would almost rather go without his dinner than without his afternoon cup of tea, I prefer the pure Ceylon. Although many prefer tea with no addition beyond sweetening, the addition of a little milk or cream undoubtedly makes it more nutritious, and milk assists in throwing down the tannin, assuming any to be present, and therefore makes the tea, if possible, a more valuable beverage. The Russian custom is to drink it with a slice of lemon in it, and many prefer it in this way, but in England, as we all know, it is usual to drink tea with the addition of sugar and milk. It seems to fill some want in the system, and undoubtedly it is the best substitute for alcohol under all conditions. As a dietist I look upon tea as a valuable product in every respect, and its price now puts it within reach of the humblest. The more it takes the place of alcohol the better for our race, and every endeavour should be made to popularise it, not only by making it in the very best form, but by offering it at such a price as to supplant alcohol in the form of beer, wines and spirits.

Another important beverage, and one which is seldom well made in England, is coffee, and coffee has most of the attributes of tea; in fact, a well-made cup of coffee is "a dream." Coffee to be made in perfection should be infused and not boiled, and should be entirely free from grounds. There are many ingenious apparatus for making coffee, but the best of all is one where the coffee is put into a percolator, under a gauze receptacle, and the boiling water is passed through the coffee through a funnel. I remember this apparatus fifty years ago, and

I daresay it is sold somewhere now. The aroma of the fluid depends in a great measure upon the berries being freshly baked and thoroughly ground. It is more difficult to make in perfection than tea, and few people will take the trouble to see that what I have recommended is carried out.

One may also mention, as we are dealing with beverages beneficial to health, that cocoa, though not so popular as tea and coffee, has of late years gained considerably in popularity, and as it contains a large percentage of oil, it has a certain dietetic value; but on account of flavour it does not seem to meet with the appreciation it deserves. Nor does it agree with every one.

For those who can afford it, there is no question that fluid may be taken in a pleasant, harmless way in the shape of soda water where it is made from sources that cannot possibly be contaminated; but there are certain mineral waters, more especially those from the Taunus mountains in Germany, which are not only refreshing and harmless beverages, but have distinct advantages, especially for the gouty, rheumatic, and dyspeptic, on account of the salts that they contain. These waters, and there are a great many of them sold, are mostly bottled in the Taunus mountains in Germany, in the neighbourhood of Homburg. All these waters are very beneficial, for they are not only pleasant to the taste, but are charged with natural carbonic acid gas and contain useful salts. They are beneficial not only in the case of the gouty and obese, but in some forms of dyspepsia, such as the gouty, where it is necessary to take fluid freely. Many of these waters are exceedingly pleasant to the taste and quite harmless in any quantity.

Some years ago I was commanded to Homburg to advise a patient for the reduction of weight, and, having while out there much spare time on my hands, I employed it in going about the Taunus Mountains to find for my purposes of treatment by diet, in such con-

ditions as obesity and gout, a pleasant and suitable mineral water. There were many springs that I visited, and in some cases the waters were still; of these I did not approve, but after a time I found waters that answered my purpose admirably. They were imported into England, where they are now very largely drunk. One is, I believe, in great demand.¹ It is absolutely pure, and contains a small percentage of those alkaline salts so useful in the case of the gouty and the obese. It may be taken to any extent; in fact, if one may so express it, it brings Homburg to England for the purpose indicated, in the case of those who cannot afford the time and trouble to visit the neighbourhood of Homburg in person.

While on the matter of the dietetic treatment of obesity it is desirable to say a few words as to the value of fluid in dieting for this condition. There is so much ignorance on the point that it would be a good thing to correct it as far as possible.

Many years ago a very celebrated German physician of the name of Schweningen earned considerable repute in treating obesity, and his success was great. The principal feature of his system was a fat-reducing diet and the deprivation of all fluid at meals, and as far as possible at other times as well. Many of those who underwent the treatment told me that this deprivation of fluid was the most painful part of the process. Now I must say that, with a very probably far greater experience in treating obesity, not only personally but by correspondence as well, I have found this cutting off of fluid to be absolutely wrong, and in many cases harmful; and the reduction in weight is far too slow. I am in the habit of allowing the patient to take any amount of fluid, but of course it has to be fluid free from *sugar* and *starch*. That is, it must be either tea, coffee, or water, or unsweetened aerated water—Cambrunnen, and so on. Beer, sweet wines, lemonade and such liquids,

¹ Cambrunnen Sparkling Table Water, may be procured from the Cambrunnen Co., 104 Great Portland Street, London, W.

containing, as they do, a large percentage of sugar, are debarred. As so many thousands of people attempt to *diet themselves* for the reduction of weight (a very unwise proceeding, I may remark, as they make too many blunders), it may interest them to know that they need not deny themselves fluid in the least, nor need they debar themselves from food to any extent, assuming that the fluid and food are harmless and adapted to their physical requirements and state of health in order to maintain these as they should be, and to increase energy, strength and stamina, while the reduction in weight is being made at a reasonably rapid rate; that would mean at the rate of from ten to fourteen pounds a month.¹ Had I been a German physician, knowing as I do so well the habits of the Germans, I should certainly have done as Schweningen did, because the average German imbibes thin beer to an inordinate extent, and therefore in his case it was necessary, if anything at all was to be done as regards reducing obesity, to cut down the fluid to the smallest extent possible; though, as I have pointed out over and over again, it is perfectly safe to reduce weight at any age, if it is done under proper medical supervision. But under no condition is it advisable that a person ignorant of dietetics should attempt to do it, as in all cases they break rules and starve themselves, and, instead of doing good, do harm; and then they fall back on quack medicines, and in this case ruin their health.

Of late years the effects of flushing the system out with water with a view to removing the ill effects of luxurious habits has become almost a craze among certain classes, and visits are paid to springs abroad for this purpose, where an enormous amount of water is taken and the food is restricted. It is true that the same cure can be had at home, if the waters of the medicinal springs are drunk in the same way as at Homburg and Marienbad. Indeed, it would be far better to drink these waters in England than to go abroad, where the food

¹ See "Dietetic Cure of Obesity" ("Foods for the Fat"). (London: Chatto & Windus, publishers.)

of the Englishman is not understood, and where, after three or four weeks of purging at Marienbad, the patient comes home washed out and altogether out of condition. There is no greater fallacy in the world than to believe that a visit of three weeks to Homburg, Carlsbad, Marienbad, or any other health resort, can be more than ephemeral in its effect, and it is simply ridiculous to think that if a patient is burdened with five or six stone of superfluous weight it can be materially reduced in any three or four weeks' cure ; in fact, none of these "cures" abroad is of any use so far as the reduction of weight is concerned. As a rule, those who go to these health resorts abroad for this purpose, if they do lose a few pounds, quickly put it on again on their return, and they go on increasing in weight more than ever. It is very difficult to get such people to see that continued healthy life depends not upon restriction for three weeks from gorging and guzzling, but on a little moderation the whole year round, and the actual restriction need be but very small indeed.

I think I may claim to know something of the mode of life of the luxurious classes, and my experience is that those who live to eat or drink live for very little else, and that they will admit of no restraint upon appetite or upon the pleasures of the table. But the curious fact is this, that many who live to eat are very hard upon those who live to drink. I could tell tales on this subject, but I will refrain. However, the fact remains, and in the words of Hudibras, many

Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.

Alas! human nature has not altered in three hundred years, nor will it in a thousand more. Thousands will probably read these lines. Some will promise themselves to profit by the advice given, and then break the promise ; the majority will throw it to the winds, saying : " Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

The wealthy, luxurious, indolent class, loaded with

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gout-poison, choked with fat, with enlarged livers, with hearts restricted in their action, and encumbered with adipose tissue, with dropsical legs and breathlessness on exertion, prefer to try to obviate the evils of gorging and guzzling by an annual visit (if they can afford it) to that Mecca of the gourmand, Marienbad, where a system that they would not tolerate in England, of early hours and copious drinking of aperient waters and restrictions in food, for a time brings relief; but how transient, and at what a cost! A few years of the enervating effects of the Marienbad waters (purgative waters), with a restricted dietary and excessive exercise, before the heart is toned to bear it, will end in a dilated heart and other evils that mean the shortening of life. One thing is very certain, and that is, that there is no such thing as rapidly curing the gouty diathesis when it is once firmly established, and certain it is that no amount of Marienbad waters or drugs will do this. To sum up, I may say from long experience in treating ailments of malnutrition by diet, that abundant harmless fluid, proper food, and moderate exercise mean health, comfort and long life.

N. E. YORKE-DAVIES.

A Ramble in the Abruzzi

II—ISOLA LIRI

I LEFT Scanno rather abruptly; the *diligence* drive is long, and after many days' rain I thought it well to utilise a fine morning. There was frost on the ground, a nipping and an eager air; blue sky, however, and everywhere colour and sparkle. I climbed to the perch beside the driver, and was reproved by a very reverend bishop in the interior of the vehicle.

"Ah, Signora," he shouted through the window, "you are not wise. Your seat is incommodious, and before an hour is over you will die of the cold."

I laughed at him, but afterwards repented, for he was

an affable old gentleman, and would have taught me many things had conversation been easier. I learned from the postman that before his promotion he had been arch-priest at Scanno, and was greatly beloved. This, indeed, was evident; a crowd came to see him off, and at Villa Lago, Anversa, wherever we halted, young and old flocked round him and told him their whole histories since he had left them.

My destination was Sora, but the bishop, in one of our through-the-window conversations, advised me to sojourn at Isola Liri instead.

"At Sora," he explained, "there is nothing, nothing. But at Isola there are several factories."

I was dumbfounded, but a peasant who had joined the party in the interior came to the rescue, saying that both at Sora and at Isola there was, of course, the landscape.

"Ah yes, the landscape," admitted the bishop, indifferently.

I decided for Isola, less on account of the factories than because the big topographical book I had been studying had found very much more to say of it than of Sora. Nor did experience cause repentance. I spent a day at Sora, and did not think it very interesting, though the situation is certainly magnificent.

But the train journey from Anversa was not to be accomplished in a single day. I spent a night at Avezzano. Here the aspect of the people terrified me, and I recalled all the myths I had heard of brigands and murderers in the Abruzzi. The railway porter looked villainous, but nothing in comparison with the ragged, blear-eyed, unshaven personage who conducted the hotel omnibus. The hotel landlady was an appalling old hag, and she summoned the conductor's twin brother to lead me to my apartment. When I required coffee it was brought by a waiter who had clearly modelled himself upon Caliban. I hasten to add that none of these shocking specimens of humanity did me the smallest damage; but were I inn-keeper at Avezzano I should certainly import aliens for my staff. I did not see much

of Avezzano, for it was dark when I arrived, and next morning there was that un-Italian thing, a thick fog.

In the afternoon I arrived at Isola Liri. The fog had lifted, but the day was still extraordinarily hideous. There was no colour on anything, and the wind blew raw and cold. Nor was the place attractive at first sight. All the roads were deep in mud ; the inn was rough, the landlord a youth dressed as a bicycling scorcher, the waiter a dwarf. Entry was through the *trattoria* (restaurant), and here sat groups of noisy persons drinking and smoking. My bedroom was the usual spacious wilderness with infinitesimal washing basin and a door which refused to shut. Being All Saints' Day, the high-road under my window was crowded with walkers, and with tall overflowing carts of holiday-makers. To my dismay, I perceived that at least half the male population was drunk. Had I spent only one day at Isola, I should certainly have thought it a horrid place.

Yet I stayed a week, and grew exceedingly fond of it. I should be quite pleased to go back there, and am prepared to recommend it to any one who likes sketching and does not mind plain fare. First impressions are generally mistaken, at least when they are unfavourable. If favourable, they must be clung to, for good is a positive quality and bad a negative ; consequently a good impression at its lowest is something, a bad impression at its worst is naught.

Isola Liri consists of two islands in the river Liris ; it is blessed with at least two immense waterfalls, and the water-power is the sufficient cause of important paper-mills. It is a busy little place, and the inhabitants are industrious and thriving. Probably it is only on All Saints' Day that they get drunk.

Mediæval palaces and fortresses seem incongruous with paper-mills. I climbed to the frowning citadel, but was denied admission. "Oh no ! only the factory folk are allowed within," said the seneschal, who put his head out through the barred door of the keep.

The town is not stately like Sulmona, nor black

and mysterious like Scanno. The streets are tortuous, without remarkable buildings, handsome fountains and market-places. It is all of a pleasant, warm brown, and the sunny alleys are thronged with bright-faced, bright-clothed, clean, and pleasant people. Every *Isola contadina* has an excellent eye for colour. The square-folded kerchief which she wears on her head is of delicious hue—soft rose or faded purple, orange, flame-colour, or the tender blue of distant sky-bathed mountains. On days of *fiesta* the white chemisettes and sleeves come out, and the skirts and aprons are gorgeous. I saw an old dame—one of the few with the floating white headgear almost discarded in this part of the Abruzzi—in a skirt of mustard colour trimmed with rows of black velvet. I complimented her on her toilette, and she sighed and said she was too old and too poor to get new things, and these she had worn when she was a bride—long ago—long ago!

At Isola the men are quite as picturesque as the women. Their tight breeches and open jackets are blue, round the neck is slung a short brown cloak lined with ruby or emerald, on the head is a conical felt hat, in the hand a long staff. Both sexes wear curious *zoccoli* or sandals, loose skin wraps bound to the feet and legs with leather straps, much like those of the shepherds on the Roman Campagna, but turned up high at the toe like an old Dutch skate.

Straying in an olive-yard one evening, I met a dear little Boy Blue and Bo-Peep bringing home a flock of black sheep. They were both about seven, and walked side by side with great gravity and importance, carrying long crooks. The boy was all in blue, with the cloak, the hat, the sandals of his elders. The girl had an orange skirt and a purple bodice. Her head was tied up in white exactly like Beatrice Cenci's, and indeed her childish, large-eyed face had the pathetic innocence and unspoken sorrow of that famous maid.

Both men and women carry huge burdens on their heads, but not the copper water-vases of Sulmona. The water travels in two-handled earthenware vessels of

antique form, sometimes of mere terra-cotta colour, more often bright glazed yellow with a green inscription. The old housemaid at the inn sold me hers. The motto and the date seem to refer to some event in her history :

“*Nonna, perchè piange?*” (Granny, why do you weep ?

“*Ho sete d'amore, 1892*” (I thirst for love, 1892).

This elderly housemaid was an incessant amusement to me. She was a great talker, unrestrained by my ignorance of her patois.

“Will not the Signora have ‘bush’ for her breakfast to-day?” she asked solicitously.

“What is ‘bush’?”

Peals of cracked laughter. “Why, to be sure, *bush*; what is so excellent for breakfast, so tasty, so expensive!”

“Very well, bring me *bush*,” said I, remembering that only fools forbid experiment. What arrived was no more nor less than simply butter.

She was much interested in my tea-making. I gave her a cup, and she trotted off for her mistress, the “scorcher’s” sister. “The Signora offers her drink—shall we taste?”

They both made wry faces, though the young lady in her politeness declared the beverage excellent. The old woman shook with laughter, her arms akimbo, tears of merriment raining from her bright, sunken eyes.

“And that is what they drink in your country? Alas, poor people! But, Signora, surely it is medicine you have given me!”

I found that at Isola it is not the custom to eat very much. In the *trattoria* I was generally joined by a gentleman with a little girl, two young men probably employed at the factories, and one or two officers. These people seldom ordered more than one dish apiece, wine, and a little fruit. I always watched the young officers with amazement, thinking of our subalterns and their costly Mess. Is this frugality the result of Protection, or of climate? Are beans and maccaroni more satisfying than roast beef, or only less palatable? Appetite is, I fancy, a question of race, and so is the great size upon

which Englishmen pride themselves. Perhaps it is not much good after all, and both in food and raiment it is apt to run to expense.

Isola is not like Sulmona, surrounded by mountains. The higher hills end at Sora, and, truth to tell, the road from Sora to Isola is dull as dull can be. Still one can wander away into the mountains easily enough. One such expedition I made, to the neighbouring Arpino, where the beautiful pottery is made. Here the peasant costume is more often worn than in busy Isola. If one stayed long, and if the weather were both fine and settled (as I never saw it), I expect one would discover many such walks through the wild upland country, wooded and fern-grown, or wind-swept and heather-strewn—always sparsely peopled. I was content to wander about the nearer nooks and crannies of the town and its environs, finding old gardens, ruins, waste corners to sketch, talking with the peasants and the factory hands, standing on the town bridge and wondering at the miniature Niagara of the waterfall.

Once I took a chaise and drove some eight miles to the Abbey of San Giovanni and Paolo, through olives and vines, passing smiling rural people, brigand-like shepherds mounted on little donkeys, prettily painted carts, and bedizened horses. The abbey is Early Gothic, very complete and beautiful. There are carved cloisters and a fine old refectory, now misused as a stable. Service was beginning, and a handful of worshippers attended it. I came out, however, and sat contemplating in the still evening air, listening to the cooing of pigeons and the flutter of wings among the cypresses and fountains of the formal garden.

But next day it was raining again, and all picturesqueness, all liveliness, were obliterated. I packed my things and journeyed to Rome.

Good-bye, gentle Isola! I shall always remember you with affection. It is in these quiet, out-of-the-way corners that one learns to *know* the country, more effectually than in hotels and museums, and among the chattering tourists who vulgarise the historic towns.

HELEN H. COLVILL.

The Incunabulum's Tale

MASTER :

TACITUS in red morocco,
Sine anno, sine loco,
Though nor place nor date be hinted,
Thou wast very early printed ;
Art Italian, if I err not,
Though the colophon aver not ;
Printed surely long ago,
Ere the wandering Angelo
Found the Annals. Say what lover
Fondly conned thy pages over,
Gave thee thy resplendent cover,
Tacitus, in red morocco,
Sine anno, sine loco.

BOOK :

Ay, 'twas in the Middle Ages
When I fluttered first my pages,
Like a bird without a rival,
At the Humanist revival,
At the second birth of letters :
We old volumes had no betters,
We, the first fruits of the press.
Me Melanchthon did possess,
And to Heidelberg he took me,
Where incurious he forsook me ;
Yet by scholars long I tarried,
And adown the Rhine stream carried
On a trekschuyt entered Holland,
Where, amid the learned Lowland,
Later did that prince of sages,
Oudendorpius, turn my pages.
Dying, to his heirs he left me,
Who of my whole skin bereft me,

Cast me as a brand to burning ;
But an Englishman of learning,
Merit in sad plight discerning,
Brought me safe to England over,
Gave me my resplendent cover,
Stamping on the red morocco,
Sine anno, sine loco.

MASTER :

Book, though all my fellows perish,
Thee I ever mean to cherish ;
I would put thee in a college,
'Mid the tomes of earlier knowledge,
Where secure thou mightst have lodgment,
Undisturbed till Day of Judgment,
Summo ustulandus foco,
Sine anno, sine loco.

C. W. BRODRIBB.

Helston Flora Day

WEST Country folk have for generations puzzled their heads over the meaning of certain quaint lines, whose origin is Cornish. In the western extremity of "the first and last county" there are two great annual festivals. On Whit Monday the Methodists troop in battalions to Gwennap Pit ; on May 8 all roads lead to Helston, and charabanc after charabanc unloads its freight from Falmouth, Penzance, the Lizard, Redruth, Camborne, Truro, and scores of places around, and the people, in holiday mood, enjoy the delights of Flora Day. The lines referred to are as follows :

Robin Hood and Little John
They both are gone to Fair, O,
And we will go to the Merry Green wood
To see what they do there, O ;

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And for to chase, O,
 To chase the buck and doe.
 With Hal-an-tow,
 Jolly rumble, O.

And we were up as soon
 As any day, O ;
 And for to fetch the summer home,
 The summer and the May, O.
 The summer is a come, O,
 And winter is a go, O.
 With Hal-an-tow,
 Jolly rumble, O.

Whereas those Spaniards
 That make so great a boast, O,
 They shall eat the grey goose feather,
 And we shall eat the roast, O ;
 In every land, O,
 The land that ere we go.
 With Hal-an-tow,
 Jolly rumble, O.

Like so many of our ancient festivals, Helston Flora rests on tradition. Whether it was founded to celebrate a victory over Saxons who had landed at Porthsasnac, as an act of gratitude for the preservation of the town from a fiery dragon believed to have passed over it at a remote period, or in honour of the goddess Flora on the return of summer, is not known, but still in the twentieth century the custom is observed with a vigour unsurpassed in earlier times. In Helston everything is made trim and every home ready " 'gainst Flora Day." Given fine weather, the spectacle is extremely animated. It has long been the practice for a party of youths and maidens to proceed into the country soon after sunrise, to deck themselves with May boughs. On their return, they lead off the inaugural dance into the town, followed by young men crowned with flowers in the form of wreaths, and vigorously waving green branches cut from the hedgerows. Before the chief residences they recite this rhyme :

The winter is gone, O !
 And we have been to the Merry Green Woods
 To fetch summer home, O !

In response to the leaders' appeal of "Halloa, boys! halloa!" comes a demonstration that the morning air has produced no harmful effect upon the lungs. This, however, is but a preliminary ceremony, which is left pretty much to the humbler inhabitants, who, though unorganised, enact it with zest.

In recent years less importance has been attached to the early rejoicings than to the Furry Dance, which commences at 1 P.M. Long before this hour Helston is *en fête* with its floral adornments and display of greenery and bunting. Crowds of pleasure-seekers, attired in their "Sunday best," have arrived by rail and in conveyances of all shapes and sizes. There is the inevitable wait, during which friendships are renewed, courtesies exchanged, and the weather prospects discussed. All are prepared to infuse the heartiest good humour into the day's proceedings.

Ere long appears the observed of all observers. It is the town Beadle. A great day for the Beadle is this. He may be insignificant enough during the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, but on this, the day of days for Helston, no one would dare to challenge his importance. Then the volunteer band presents itself, and, on the stroke of one, some thirty gaily dressed couples, representing the *élite* of Helston district, emerge from the ancient Corn Exchange. His Worship the Mayor, in partnership with a lady of good standing, usually takes the lead, to the quaint Furry tune, the musical setting of our prefatory verses. The evolutions are simple enough, reminding one of some figures in the lancers. To the major portion of the tune the partners move hand in hand; to the minor part the leading gentleman introduces himself to the second lady, the first lady and the second gentleman similarly change partners, and so on all down the line. Not content with traversing the streets, the dancers pass in and out of the houses of rich and poor—"open house" is generally observed on this occasion—through courts and over gardens, to the manifest delight of

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the occupiers. Especially spirited is the dance round the old Bowling Green. Here, neatly grouped, the party is photographed; its course then takes it to Godolphin Hall, where an hour and a half's revelry is finished in good country style. Then Helston, the people being for the most part exhausted, resumes its usual sober appearance. The Dog and Poultry Show, the Horse Show, and the Bazaar in aid of Home Missions in the Archdeaconry of Cornwall—modern innovations, but now deemed inseparable from Flora festivities—become the centres of attraction. Balls at the hotels in the evening were at one time common, but he or she is an insatiable lover of Terpsichore who has not been satisfied by the day's activity.

Mr. P. H. Ditchfield, in his volume on "Old English Customs Extant at the Present Time," differs from other Flora Day historians in that he records an additional verse of the festival song with a mysterious chorus :

As for St. George, O,
St. George he was a knight, O ;
Of all the kings in Christendom
King George is the right, O.
In every land, O,
The land that ere we go
With Hal-an-tow,
Jolly rumble, O.

Chorus.

God bless Aunt Mary Moses,
With all her power and might, O,
And send us peace in Merry England
Both day and night, O.

He also mentions an additional legend with reference to the origin of the observance, which connects it with the Feast of St. Michael, the patron saint of Helston. The story goes that St. Michael once encountered the devil when he was playing with a block of granite known as Hell's Stone, because it had originally been placed at the mouth of the infernal regions. The devil was worsted in the combat and took

flight, dropping the stone into the yard of the Angel Inn, where it remained until the end of the last century as evidence of the truth of the story. "This stone naturally gave the name to the town."

According to the author of "Excursions from Helston to Lizard, Kynans, Porthleven, Wheal Vor, etc.," published by W. Penaluna as far back as 1834, the festival was not always peculiar to Helston. "In ancient times," he says, "this pagan festival, which is denominated the Furry Day, was celebrated at Penzance on May 3, and at the Lizard, not many years since, on the first of the same month, and also in the parish of Sithney; but it is only in Helston that the custom has survived the revolution of time."

A writer in the *Helston Grammar School Magazine* has offered the following explanation :

It has often been a matter of speculation among Cornish antiquaries what was the origin of the old custom of singing about the streets of Helston on Flora Day morning, and especially what meaning was to be assigned to the strange name of the Hal-an-tow given to the party of singers. Some have stated that it was derived from the custom of haling all such refractory individuals as refused to join in the merriment of the festival to the river Cober for the purpose of "ducking" or "towing" them therein, which office was assigned to the aforesaid minstrels. Some have connected it with the dancing, and interpret it as a corruption of heel and toe, symbolical of the evolutions of those fantastic members.

Those versed in West Country folk-lore tell us that the word "furry" is derived from the old Cornish word "fer," meaning a fair, and this seems to account for the line in the Furry Song :

They both have gone to Fair, O!

Helston itself is a town with a history. Centuries ago it boasted a fort in the neighbourhood of the present Bowling Green. Within easy walking distance smugglers plied a busy trade on the rugged coast of Mount's Bay. The town was chosen by Edward I. as one of the coinage places for Cornwall, and it used to send two M.P.s to Westminster. Its roll of freemen contains honoured

names, and it has other connections with famous men. For example, the late Archbishop Temple, though born in the Ionian Islands, resided for a time at Helston, and received his early education there. Moreover, the present Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Treloar, is by descent a Helstonian. His father migrated from the borough to Ludgate Hill to establish the business which still thrives under the management of his son. Sir William this year participated in Helston's gaieties; indeed, he undertook to lead off the Furry Dance in full official raiment, in company with the Sheriffs of London and in partnership with a Cornish maiden. It is true that the Lord Mayor vowed to take a lesson from the fate of his predecessor when in France, and not to indulge in any excess in kissing damsels; but many inclined to the view, and told him so, that he was running a grave risk in associating so prominently with fair Cornubians.

CHARLES H. DANT.

Chinese Beggars

SOOCHOW and Hangchow are two inland cities, ancient and wealthy; both are famous literary centres that can boast of a line of illustrious officials in the long history of China. And where there are riches there is also poverty.

I was struck by the great numbers of beggars in both these cities. They were more numerous, I thought, than in the towns of Italy and Portugal, and more sunk in dire misery than anywhere else.

In China, beggars at once attract a stranger's attention. Around every corner, along canals and creeks, in market-places, at the city gates, both outside and inside, and especially in the Temple yards, there are beggars here, beggars there, and beggars everywhere, and a more pitiable sight one cannot meet. Many of them are crippled or afflicted with leprosy, and all are dressed literally in rags.

I made a trip in a houseboat to Soochow, moving through the numerous canals in the city, and stopping when I wished to take a view. I landed by a clean, fresh-painted, large Yamen, spotlessly white, with blue-black tiles on the roof, and placed my camera against the wall to photograph a big Pagoda on the other side of the canal. The usual Chinese crowd soon came round me, and not a few beggars. I asked an intelligent young



Imperial Beggars, descendants of the Ming Dynasty
(From the original by a Chinese artist)

Chinaman, through my interpreter, who lived in this fine, big mansion so unusually well kept for a Chinese house? I was not a little astonished when I was told: the Beggar Chief of Soochow. This led me to make inquiry about the system of begging in China, which is wonderfully well organised under a scheme that works admirably, and is, of course, very ancient, like all other institutions in the Middle Kingdom. The chief has a fine residence, concubines by the half-dozen, and very fine clothing, and he is seen in the best of society—but only where he is not known. As a mark of his dignity he moves about with a long stick, which is allowed h

by the city authorities. He also has the power of life and death over his beggarly subjects, and punishes all offences committed by them.

The Beggar Chief is a regular attendant at the marriage ceremonies and funeral processions of private families in order to get his pay for keeping away his hungry crowd of beggars, who otherwise would hinder the festival or procession in a disagreeable noisy way.

I was told that the Beggar Chief of Soochow has an income of about 15,000 dollars a year. The billet of the one in Shanghai city is worth about 5000 dollars. Most storekeepers have an agreement with the Beggar Chief to keep his "staff" away. They pay about one dollar a year each, and in return for this trifling amount the chief gives a printed receipt to the storekeeper, which the latter pastes on his door, to the effect that he has paid his tax and is exempt from the demands of beggars.

There are different kinds of beggars. I think it will be appropriate to commence with the Imperial beggars, or *Lao yen ting* (the words mean "old man's button"). They have probably no parallel in the world, as some of them are descendants of the ancient Ming dynasty, or distantly related to the present reigning Imperial House. They are scattered all over the country, are said to number upwards of 10,000, and are specially numerous in Peking.

Imperial beggars are easily recognised because they are allowed to wear garments of the imperial yellow, of different shades. Characters are painted in black on the back and front of their robes to denote their profession. They wear either a straw hat or a velvet cap ornamented with a brass button. When first I saw them, I took them to be old degraded officials, for there are hundreds of them in Soochow. They carry a wooden bell in their hands to announce their arrival. As a rule they are over sixty years of age, and have no family to support them, and they are all allowed to beg for more money than the ordinary craft, and are furnished with a licence from the magistrate. They are, of course, too aristocratic to be under the rule of the ordinary Beggar

Chief. In Nanking there is quite a select company of them, the order having been instituted as far back as the Ming dynasty. Hŭng Wŭ, the founder of the Ming dynasty, was once a beggar himself. The rise from beggar to Emperor probably beats the record of any dynasty in Europe. In pious remembrance of his former profession, Hŭng Wŭ instituted this order. At present they live in certain caves or recesses that are



A Typical Water Beggar
(From a photograph)

made in the city wall. The largest of these recesses is forty feet long by twenty feet wide; the inmates are very comfortably lodged, and are decently dressed, but they are addicted to opium-smoking. Besides seeking alms, these imperial beggars go about the country and obtain a livelihood by swearing false oaths in Court. Their oaths are considered as binding and sacred, so they are often much sought after; because for a few taels one can get such a beggar to swear an oath which always decides the case. The magistrates are liable to pay the imperial beggars an allowance every year, but it is said they often forget to do so, as they know well that these beggars are not in want. I obtained a native drawing

of two of these *Lao yen ting*, who, I was told, were descendants of the Ming dynasty. They form an admirable example of the craft.

Now we descend in the scale to the ordinary beggars. These are divided into grades. First there are the literary beggars, who are, as a rule, outcasts from the middle or even from the upper classes—those who, when young, could not or would not learn, or when put into business were not sharp enough, or such as had no taste. After repeated failures they are driven away from the parental home to shift for themselves. They do not like to be reckoned amongst the beggars, as they possess enough education to read and write. They are always provided with paper, pen and ink, and they go from shop to shop, undertake jobs of writing, and draw characters for sign-boards. They have no comforts. Their chief pleasure, as a Chinaman said of them, is to sit down and eat what they can afford, rice, dried fish, salt, and vegetables.

Then there are beggars who come out with their whole families, and kneel down in busy places. They have a written piece of paper that tells their misfortune. Very often they have been robbed (!) on their way while they were trying to find a relative—who is a Mandarin somewhere. When they have collected sufficient money in a town or village, they disappear for a few weeks.

Then there are desperate beggars. They learn the trade before they are allowed to join the gang. If they are refused alms at a shop they do some mischief by breaking and damaging goods. This class is the most feared, as they are the lowest and roughest lot imaginable.

In Shanghai city there are said to be about five thousand all classified under the name of beggars, who have five head men to look after them. One is the chief, and the four others are his assistants. Each has his district, North, South, East, and West. The guild have their laws, which govern the whole body. Although poor, they profess an enviable contentedness in which no nation in Europe equals them. They "work" some sixteen

hours a day, and enjoy themselves in their fashion. They never want shelter. The numerous temples and pagodas hospitably give them space.

Should any one have the misfortune to be reduced to beggary, the first thing he has to do is to have his name



A Chinese Centenarian
(From a photograph)

registered at the guild. After that he is put to beg in a certain district, and he is trained to act in his art of begging. If he does not conform to the rules laid down, he is punished by corporal discipline. Every month the chief collects from each beggar from two hundred to four hundred cash, equal to from twenty to forty cents, according to the circumstances of the man and the district in which he is begging.

Round about the Longwa Pagoda there were always heaps of beggars, and for years one might daily meet a mysterious beggar dressed in rags and tatters made up of different materials, silk, wool, and cotton, all of different colours, red, blue, white and yellow predominating. He moved about slowly with a big stick, smiling and grinning, but no one knew whence he came, and he never gave an answer to questions. To me he appeared dumb. He did not belong to any guild.

Again, the chief has his responsibilities when the rainy weather sets in or the cold winter is at hand. He has to take good care of his subjects, and must distribute rice or money, as may be deemed necessary.

There is quite a colony of beggars who live in boats, and pick up their living from the innumerable vessels, floating houses, and rafts on the rivers and canals. They gave me the impression of having the hardest life of all, and were often nothing but skin and bone. I introduce to my readers an average specimen of a beggar who confines his *métier* to the water.

In the temples, which always consist of a complexity of buildings and courtyards, there is plenty of room for beggars and loafers, and it was in one of these that I came upon the only centenarian I saw in China. I at once took the opportunity of having the old man photographed. His sight had gone, but his hearing had been sharpened to make up for the loss. When he heard the coins and felt them in his bony hands, he was greatly delighted, and greeted me with "Chin-chin."

CARL BOCK.

Retrospective Review

"The Welshman's Candle"

HOW familiar to the Welshman is that old calf-bound book, called "Canwyll y Cymry," which, in company with the Bible, a hymn-book and a few odd tracts and sermons, may so often be seen on the window-shelf of a Cambrian cottage. The collector is fortunate who may chance to discover the extremely scarce English translation of this volume, which was published in 1771.¹ In these days when literature is cheap, the cottager, even in the wildest mountain districts, can obtain papers and magazines with little difficulty. The precocious Government-school-taught child brings home his or her penny novellette. Prosperous sons coining money in their London milk-shops, send their parents illustrated papers, and it is only the old grandfather, blinking through his spectacles, who finds time to read Pritchard's compositions, which half a century ago, or less, were conned with real devotion by old and young alike. The title of the book, "The Welshman's Candle," is explained by a short prefatory poem, in which the author states that he calls his work by that name because he wishes it to light all the blind and ignorant of Wales straight to God's work and true knowledge. The complete Welsh editions (of which there have been at least fifteen) contain in all one hundred and seventy songs and hymns, the oldest being *The Christmas Carol*, written about the year 1616. A portion of the work appeared in 1646, but the whole collection was first published in 1672, at the expense of the Rev. Stephen Hughes, when the author had been dead some thirty years.

The Rev. Rees Pritchard, Vicar of Llandovery, Carmarthenshire, was born in 1579. At the age of eighteen he was sent to Jesus College, Oxford. Ordained a priest

¹ Translated by the Rev. William Evans, Vicar of Llawhaden, Pembrokeshire.

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in 1602, he graduated in 1603, and was made Vicar of Llandovery in the same year by Anthony, Lord Bishop of St. Davids. He was a magistrate of Carmarthenshire, being possessed of some landed property, and reckoned amongst the gentry of the county. In 1612 he was appointed Rector of Llanedi, by King James I. ; and further preferment followed, for in 1614 he became rector of the Cathedral Church at Brecon ; and in 1626 Chancellor of St. Davids. He was also appointed chaplain to Robert, Earl of Essex, son of the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and grand-nephew and ward of Sir Robert Devereux of Llwynbrain, one of Pritchard's most influential and important parishioners. Notwithstanding his ecclesiastical duties, it is probable that the Vicar of Llandovery found in peaceful Carmarthenshire ample leisure for reflection and the composition of his poems. The latter, according to some authorities, were not originally intended by the author for publication, but simply to be repeated and sung in church, and on other occasions, by the country people to whom they were addressed. In one of his preliminary poems he explains that :

Because they took in sermons no delight,
But idle songs with eagerness recite,
I, for their good, have thus employed my time,
And put the doctrines that ensue in rhyme.

For as I saw famed Salesbury's¹ labour'd style
Neglected by the unlearned of our isle,
I therefore use a metre short and plain,
Easy to read, and easy to retain.

Again, deploring the ignorance of the times, he states the fact that, though the Bible might be purchased for the sum of five shillings, only one out of every hundred persons was capable of reading it. According to the Vicar,

¹ In 1546 William Salesbury published the first book ever printed in the Welsh language, a small calendar containing amongst other things the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. He was a translator of the New Testament and the author of several other works.

the people of Llandovery (in these days a well-ordered scholastic town) were in the early part of the seventeenth century greatly in need of correction and advice, and very bitterly he laments :

Ah me ! Llandovery, thou art wanting found,
For God thy sins hath in the balance weigh'd,
In dross and dregs alone thou dost abound ;
Of thy Creator henceforth be afraid.

In past times it was by no means unusual for a cock-pit to adjoin a Welsh churchyard, which was generally the gathering-place of the idlers of the town or village, who congregated there for ball-playing and sports, the revellers even dancing on the sacred green. Such amusements received encouragement from a command issued by James I. in 1617, which enjoined on the people to indulge in their games on the Sabbath after divine service. The result of this edict was that the country folk were very soon frolicking in the churchyards not only *after* but *during* church hours. In this manner the godly few of Llandovery were wont to be greatly distracted from listening to the words of their eloquent Vicar by the shouts and laughter of the merry-makers without the walls. It was in order to remedy this evil, it is said, that Pritchard commenced the composition of his famous songs, in many of which he exhorted his flock to hear and read the Word of God, reminding them that :

An old wife's distaff may knock heroes down,
A single hair may suffocate a swain,
A crooked pin may choke the stoutest clown :
Alas ! how easily may man be slain.

He advised the sinner to repent, to shun evil company, and to pray on all occasions. He composed a song for the soldier, the traveller, the farmer, the merchant, and the master of a family. Soon the idlers without, hearing these songs chanted so vigorously within, were drawn (first, no doubt by curiosity) to leave the cock-pit and bowling-green, and finally to join heartily in the service where their Vicar's own compositions formed such a new

and attractive feature, even though their Sabbath was severely attacked :

A day for drink, for bowling play,
For gluttony and dancing gay,
For loitering upon the grass ;
The Cymry thus their Sabbath pass.

When he censured, he took care that he should not be misunderstood, and his great endeavour seems to have been to force his flock to mend their lives by keeping the fear of sudden death constantly in their minds.

Severely criticising lovers of luxury, he reminds them that :

When Dives in his silks a figure made,
And cockered up himself with costly fare,
Death came and slew him for his proud parade.
Fopplings and Epicures of death beware !

In Pritchard's day Popish customs were by no means eradicated from Wales, and we find that he has some words to say against the practise of praying to the saints

The Virgin talks no English, I suppose,
Neither does Martha Irish understand ;
No Welsh, as I presume, St. Clement knows.
How can they then our mediators stand ?

There ne'er was Patriarch or Apostle yet—
There ne'er was Prophet, as I've ever heard,
(For who could such a circumstance forget ?)
That e'er to any Saint his suit preferr'd.

In 1623, the return from Spain of the Prince of Wales (who, in company with Buckingham, had journeyed thither to see the Infanta) was an occasion which Viceroy Pritchard commemorated by an interesting poem, abounding in sentiments of ardent loyalty ; for he was a very staunch upholder of the Royal family. England's joy over the safe return of the Prince, who, the country had feared, might be detained by the hated Spaniards

¹ This poem, one of the most interesting of the collection, is not included in the English translation. The writer quotes from the original Welsh.

is here very graphically described. After calling on a vast number of mythical characters to take part in the general rejoicings, he relates how on the fifth day of October, the beloved Prince, guarded by God's angel, came back to London from Spain, which country had kept him many days. He describes the King and his Counsellors, the Archbishops and Prelates, going in their robes to meet Prince Charles. The great Lord Keeper was there surrounded by "handsome Englishmen"; and Lord Pembroke, whom he describes as "the prop of the kingdom, the most loved one of Wales," with the gallants of the King's house, was there also. The Lord Mayor of London and his company in scarlet and chains went to meet the Prince of Wales. He says that all the greatest merchants on this occasion gave their best wine to their friends to drink the Prince's health. He speaks of the speeches and verses made by the great scholars of the land, and of the bonfires which were kindled in all parts of the country, and he prays that "God will preserve the Prince of Wales from Papistry, and from all who have any evil or spiteful intentions towards him."

In another long poem the vicar calls on his flock and the Welsh nation generally to repent and take warning by the English, who, he considered, were being chastised for their sins by the plague in London. This was probably in the year 1625, when about 35,000 persons perished; Pritchard was not living at the date of the Great Plague in 1665. Very realistic are his descriptions of the effects of this much dreaded scourge, and he declares that when once it descends upon a town, "brotherly love becomes extinct, the mother does not come to aid her daughter, nor the wife her husband, nor the sister her brother, nor the father his child, and 'the wife may slay her husband by a sigh.'" Describing the deserted condition of London, he states that :

Her warehouses, tho' richly stock'd,
Where crowds unnumbered lately flocked,
Sell not enough, their trade's so dead,
To give their famished shopmen bread.

Each inn, each house or sumptuous seat,
 Of lords and knights the late retreat,
 Now uninhabited remains,
 Or else the plague alone there reigns.
 All who were wont to ply the oar
 Upon the Thames, or drudge ashore,
 Links, porters, scavengers complain,
 They can't their bread by labour gain.

The year 1629, when the corn was unwholesome owing to a wet season, also provided a theme for the Vicar's pen. Pritchard meted out advice suitable for all occasions and every class of person. Far from sharing in the superstitions of his day, he strenuously opposed the *swynwyr* or wizards of Wales, and the various charms which it was the habit of the country-folk to employ for many years after he had been laid to rest. He implores the sick to send for the clergyman, and the doctor, whose simple plants, aided by prayer, may heal them; and he emphatically declares that the wizard is merely the apostle of the devil and that to seek help from such a person is simply to invoke the aid of Satan :

All divination is a mere deceit—
 A snare the Devil did himself ordain
 Each innocent and simple soul to cheat,
 Whilst he pretends to charm away his pain.

To the swain who went courting, Pritchard addressed a lengthy sermon. He warned young Taffy against a slattern :

Clean, neat and lovely let her be,
 From awkwardness and flutt'ry free.

In another poem he observes that :

A virtuous, cheerful and obliging wife
 Is better far than all the pomp of life,
 Better than houses, tenements and lands,
 Than pearls and precious stones, and golden sands.

Perhaps Pritchard wrote these last lines from personal experience, for he was a married man. He had one son, named Samuel, for whom he composed several

little poems and songs, of which the following verses are a quaint example :

For Heaven's sake, my Sammy dear,
In mind till death my precepts bear ;
Christ on thy bended knees adore
When in my sight thou art no more.

Still chirping like the cricket keep,
Nor for thy mother fondly weep,
For God abroad will unto thee
A father and a mother be.

Samuel Pritchard's life ended in a tragic manner. Having formed an unfortunate attachment for the daughter of an important and wealthy family, he became an object of hatred to the lady's brothers, and on the occasion of a clandestine meeting with the object of his affections, he was cruelly drowned in the river Teify by these Lloyds of Maesyfelin, who finally started Pritchard's horse homewards with the lifeless body of its master bound firmly to its back. According to the popular legend, a bitter curse broke from the lips of Vicar Pritchard on discovering the nature of the burden which was thus brought back to Llandovery. Tradition has handed it down in the following lines :

The curse of God on Maesyfelin fall,
On root of every branch, on stone of every wall,
Because the flower of fair Llandovery town
Was headlong cast in Teify's flood to drown.

The family of Lloyd of Maesyfelin (once owners of an imposing house near Lampeter) is now extinct, and their downfall and disappearance have been by the superstitious duly accredited to this famous curse.

That he had seen his only son, the pride of Llandovery, so tragically cut off in his early manhood, may perhaps account for the numerous compositions in which Pritchard refers to sudden death and the shortness of human life. Amongst such poems one in particular, entitled *Short is the Life of Man*, has been so picturesquely rendered in English by the eighteenth-century translator,

that I venture to give it in full before closing the Vicar's book and bidding farewell to the author :

Man's life like any weaver's shuttle flies,
 Or like a tender flowret droops and dies,
 Or like a race it ends without delay,
 Or like a vapour vanishes away,
 Or like a post-boy gallops very fast,
 Or like the shadow of a cloud 'tis past.
 Strong is our foe, but very weak the fort,
 Our death is certain, and our time is short.
 But as the hour of death's a secret still,
 Let us be ready, come he when he will.

Rees Pritchard died in the year 1644, and according to some authorities he was buried at Llandovery ; but no stone records the name, of which his quaint songs and hymns alone remain a monument.

EVELYN LEWES.

Correspondence

The Opportunity of the Scottish Churches

MR. URBAN,—In a former paper¹ I discussed the position of the three principal Churches in Scotland. I come now to the question of the possible union. The subject naturally divides itself into two heads : (1) The Union of the two Presbyterian Churches ; (2) the Union of a United Presbyterian Church with the Episcopal Church in Scotland.

In regard to the former, the matter has been simplified by an article in the March number of *Blackwood Magazine*, which appeared simultaneously with my former paper. It is sagacious and lucid ; and comes from Mr. Hector Macpherson, who is at once a political force and a literary power, a dissenter “ by birth, temperament and conviction,” and one who has “ no effusive friendliness towards Establishments,” it is indeed

¹ THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, March 1907.

noteworthy pronouncement. In fact, it is very much my own case ; and it comes from the Church with which I am not associated.

In former days, the hardest stone which the opponents of the Established Church could throw was that labelled "Heresy." It was the Church of Caird and Tulloch, Macleod and Lee. That was enough. It must go. But in time the Free Church became the Church of Robertson Smith, of Professors Bruce and Dods. The *Tu quoque* answer was too apparent and inevitable.

Then in both Churches the Broad Church party became more and more identified with the cause of the social mission of Christianity. And thus it became the means of doing away with much of the nonsense that had been talked about the "Headship of Christ." That phrase came to mean more than the freedom of the Church from the State. It came to mean the use of Christianity as a great instrument of social regeneration.

Mr. Macpherson specifies the decline of philosophic Radicalism as the most potent external cause of the wane of the Disestablishment crusade. It was the latest and most excellent thing in Liberalism and "agin" the Church. Since then Liberalism has become more and more identified with Socialism, and been perforce bound to make little of the old theory that the State had no connection with religion.

It is true, also, that the Church of Scotland recognises that there is *no principle* of Establishment in the sense in which its opponents interpreted it. There is a principle of national religion. On this point Mr. Macpherson quotes the opinion of the ablest living son of the Church of Scotland, Professor Flint, as if it were some new discovery on the part of the Church. But, in reality, it was what men like Principal Tulloch always held. His speech, as far back as 1868, in the General Assembly on the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, has only to be recalled to see this. Mr. Macpherson then goes on to render valuable service by pointing out the manner in which the various secessions and the Dis-

ruption itself may be looked upon as justifications of what he calls Professor Flint's view. He shows that what has been called and used as a battle-cry, "Spiritual Independence," and not Establishment, is really the key to the ecclesiastical politics of Scotland.

It was imagined by some that the Established Church secured this when the State abolished Patronage, but it was still felt by the Dissenters that Spiritual Independence was not secured so long as the creed of the Church rested on a parliamentary basis. The wisest men in the Church of Scotland also recognised this. The question now was: How were they to satisfy their opponents by getting Spiritual Independence in the matter of Creed? As there were so many hostile forces at work, it seemed the safest course to "let sleeping dogs lie."

But the opportunity came, and from the most unexpected quarter. It was afforded by the United Free Church itself—from which its demand at another time would have encountered hostility. The United Free Church, by the decision of the House of Lords, found its very existence threatened through loss of its own endowments and property. It *had* to appeal to Cæsar, the Cæsar of whom it professed independence. In that appeal the Church of Scotland found its opportunity. It came to Parliament a fellow-suppliant with the United Free Church and, unopposed, secured the freedom desired.

Verily, the irony of events is extraordinary. *If* the element of "dishing the Establishment" did enter into the question of union, the Nemesis that followed was striking. It resulted in the shaking off of the last fetter from the feet of the Church of Scotland. In other words, as Mr. Macpherson puts it, "the Church of Scotland of to-day has realised the ideal of Knox, Henderson, the Erskines (the founders of the Secession), and Chalmers (the founder of the Free Church), that of a Church which, while by its connection with the State it embodies the idea of national religion, is at the same time free to organise itself theologically and ecclesiastically in obedience to

what it believes to be the will of its Divine Head. At last in Scotland, after centuries of turmoil, the Headship of Christ has become a reality, the conflicting principles of our ecclesiastical life, Church Establishment and Spiritual Independence, have at last been brought to reconciliation."

The Free Church went out declaring itself to be *the* Free Church of Scotland—in some respects a most noble movement—went out sailing on the wave of the people's homage, admiration, love and loyalty—flying the Flag of National Religion. All honour to it in so far as it deserved honour. But all honour also to the Church of Scotland in so far as *it* deserved honour. It was rent and torn. It was despoiled of its very life's blood, its dearest possession, the people. But, bleeding and broken and maimed, it lived on, and who knows what it cost some of its sons then to try to live? If the sons of the Disruption were heroes, as they were, none the less were many of those who remained in deserving of the proud name. They had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings. They were stoned with evil names. They were as shepherds calling over the wild wastes for their scattered flocks, and there seemed little likelihood that there would be any returning.

But they were not too much dismayed or cast down. In time the sorely stricken Church took some little heart of grace. It pulled its wounded members together. It began to gather those who were scattered, to furnish that which was bare, to supply that which was lacking. Chiefly through evil report, it held on its way. It never shut its doors. It placed the kindly light in its windows. It tried every means within its power to be still a helpful, living influence for good among the people, to serve whom was the very reason of its continued being, and many of whom for long would have none of it. The Church of Scotland waited and prayed and worked, and gave the lives of her leaders to work out her own redemption and the redemption of the people. And she has had her reward. She has become, not only in name

but in reality, the Free Church of Scotland—the freest Church, I believe, in Christendom.

What then ?

In 1885, Principal Tulloch, addressing the General Assembly, for the last time, as it proved, urged the continuance of the policy of conciliation : “ I would shut no door to Presbyterian Union. Nay, I would open it as wide as possible.” To-day the door is open—so wide that men like the writer of the article in *Blackwood's Magazine* see no bar or hindrance to entrance. Mr. Macpherson asks, “ Suppose the Church, as the Establishment in Scotland now is, free from the taint of Erastianism—what possible objections can be taken by the non-established Churches to this form of a national recognition of religion ? ”

There can be only one answer to that question by all whose eyes are not bound by prejudice, whose tongues are not dumb through bitterness or indifference. It is “ None.” It is that of the writer of the article already quoted : “ In the Church of Scotland, as the outcome of recent legislation, there is now as great ecclesiastical and religious freedom as in non-established Churches.”

The moral is inevitable. “ It behoves all earnest Scotsmen to lay aside their prejudices, to put behind them purely theoretic quibbles about Church and State, and to do their utmost to bring about such a union of Presbyterians as shall enable the Church to go forward to the great conflict with evil under the banner of union.”

But is that union to be confined to Presbyterians ? I think not. I earnestly hope not. It would be an evil day for Scotland if it were to be divided into two camps, more or less antagonistic, of Presbyterians and Episcopalians, the one comprising the people and the lower fringe of middle classes, the other comprising the upper social classes, the better educated and the more cultivated. The division would distinguish the parochial and the cosmopolitan, the narrow and the broad, the comparatively ignorant and the cultivated—it might become a demarcation between the poor and the rich, the masses

and the classes. That would be a melancholy spectacle, a miserable state of matters fraught with evil for the present and full of ill omen for the future; bad for both, no less bad for the Church of the refined and rich than for the Church of the people. But why should not our brethren of the Scottish Episcopal Church and of the Church of England in Scotland unite with us and we with them? I really do not think there would be much difficulty from our side. Why should there not be a response from the side of the Episcopal Church? I venture to think there will be, in proportion as the Episcopal Church in Scotland loses some of its characteristics as the Church of a sect and is identified more and more with the old historical Catholic sympathies of the Church of England. The principle of National Religion is recognised by both; and it is surely of the genius of a national church to have a platform broad enough to hold men of various shades of belief, of worship and of church polity.

I would ask the aid of the best men in the Anglican Church in this, for England owes something to Scotland in this respect. English thought has unwittingly exercised a baneful influence on the Church of Scotland. It was owing to the attempt of an English primate (Archbishop Laud) to force upon the Scottish people a ritual that would not have been endured in England itself that the Scottish people have in the past so completely broken with liturgical worship. Not only so, but it was owing to another English interference that this antagonism became deep-rooted and intensified, that of the English Independents. In the endeavour to conciliate them, a partially liturgical worship, kneeling at prayer, and the response of the audible "Amen," which were common in Scotland from the time of the Reformation to the time of the Westminster Assembly, and in some quarters even later, were discontinued. When, therefore, English people jeer at the bald worship of Presbytery, they should remember the part their own countrymen played in bygone days in bringing about the present condition of things.

The best men in Scotland have ceased to believe in

their own or any form of Church government at all in the old dogmatic sense, and are asking, as Leighton in his day asked, "Why should not we draw nearer to the prevailing type of Catholic worship?" They are willing to admit, as Principal Tulloch in his day was, that "Episcopacy is certainly ancient: its existence may be traced to the verge of the Apostolic life, if not within it. It presents in its usages, and especially in its form of worship, as exemplified in the Anglican Church, many advantages." And we say to our Episcopal brothers and sisters, "Come and let us confer as to union with such a practical basis as this. But do not come unless you are willing to meet us partially. Do not come with the idea of Episcopacy as alone of divine prescription. But let us reason together without your continual flaunting of your superiority as the only genuine and true Church—Catholic and Apostolic. Do not come only as Bishop Wordsworth came of old; come as your Dr. Gilbert Rorison and Dean Ramsay approached."

Dr. Gilbert Rorison asked, "Sheer prejudice apart—what are the difficulties? Let it be conceded that ecclesiastical unity does not depend on absolute uniformity of congregational worship, and also that Presbytery is not necessarily destructive, but only corrective of Episcopacy, and the chief of such difficulties vanish." And Dean Ramsay wrote to Dr. Robert Lee: "I do not hold that Episcopacy is essential to the 'esse' of a church; I think it an element of the 'bene esse' of a church, perhaps I might add, 'optime esse.'"

Dr. Robert Lee went as far as to formulate a scheme, a "tentative basis of adjustment as respects (1) Polity; (2) Worship; (3) Standards," which is well worth consideration at the present time. It was conceived in a truly Christian spirit, and I do not think there is anything in it which either Presbyterians or Episcopalians might not accept to-day, as a basis of conference at least. And no one can get rid of the responsibility of dealing with the question in some form or another.

The gain of such union, the gain even of beholding a vision of it, is vast. The gain to Presbyterianism would be great. It would come once again into the current of the Church Catholic, in the highest sense of the term, the Church of all countries and of past ages, fed from primitive Christian sources. It would be enriched with much that would soften and spiritualise what was barren, rugged, and uncouth. It would be filled with a more beneficent toleration and charity. It would come to recognise that all true reform may be had by patient waiting within the Church, and be less liable, when not getting its own way, to start a rallying cry and become indifferent and even hostile to the mother Church who gave it being. Its own house would be set in order with less loud talking, and with quiet and gentle ways; and with a broader and meeker spirit it would administer discipline, shape its creed and order its ritual. It would welcome back what is worth having—the culture and social position of those bearing the noble names of the men who helped to shape its destinies in the past.

And Episcopalianism would gain not only the adherence, but the hearts of the great body of the people—what is called the common people—of Scotland, without whose affection and loyalty no Church can claim to be the Church of the nation. Having the people, that Church would realise that her ministry must not only be a devoted but also an intellectual and broadly spiritual ministry, one which would not only provide a reverent and well-ordered worship, but an educative guidance of intellectual force and spiritual fervour, and, above all, would render the highest unselfish and unpretentious service.

The appeal to embrace the opportunity which appears to be presented is made to those by whom in the last resort the question can alone be settled, not to prelates or lay propagandists, not to Presbyterian ministers or ruling elders—far less to so-called leaders of ecclesiastical thought or to fussy committee-attending, wire-pulling

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men, but to the people of Scotland, whose well-balanced brains, hard heads, and good and true hearts have made our country what she is. With them her future is safe: Let them recognise the scandal and disgrace of our present divisions, the shame and evil of them, and let them say, "These things must no longer be." Then, but not till then, our country will find rest, and her people be able to give themselves to practical well-being and well-doing.—Yours faithfully,

W. W. TULLOCH.

Sylvanus Urban's Notebook

THE connection of Dr. Johnson with the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE was the subject of some notes in our last number. A famous literary man of another kidney who addressed Sylvanus Urban was Thomas Hood, and it is much to be regretted that the renowned wit distinctly "bit his thumb" at his venerable acquaintance. Hood's ode commences with a stanza which illustrates alike his feeling towards Sylvanus and an obsolescent use of the word "lurch":

O, Mr. Urban! never must *thou* lurch
A sober age made serious drunk by thee;
Hop in thy pleasant way from church to church,
And nurse thy little bald Biography.

Then the satirist suggests that Sylvanus is in his dotage:

How sweet!—as Byron of *his* infant said—
"Knowledge of objects" in thine eye to trace;
To see the mild no-meanings of thy head,
Taking a quiet nap upon thy face!

And, consistently if unkindly, Hood suggests that Mr.

Urban was in the habit of paying too much attention to trivialities :

X. sends the portrait of a genuine flea,
Caught upon Martin Luther years ago ;—
And Mr. Parkes, of Shrewsbury, draws a bee,
Long dead, that gathered honey for King John.

But do we not remember that Aristophanes directed some such shaft at Socrates? It is at least satisfactory that the poet expected Sylvanus Urban to enjoy longevity, even if he was disinclined to congratulate him on the fact.

Old tottering years have nodded to their falls,
Like pensioners that creep about and die ;—
But thou, Old Parr of periodicals,
Livest in monthly immortality !

To show that his delight in trifles is not extinct, Sylvanus draws attention to a curious misprint in the edition of Hood's comic poems which lies before him. It was published by Routledge and Sons in 1885. In "The Logicians" Hood pillories two hair-splitting disputants. The first he describes in various terms, concluding :

Oh this is he that showed I is not I,
And made a ghost of personal identity,
Proved "Ipse" absent by an alibi,
And frisking in some other person's entity ;
He sounded all philosophers in truth,
Whether old schemes or only supplemental :
And had, by virtue of his wisdom tooth,
A dental knowledge of the transcendental !

Then comes the second wrangler :

The other is a shrewd severer wight,
Sharp argument hath worn him nigh the bone ;
For why ? he never let dispute alone.
A logical knight-errant,
That wrangled ever—morning, noon, and night,
From night to morn : he had no wife apparent
But Barbara Celérent !

It would be interesting to know if the "e" and the accent occur in any other edition.

The mention of "personal identity" leads one to think of the strangely ruptured mental unity of the insane. When the late Mr. Fletcher Robinson, who was for too short a period editor of this magazine, had charge of *Vanity Fair*, he received at intervals letters from a lady whose intellect was entirely disordered, and who usually wrote upon paper bearing a coronet. He gave one of these communications to the present writer, who now quotes it *verbatim*, omitting the names of persons and places :

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—When I entered your office after being a reader of your Mag for years, when the picture the cartoon of Cap. or Col. H— appeared upon your paper I little expected to be taken from my house, home and children by brutal force as I came a bride in oak leaves to the head of the Poll in 1885 with Earl P—. C—to be robbed by the town and the Hunting Field, etc. I went to the President for my picture (not one penny) to be robbed even of my Father's shroud for which I had bought over again in time money and blood.

S— B—

The unposted letter "cap gown" voice and music shall be posted when found.

S. B.

The unhappy lady had never entered the editor's office. Is it possible even for the most ingenious and sympathetic person to trace the sequence of the notions which were present to her mind when she wrote ?

The Wyclif Society is a body that undoubtedly has a claim upon the good will of readers of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. It was founded twenty-five years ago for the purpose of bringing within the reach of students the works of the Reformer which until then had only existed in MS. A goodly array of volumes bear witness to the industry with which the work has been carried on and the energy of the editors who have given their services from interest in the subject. As a fact, not a year has passed since the foundation of the society which has not seen the addition of a volume to its list. Of those already published some are devoted purely to scholastic

logic, philosophy and theology; others are chiefly polemical, attacking the abuses in the Church which made Wyclif a Reformer, and the doctrines by which these abuses were upheld; some deal with the theory of state government, but even here Church interests frequently recur; in like manner the works intended for edification are seldom free from a touch of polemics.

The matter still unpublished, though comparatively of small amount, is of much importance. Two treatises of moderate length will complete the *Summa Theologiæ*. Among what remains there is a very interesting series of tracts which, according to the editor, Professor Loserth, throw fresh light on the relations between Wyclif and the Pope. The Secretary of the Society, Miss Dorothy G. Matthew, writes as follows to Sylvanus Urban, who is indebted to her for complete information as to the Society's record:

I should be very glad indeed if you could interest your readers in our work. The Society was founded by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Mr. F. D. Matthew, and the late Professor Montagu Burrows. In 1884, the quincentenary of Wyclif's death, an appeal was made for aid in its work. But, since then, I think the matter has not been brought before the public at all, and I feel that there must be people who would be interested in the work and glad to take the place of original subscribers, many of whom have died in the last five-and-twenty years. I should, of course, be very pleased to send further information to any of your readers who are interested.

A few years would see the purpose of the Society accomplished, if it were well supported. The subscription is one guinea per annum, and this includes the price of the volume or volumes published in that year. A small number of copies of most of the publications are still in hand, and special arrangements can be made to supply these to libraries, colleges, or other subscribers wishing to have the complete works. The Society's appeal ought not to be made in vain. All communications, subscriptions and donations should be sent to Miss Matthew at 56 Fellows Road, London, N.W.

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The pageant which illustrates the history of a town has a great vogue at present, and St. Albans will enter the field this summer. The president of the Grand Committee which has charge of the celebration is Lord Verulam, and among the patrons are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Mayor of London, the Lord Lieutenant of Hertfordshire, the Bishop of St. Albans, Lord Brownlow, Lord Rothschild, Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty, and Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward. July 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20 are to be the dates of the pageant, which will commence at 3 o'clock each afternoon. The following episodes will be represented :

B.C. 54. The meeting of Julius Cæsar and Cassivelaunus at Verulamium.

A.D. 61. The storming and burning of Verulamium by Boadicea.

A.D. 203. The Martyrdom of St. Alban.

A.D. 739. The founding of St. Albans Monastery by Offa, King of Mercia.

A.D. 1290. The passage through St. Albans of the Funeral Cortège of Queen Eleanor.

A.D. 1381. The peasants' revolt.

A.D. 1461. The second battle of St. Albans.

A.D. 1572. The visit of Queen Elizabeth to Sir Nicholas Bacon at Gorbambury and reception by the Mayor and Corporation of St. Albans.

The cavilling person may ask himself how much of this will *à la rigueur* reproduce history and how much will be pure pageant? But unquestionably these displays do much to stimulate interest in history in the localities where they are given.

Considered as a show the pageant should be excellent. There will be some sixteen hundred performers, drawn from the city and the county. The Committee's circular informs us that "Mr. Herbert Jarman, reader and stage-manager to Mr. Lewis of the Lyric Theatre, and Mr. Philip Carr are acting jointly as Masters" of the ceremony. "Mr. C. H. Ashdown, F.R.G.S., of St. Albans, is the author of the 'book,' and music for the choruses has been specially composed by Mr. W. H.

Bell, Professor R.A.M." Tickets may be obtained at Pageant House, St. Albans. Sylvanus Urban, in cordially wishing success to the pageant, hopes that the Julius Cæsar and the Queen Elizabeth drawn from the city or county will "look" their respective parts.

The Art of 1907

At the New Gallery

THERE is no gallery in London so suitable for the exhibition of pictures as that in Regent Street. From the fact that only a limited number of oil-paintings, barely exceeding two hundred and fifty, are shown, the visitor is enabled to see any work of art to its utmost advantage.

The summer exhibition of 1907, although it does not include any very sensational or striking work, is decidedly above the average, and it is not marred by any repulsively realistic or grotesquely impressionist paintings. In fact, this year the schools of Whistler, Manet, and other worshippers of the monstrous and the crude are conspicuous by their absence. Even Mr. Sargent seems to be inclined to amend his ways, and to take some pains in the delineation of his sitters. Mr. Shannon is, however, I fear, incorrigible, and neglects as resolutely as ever all details in the three portraits that bear his signature.

No. 1, "Jairus's Daughter," by Herbert Schmolz, the first picture in the South Room, is a carefully painted head of a handsome young woman in Oriental garb, but it lacks interest and expression. Mr.

Cockerell's "Outcast," a naked cupid sleeping apparently very comfortably in the snow, does not seem to justify its title.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones's two small interiors (Nos. 5 and 10), which form the background for two small portraits representing a couple of middle-aged ladies, are far from interesting. No. 15, by Mr. Hanz Becker, a powerful sketch presumably for a larger picture, is rich in colour and bold in design, but the figures, and even the faces, of the Mayor and Corporation of Colchester, as they leave the town under a flag of truce in 1648, are barely indicated. No. 20, Mr. Harold Speed's "Summer Night in Capri," is an ideal composition deserving much praise. Mr. Lavery's portrait (No. 21) of Mrs. Baker is marred by some of the worst qualities of the ultra-modern school. It is weak in colouring, and gives a general impression of flatness upon the canvas. No. 24, "The Lover and the Lady," by Mr. John Duncan, is a sentimental and not forcible attempt to imitate fourteenth-century art. No. 25, "Her Throne is Mother's Knee," by Miss Alma-Tadema, is painted

with microscopic care. But a mother with grey hair, an aged face, and thin veinous hands, seems an inappropriate parent for a fat, round-eyed infant. No. 37, Mr. Llewellyn's portrait of Mr. Thomas Lovibond, is almost beyond praise. It is absolutely perfect in detail. The face is admirably rendered, the hands most exquisitely finished, the general impression one of absolute life and vigour. Very different is No. 44, another presentation portrait, that of Captain Josceline Bagot, by Mr. Shannon. The face is roughly painted, the hands are merely indicated, the background is a blank, and the brown suit in which the sitter is dressed a mere sketch. No. 70, by Lady Wenlock, gives a pretty peep of an old-fashioned garden. A peacock sunning himself on the terrace is well drawn, but an unsuccessful attempt at figure-delineation somewhat mars the general design.

In the South Room, No. 78, a portrait of the handsome young Countess of Stradbroke, first attracts attention. Mr. Shannon has chosen the crudest of blue draperies for his sitter. Her hands are a brownish purple, and the fingers seem claw-like; the face is unfinished, and various bluish and reddish tints fight for mastery in the lady's countenance. No. 88, Lady Alma-Tadema's "Love at the Mirror," is a dainty composition, finished with exquisite care. No. 91, Monsieur Julien Simon, by M. L. E. Blanche, is more carefully painted and less unflattering to the sitter than the generality of this French painter's works. It is, however, by no

means a cheerful picture, and M. Simon might very well, from the expression of his face, be contemplating a speedy suicide.

The portrait of Mr. John Burns (No. 107), by Mr. Percy Spence, is serio-comic. Mr. Burns wishes to be taken seriously as the stern legislator, the dignified Privy Councillor. But the genial little man is here portrayed with a fierce expression, holding with much dignity what appears to be a six-penny magazine.

No. 117, a portrait of a child by Mr. Llewellyn, is perhaps the best picture in the exhibition.

No. 163, a full-length, life-size figure of a lady in a black dress, wearing a huge black hat, her hands concealed by gloves—the whole unrelieved by a touch of colour—has excited some comment, and won considerable praise from admirers of the naturalistic and impressionist school. The lady's face is not attractive, and her expression is forbidding. This gloomy work is entitled "A Portrait," and is painted by Mr. William Logsdail.

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton has no reason to be flattered by a portrait (No. 184) by Mr. Harris Brown. A life-size figure, crowned by an unbecoming hat, is standing in an ungraceful attitude before a door, which the lady in question is apparently attempting to open. No. 211, the Rev. E. Warre, late Head Master of Eton, by Mr. Sargent, is painted with more care than this famous artist usually bestows upon his work. The Doctor's head is excellently portrayed, but by some miscalculation the worthy divine appears to be at least eleven feet, instead of six feet, high, the

head being amazingly small in comparison with the body.

No. 230, "The Silver Ship," a female portrait-study by Mr. Shannon, is rough and unpleasing.

Sir George Reid's two presentation portraits (Nos. 226 and 235), the one of Sir Charles Logan, Deputy-Keeper of the Signet, and the other of Principal Story, are magnificent and truthful works of art.

In the Central Hall are a number of water-colours. Those most deserving of notice are seven charming designs by Mr. Henry Ford for the Orange Fairy book. They are worthy to be compared with the best work of the late Richard Doyle. The pictures in the balcony do not call for detailed

comment. Among the drawings, three portraits by Mr. C. E. Ritchie of Dr. Waller, Mr. Granville Barker, and Miss Ross; two portraits by Miss E. Halle of Mr. Holman Hunt and Sir Alma-Tadema; and two exceedingly clever sketches by Mrs. Nathan are excellent.

The sculpture in the Central Hall is far from satisfactory. A coloured equestrian statue of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, reminds one of the wax figures at Madame Tussaud's. No. 197, "Man and His Burden," by the late Roscoe Williams, is the only other life-size statue in the Hall. It represents a rather clumsy naked figure lifting a huge block of stone.

At the Royal Academy

THE Royal Academy Exhibition of 1907 contains 1845 pictures, drawings and sculptures. To this artistic chaos it is difficult to apply a satisfactory general criticism. The best plan is to glance at most and examine a few, and thus obtain a vague idea of the general effect.

The picture of the King, by Mr. Arthur Cope, is by far the best portrait in the collection, according to ancient ideas of art. Carefully painted, with every detail honestly and yet not too obtrusively portrayed, it gives a noble expression of the countenance and aspect of His Majesty. No. 831, Captain Beatty, R.N., is, in my humble judgment, the next best portrait in the exhibition. It is painted by that honest and painstaking artist, Mr. Hugh Rivière.

The numerous portraits by Mr. Sargent and Mr. Shannon are all in the favourite manner of these fashionable artists. An unprejudiced observer is sometimes led to wonder why these painters command high prices and a great competition among eager sitters. The first-named seems to give prominence to what is least attractive in the faces of the ladies whose presentments he places on canvas. For example, the portrait of Lady Sassoon exaggerates the Semitic qualities of the sitter, and that of Lady Essex shows but the faded semblance of a beauty whose summer tints have passed into autumn. Of Mr. Shannon's sitters Mrs. Jocelyn Bagot is the least to be commiserated. Her face is fairly pink and white, not purple and yellow in hue. But

the drapery and hands are merely indicated, and, in the case of the hands, not indicated pleasantly. Mr. Fildes has produced some agreeable and flattering portraits. His male sitters are certainly to be complimented upon their appearance, particularly Mr. Arthur Cook (No. 17). Mr. Orchardson's two male portraits (35 and 173), though carefully drawn and no doubt faithful likenesses, are much marred by that strange "greenery yellow" tint affected by this artist.

Two portraits which deserve attention are that of Captain Bromley Davenport (555), and that of Mr. David Jardine, by Mr. Arthur Cope (204).

A huge group (572), "The Golden Butterfly," representing in life-size Mr. and Mrs. Harvey with their seven children, is a thoroughly bad picture. The family, apparently partaking of afternoon tea in the garden, are clad some in ball dresses and some in riding suits. A baby, the central figure, is notably out of drawing. "The Rehearsal" (487), by Mr. Campbell Taylor, has been purchased for the nation. Four old men and three young women, dressed in mid-Victorian costume, are performing upon various instruments in a very ill-lighted room. There is not a tinge of

colour in this vast and dreary composition, for which £1000 seems a high figure. No. 87, "Across the River," and No. 286, "The Windmill," both by Mr. David Murray, are delightful pictures in his best style.

No. 232, "Phyllis and Demophon," and No. 243, "Jason and Medea," by Mr. T. W. Waterhouse, rich in colour, firm in composition, correct in drawing, remind the spectator of the late G. F. Watts's best classical work.

No. 280, by Mr. Cadogan Cooper, is likely to prove the attraction of this year's Academy. It is an exceedingly clever representation of a refectory full of holy nuns, much perturbed by a visit from a roystering devil. Every detail is delightful, and the face of each good sister a study in itself.

Mr. East sends a fine landscape with Durham Cathedral in the distance, a procession of friars breaking the monotony of the foreground.

It would be possible, if space permitted, to mention many more pictures and many attractive works, but those here described struck my attention most forcibly. On the whole this exhibition is neither better nor worse than those which have preceded it during the last ten years.

JESSICA SYKES.

Societies and Institutes

Arrangements

THE list of arrangements of the SOCIETY OF ARTS (John Street, Adelphi) includes the following lectures. On Tuesday, May 28, at 4.30 or 8 o'clock, Mr. Sherard Cowper-Coles on "Sheffield Plate and Electro-Plate." On Thursday, May 30, at 4.30, Mr. Laurence Robertson, Under Secretary to the Government of India, Revenue Department, on "Irrigation Colonies in India."

The annual general meeting of the Society will be held on June 26. It is announced that the annual conversazione will probably be held on Tuesday, July 2. Each member is entitled to a card for himself and one for a lady.

Meetings of the ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY (7 South Square, Gray's Inn) will be held on May 16 and June 20, at 5 P.M. By permission of the Benchers, the meetings of the Society are held in the Lecture Hall, Field Court, Gray's Inn. The Alexander Prize Essay will be read on June 30.

A meeting of the FOLK-LORE SOCIETY will be held at 22 Albemarle Street, W., on Wednesday, June 19, at 8 P.M. Members are invited to exhibit objects of folk-lore interest, and the Council extend their welcome to any friends whom members may bring with them to the meetings.

Meetings of the ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE will be held at 3 Hanover Square on June 4 and 25, at 8 P.M. Each member is entitled to introduce two friends,

ladies or gentlemen, to the evening meetings.

A meeting of the ROYAL MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY will be held at 20 Hanover Square on Wednesday, June 19, at 8 P.M.

The annual general meeting of the SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF HELLENIC STUDIES will be held in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, W., on Tuesday, June 25, at 5 o'clock. The Council will meet on the same day at Burlington House at 4.30 P.M.

Before the DANTE SOCIETY (38 Conduit Street, W.), on June 5, H.E. the Marquis of San Giuliano, Italian Ambassador, will lecture on "Il Canto Nono del Paradiso," Sir Theodore Martin, President of the Society, in the chair. The Society's annual dinner will take place on June 12, at the Hotel Cecil.

A meeting of the BRITISH ASTRONOMICAL ASSOCIATION will be held at Sion College, Victoria Embankment, E.C., on Wednesday, June 26, at 5 P.M.

On Thursday, May 30, at 4 P.M., Mr. F. Menteith Ogilvie will lecture before the ASHMOLEAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY OF OXFORDSHIRE, in the large Lecture Theatre of the University Museum, on the Common Snipe (*gallinago coelestis*), with specimens. At the same place, at 8 P.M., on Thursday, June 13, Mr. B. R. Blakiston will lecture before the Society on a "Tour Round the East Coast of Africa." Slides

from the lecturer's photographs will be shown.

The summer meeting of the ROYAL SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF IRELAND, for the Province of Connaught, will be held at Athlone, commencing July 2. From that date to July 6 excursions will take place, full particulars of which will be issued to members in June. The Society's Dinner Club, established in 1896, will be continued during the year. Members desirous of joining the Club are invited to send their names to the honorary secretary of the Dinner Club.

The seventy-seventh annual meeting of the BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE will be held at Leicester, and will begin on Wednesday, July 31.

New members and associates may be enrolled by applying to the general treasurer, Burlington House, London, W., or to the local offices at Leicester, on the following terms:

(i) New life members for a composition of £10, which entitles them to receive gratuitously the reports of the association that may be published after the date of payment.

(ii) New annual members for a payment of £2 for the first year. They receive gratuitously the reports for the year of their admission and for every following year in which they continue to pay a subscription of £1 *without intermission*.

(iii) Associates for this meeting only for a payment of £1. They are entitled to receive the report of the meeting at two-thirds of the publication price. Associates

are not eligible to serve on committees or to hold office.

Persons who have in any former year been admitted members of the association may renew their membership, without being called upon for arrears, on payment of £1. They will not, however, be entitled to receive the annual report. Ladies may become members or associates on the same terms as gentlemen, or they can obtain ladies' tickets (transferable to ladies only) on payment of £1.

Tickets for the meeting may be obtained, on and after June 1 until July 23, at the office of the association, Burlington House, London, W. Annual members must send their subscription of £1 with the application. Post Office orders and cheques (crossed "Bank of England, Western Branch") should be made payable to Professor John Perry, General Treasurer. After July 24, when the office will be closed, members and persons desirous of becoming members or associates or of obtaining ladies' tickets are requested to make application in the reception room, Leicester. Tickets may be obtained also from the local offices at Leicester. Without an official ticket, no person will be admitted to any of the meetings.

The reception room at Leicester will be opened on Monday, July 29, at 2 P.M., on Tuesday, July 30, and Wednesday, July 31, at 10 A.M., and on the following days at 8 A.M., for the issue of tickets to members, associates, and ladies, according to the statement given above, and for supplying lists and prices of lodgings to strangers on their arrival. No tickets will be issued after 6 P.M.

In the reception room there will be officers for supplying information regarding the arrangements for the meeting. The "Journal," containing the sectional programmes for each day, will be laid on the table on Wednesday, July 31, at 10 A.M., and on the following days at 8 A.M., for gratuitous distribution. Lists of members present will be issued as soon as possible after the commencement of the meeting, and will be placed in the same room for distribution. The published reports of the British Association can be ordered in this room, for members and associates only, at the reduced prices authorised by the council. The membership tickets will contain a map of Leicester and particulars regarding the rooms appointed for sectional and other meetings. For the convenience of members and associates a branch post office (which will be available also for communications between members attending the meeting) will be opened in the reception room. Members and associates may obtain information regarding local arrangements on application to the local secretaries, Millstone Lane, Leicester, or at the London office, Burlington House. A plan of the Opera House, in which the president's address and one of the evening discourses will be delivered, may be consulted in the reception room on Monday, July 29, at 2 P.M.; and numbered or reserved seats can be taken on and after that day. Applicants for reserved seats must present their association tickets.

The first meeting of the general committee will be held on Wednesday, July 31, at 4 P.M., for the

despatch of business usually brought before that body. The committee will meet again on Friday, August 2, at 3.15 P.M., for the purpose of appointing officers for the meeting at Dublin in 1908. The concluding meeting of this committee will be held on Wednesday, August 7, at 1 P.M., when the report of the committee of recommendations will be received and considered. The general committee appoints at each annual meeting a committee to receive the recommendations of the sectional committees and to report to the general committee on the measures which they recommend to be adopted for the advancement of science. This committee will meet at 3 P.M. on Monday, August 5, and at 3.15 P.M. on Tuesday, August 6, if the business has not been completed on the previous day.

The inaugural meeting will be held on Wednesday, July 31, at 8.30 P.M., when Sir David Gill, president-elect, will assume the presidency and deliver an address. On Thursday, August 1, the Mayor of Leicester (Alderman Sir Edward Wood, J.P.) will hold a reception at a *fête* to be given by him in the Abbey Park; and on Tuesday, August 6, there will be a *soirée* in the Museum buildings. On Friday, August 2, a discourse on "The Arc and Spark in Radio Telegraphy" will be delivered by Mr. W. Duddell; and on Monday, August 5, a discourse on "Recent Developments in the Theory of Mimicry" will be delivered by Dr. F. A. Dixey. The concluding meeting will be held on Wednesday, August 7, at 2.30 P.M.

The sections are: A. Mathe-

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mathematical and Physical Science; B. Chemistry; C. Geology; D. Zoology; E. Geography; F. Economic Science and Statistics; G. Engineering; H. Anthropology; I. Physiology; K. Botany; L. Educational Science. The sections will meet in the rooms assigned to them for the reading and discussion of reports and papers on Thursday, August 1; Friday, August 2; Saturday, August 3; Monday, August 5; and Tuesday, August 6, at hours appointed by the sectional committees.

The acceptance of papers and the days on which these will be read are determined, so far as possible, by the organising committee of each section before the beginning of the meeting. It is therefore necessary, in order to enable the committees to do justice to such communications, that each author should prepare an abstract of his paper, of a length suitable for insertion in the annual report of the association; and the council desire that he shall send it, together with the original paper, by post, on or before June 29, addressed thus: "General Secretaries, British Association, Burlington House, London, W. *For Section* —." Authors who

comply with this request, and whose papers are accepted, will be furnished before the meeting with printed copies of their abstracts. If it be inconvenient for the author to read his paper on any particular day or days, he is requested to send information thereof to the recording secretary of the section in a separate note. Abstracts received after June 29 cannot be printed before or during the meeting.

Reports on the progress of science, and of researches entrusted to individuals or committees, must be forwarded before June 29 to the office, for presentation to the organising committees, accompanied by a statement as to whether the author will be present at the annual meeting. No report or abstract can be inserted in the annual report of the association unless it be in the hands of the assistant secretary before the conclusion of the meeting.

Excursions will be made on Saturday, August 3, to places of interest in the district, such as Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, Belvoir Castle, Warwick, Kenilworth, Stamford, and Peterborough. A special excursion will be made to the Charnwood Forest.

In 1908 the association will meet at Dublin, and in 1909 at Winnipeg.

Transactions

THE annual meeting of the members of the ROYAL INSTITUTION was held on May 1, the Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair. The report of the Committee of Visitors for the year 1906, testifying to the continued prosperity and

efficient management of the Institution, was read and adopted, and the report on the Davy Faraday Research Laboratory of the Royal Institution, which accompanied it, was also read. Thirty-six new members were elected in 1906, and sixty-three lectures and

nineteen evening discourses were delivered. The books and pamphlets presented amounted to about two hundred and sixteen volumes, making, with seven hundred and eighty-two volumes (including periodicals bound) purchased by the managers, a total of nine hundred and ninety-eight volumes added to the library in the year. The chairman announced that the managers had awarded the Actonian Prize of One Hundred Guineas to Madame Curie, as the author of the essay "*Recherches sur les Substances Radio-actives.*"

The lectures delivered before the ROYAL INSTITUTION on February 15 and May 4 have now been printed. On the former date Mr. J. J. Lister read a very valuable paper on the Foraminifera, which, on account of its clearness and conciseness, is likely to be especially useful to students. It need hardly be said that the paper by Mr. Charles A. Parsons on "The Steam Turbine on Land and at Sea," read on May 4, contains a cogent statement of the lecturer's views; it is issued with illustrations. On both occasions the Duke of Northumberland was in the chair.

Mr. Alfred Deakin, Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia, presided at the lecture on "Social and Economic Conditions in Australia," read by the Hon. J. W. Hackett before the SOCIETY OF ARTS on April 23. On April 24 Mr. Herbert Wright, Controller of the Government Experimental Station, Ceylon, read a paper on "Rubber Cultivation in the British Empire" at the eighteenth ordinary meeting of the Society.

At a meeting of the LINNEAN SOCIETY, on April 18, Mr. James Saunders showed a series of lantern-slides of "Witches' Brooms," which, he explained, are usually caused by one of three agents, parasitic fungi (*Aecidium* and *Exoascus*), parasitic insects, and gnarling. The illustrations shown were of trees affected by parasitic fungi, the mycelium of which permeates the woody tissue of the diseased plants. They included silver fir, Norway spruce, common elm, hazel, hornbeam, birch, elder, hawthorn, and wild cherry (*Prunus avium*). The silver fir was from Norfolk, but all the rest from South Bedfordshire and North Hertfordshire.

Among the other papers read was one by Mr. A. O. Walker on "The Conservation of existing Species by Constitutional or Physiological Variation giving greater power of Adaptation without perceptible change of Structure," and one by Professor W. B. Bottomley on "Some Results of Inoculation of Leguminous Plants." An abstract of these lectures has now been published.

The anniversary meeting of the ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY (22 Albemarle Street, W.) was held on May 7, when among the matters on the agenda were the Report of the Council for 1906-7, and the election of officers and members of Council.

At a meeting of the ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, held on Tuesday, April 16, Mr. A. L. Lewis, Vice-President, in the chair, a selection of specimens of flint from Cornwall was exhibited by Mr. Lewis, Mr. Warren, Mr.

Kendall and Mr. Chandler, and a short discussion took place.

Mr. S. Hazzledine Warren read a note on some palæolithic and neolithic implements from East Lincolnshire. The neolithic implements described were found by the author *in situ* in an undisturbed section of the fen deposit of the East Lincolnshire coast near Skegness. The lowest bed seen in the district was boulder clay; overlying this there are patches of fluvial gravel; above this again comes the old surface soil of the buried forest; then the peat by which the forest was destroyed, and above this again a succession of warp clays with some subordinate peat beds. The exact horizon at which the neolithic implements occurred was in the old surface soil beneath the lowest peat bed.

Besides the neoliths the author also found a palæolith *in situ* in one of the patches of fluvial drift gravel between the submerged forest above and the boulder clay below. One or two other palæoliths were also found, which had evidently been derived from one of these patches of post-glacial drift. Apart from discoveries in caves this is the most northerly point at which palæolithic implements have yet been found in this country in any river drift gravel.

At the meeting of the ROYAL MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY on April 17, Mr. J. E. Barnard exhibited and described an arrangement of the mercury vapour electric lamp for use with the microscope. The light obtained showed three bright lines in the spectrum, and if it were possible to screen off two of these, pure monochromatic light

would be obtained. At present Mr. Barnard said he had not been able to get a screen to effect this as perfectly as he wished, though he was hopeful of being able to do so. With this light specimens might be stained very faintly. Mr. F. W. W. Baker exhibited an expanding stop for use with a sub-stage condenser for obtaining a dark ground with objectives of different apertures. Mr. A. Earland exhibited a number of slides of Arenaceous Foraminifera arranged in a series intended to show the varying skill and selective power exercised in the construction of their tests or shells by organisms so very low down in the scale of the animal kingdom. Dr. Hebb read a paper by Mr. E. M. Nelson "On the Podura Scale," in which the author traced the efforts of previous observers to interpret the markings on the scales, giving figures to illustrate the various interpretations. An abstract of a paper by Dr. Antonio Rodella on "The Root Bacteria of Pulse" was read by Dr. Hebb. Dr. Ettles exhibited and described the Ettles-Curties Ophthalmometer and a Corneal Microscope devised for measuring the curvature of the Cornea by means of light reflected from it. Light from electric lamps impinged upon the eye and the radius of curvature in two directions was ascertained by the angle of reflection observed, and the amount of astigmatism was thus determined. A demonstration was given upon a patient with pronounced astigmatic vision, who presented himself for the purpose of the experiment.

At the meeting of the ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE on April

24, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge read a paper on "The Manuscripts of Coleridge's *Christabel*."

At the meeting of the SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIETY, on April 22, Mr. C. J. Hamilton read a paper on "The Future of Voluntary Charity."

At the meeting of the HELLENIC SOCIETY on April 30, Professor Ridgeway read a paper on "The True Scene of the Second Act of *The Eumenides* of Aeschylus." Where was the sacred image to which Orestes, by command of Apollo, fled for refuge from the pursuing Furies? Where was Orestes tried? These are not two questions but one, for, according to Professor Ridgeway, no fugitive would leave sanctuary to be tried, and therefore the sanctuary and the place of trial must be one and the same.

Two possible places for the trial can be suggested—the court of the Palladium, for cases of involuntary homicide, and the Court of the Delphinium, as dealing with criminals pleading "justification." On the supposition that Aeschylus conceived the defence of Orestes as uniting the two pleas, "involuntary action" and "justification" (for Orestes says that a higher power forced him to act and that he was bound to avenge his father's death), we ought to assign the trial to whichever of the two courts contained the sacred image of Pallas. Literature attests that there was an asylum for criminals in the Court of the Palladium, and a sacred image, which was carried to the sea once a year to be purified from pollution, presumably caused by the touch of the man-slayer. It therefore appears

justifiable to conclude that the Court of the Palladium is the one represented in the drama.

Meetings of the LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY were held on April 20 and May 4. On the former occasion members assembled at Lincoln's Inn where they visited the buildings of interest under the guidance of Mr. Paley Baildon, who read a short paper. On May 4 members met at Highgate, and were conducted round the old village of Highgate, visiting Cromwell House, the sites of Andrew Marvell's house and of Arundel House (Bacon's death-place), the homes, haunts and grave of Coleridge, and the Bull Inn, where Morland painted. At the close of the proceedings members had the opportunity of being "sworn on the Horns." An account of this quaint ceremony appeared in the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE in February of the present year.

The DORSET NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUARIAN FIELD CLUB held its annual business meeting at Dorchester on May 2. The President (Mr. Nelson Richardson) in his address gave a review of the progress of science during the year. It was decided that the club should join the Congress of Archæological Societies in connection with the Society of Antiquaries of London. The reports of the hon. secretary and treasurer were read. They showed that the club numbers nearly four hundred members and is in a flourishing financial condition. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. Nelson Richardson; vice-presidents, Lord Eustace Cecil, Captain G. R. Elwes, Mr. W. H.

Hudleston, the Rev. J. C. Mansel-Pleydell, Dr. Colley March, the Rev. W. Miles Barnes, the Rev. Herbert Pentin, the Rev. O. Pickard Cambridge, Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, and Mr. Morton G. Stuart-Gray; hon. treasurer, Captain Elwes; hon. secretary and editor, the Rev. Herbert Pentin, vicar of Milton Abbey. Mr. Alfred Pope, of Dorchester, was nominated as delegate to represent the club at the British Association meeting at Leicester this year. The following places were chosen as the centres for field meetings during the summer: The valley of the Pydel and Buckland Newton, Wareham and Lytchett Minster, and Forde Abbey. There will be a geological study of the coast by steamer from Swanage to Weymouth. The Cecil silver medal and prize for an essay on "Chemistry as applied to Sanitation and Domestic Purposes" was awarded to Mr. B. J. Eaton, of the Institute of Medical Research, Kwala Lumpur, Malay Peninsula. The Mansel-Pleydell medal was not awarded this year. Lord and Lady Wynford were elected members of club.

The annual meeting and conversation of the EAST HERTS ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY were held on April 27 in the Public Hall, Much Hadham. Major F. J. A. Skeet read a paper on "The Right Honourable Arthur, Lord Capell, Baron of Hadham, murdered for his Loyalty to King Charles I., 1649"; Mr. H. C. Andrews gave a brief account of some old glass in Much Hadham Church; Mr. W. B. Gerish lectured on "The Surnames of Hertfordshire, with special reference to the Hadham

district"; and Mr. R. T. Andrews read a paper on "Hadham and its Surroundings."

During the last two years Sir Norman Lockyer has been giving his attention to the question whether the stone circles of Cornwall may not have had an astronomical origin, and in April last year he delivered a lecture on the subject, at Penzance, under the auspices of the PENZANCE NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY. It attracted great local interest, and on Wednesday, April 3, a meeting was held at Penzance, at which a Cornish branch of the SOCIETY FOR THE ASTRONOMICAL STUDY OF ANCIENT MONUMENTS was organised. Lord Falmouth was elected President, and two Secretaries (Messrs. H. Bolitho and H. Thomas), a Treasurer (Captain Henderson), and a Committee were appointed. Between forty and fifty members were enrolled. Sir Norman Lockyer, who was present, gave a short address, in the course of which he referred to passages in Welsh folk-lore which imply a connection between seasons or astronomical incidents and the monuments.

The ROYAL GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF CORNWALL have under consideration the question of making the William Bolitho Medal open to competition, with the object of stimulating original work amongst those connected with Cornish mining.

At a Council meeting of the BATH AND WEST AND SOUTHERN COUNTIES SOCIETY, held at the Grand Hotel, London, on April 30, Mr. Edwards, on behalf of the Works and Allotment Committees, re-

ported the arrangements that were in progress for the reception in the Show Yard of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, who have graciously signified their intention of visiting the Newport Show on Monday, June 10. The secretary submitted the programme of daily proceedings proposed for the Newport meeting, commencing on June 5 and terminating on June 10. In addition to all the usual features of an

Agricultural Show, there will be jumping, driving, shoeing, milking, butter-making, timbering, splicing and ambulance competitions, a forestry exhibition, nature study collections, a flower show, a poultry show, and a working dairy on an unusually large scale. There will also be a series of practical demonstrations, by experts, in connection with bee-keeping, dairying, etc. The band of the Grenadier Guards will perform on each day.

Short Reviews

"THE ESSENTIALS OF ÆSTHETICS."

By GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND,
Litt.D. (John Murray: Price
10s. 6d.)

It is possibly hypercritical to mention as a serious drawback to the volume before us what has nothing whatever to do with the subject-matter or the manner in which the author has handled it—namely, its abnormal weight, owing to the very thick leaded paper on which it is printed. The author tells us in his preface that the object of "The Essentials of Æsthetics" is to "determine for the reader the qualities causing excellence in the higher arts, and to increase his appreciation of them." "It has been prepared for those whose time is too limited to study the minutiae of the subject, and for teachers who need a text-book." I am inclined to agree with a certain old gentleman who, on being offered a dish of minced collops, remarked with more force than elegance that he "preferred to chew his own food." Nevertheless I think that many who are

not included in the two above-mentioned classes might read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest Mr. Raymond's book to their advantage.

It is a pity that he should now and then sacrifice clearness to a curiously involved style. When Matthew Arnold implored people to be lucid he knew what he was talking about. Here is a phrase in point. The author is writing of subconsciousness in mental or physical activity as applied to the various forms or branches of art. "But now this method of which we remain unconscious, through which thoughts and emotions pass from the subconscious through the conscious mind and out of it again into the details of form, is the result of what most men mean when they use the term artistic inspiration; yet notice that it is often, too, even in cases of the most undoubted genius, a result, in part at least, of the skill acquired by practice." Goethe once said, "Genius is industry." He seems

to have covered the same ground by a less circumlocutory method. There are, of course, many people who know nothing, or next to nothing, about art, and who need to begin at the beginning and even to be told that "the physical differences connected with the reproduction of the effects of sound and light which distinguish the human from the merely animal body lie in the vocal organs and the hands" — a fact which seems to be fairly obvious; yet few of us, probably, have realised its entire application to every form of art.

Speaking of taste, Mr. Raymond says that its relation, "as applied to the whole range of artistic nature, seems to be precisely that of conscience to the moral nature and of judgment to the intellectual. Enlighten a man's soul, his conscience will prompt him to better action; increase his wisdom, and his judgment will give better decisions. According to the same analogy, cultivate his æsthetic nature—*i. e.*, improve the accuracy of his ear or eye, his knowledge of the different appearances of life or of modes of life—and his taste will be cultivated and improved."

In these words is more or less summed up the author's "brief." He has done his best to make up the minds of his readers on the subjects of painting, dancing, landscape gardening, poetry, architecture, pantomime and the drama, and since his work is obviously intended for the uncultivated, it would have been well if he had presented his ideas in plainer language.

A chapter on rhythm is perhaps the best in the book, and Mr.

Raymond sets forth a great axiom when he says that "the aim of the artist should be less to imitate than to represent." More pages might well have been devoted to the subject, of "Balance" and "Values" — two important matters in the curriculum of the student of art; but it would be impossible in the space of a small volume adequately to cover the whole of the ground. "The Essentials of Æsthetics" is not more than a very good text-book, admirably and intelligently illustrated. As such, it is of undeniable value to those who desire to study art, and the effect of all the arts together upon everything that makes for culture and for the betterment of humanity.

ALICE L. CALLANDER.

"THE POLISH JEW." By BEATRICE BASKERVILLE. (Chapman and Hall.)

No book has appeared for a very considerable time of more importance to the thinking and patriotic Englishman than this work. The author remarks in the preface: "Many of the facts put forth in the pages of this book are at variance with accepted opinions of the Polish Jew as held in Great Britain and the United States." An ordinary Englishman who carefully peruses "The Polish Jew" may discover that the whole case appears to him in a new light, and that in truth the persecuted people in Poland are at this moment not the Jews but the Gentiles.

England, proud of her supremacy, has, we are told, grown idle in her prosperity; and is it not possible that this very indifference may help to develop her alien

question into a problem as perplexing as that which is now harrowing and ruining Poland?

The Anglo-Saxon reads with indignation that the Jews are only permitted to inhabit certain quarters of Russian cities. "But," says the writer of "The Polish Jew," "does he (the Anglo-Saxon) know that the Polish Jews, living amongst a nation in the proportion of one to seven, have attained an influence of seven to one? Is he aware that many provincial towns are solely inhabited by Jews, who live upon the surrounding peasantry, that the Jews act as middlemen all over the country between the proprietors and all who purchase grain, potatoes, cattle, horses, milk, butter, and every form of farm produce, that in Warsaw itself every third man is a Jew? Trade and commerce are in their hands. They are the mainspring of revolutionary agitation throughout the country, and are doing their best by secret propaganda to undermine the loyalty of the army and navy, to bring about strikes, and openly to murder by either revolver shots, or bombs, any and every public man who is hostile to themselves."

The average Polish Jew earns his best living in the agricultural districts, not by cultivating the soil but by disposing of its produce. These individuals do not compete with the Poles in the world of industry. If they cease to be "factors," *i.e.*, middlemen between proprietors in the country, they come to the towns and resort to the sweating shops of their wealthier co-religionists to make cheap clothing, or become hawkers.

Although through emigration to England and America there is a constant exodus of the lower classes of the Jewish population from Poland, there is at the same time a constant immigration of Jews into Poland from Lithuania and other Russian provinces; so much so that, with the ever-increasing birth-rate, we find the Jewish population growing larger year by year all over Russian Poland. Eighty per cent. of this population is composed of the class which fills emigrant ships and crowds the slums of cities. These Jews are known as the proletariat. With this proletariat rich Jews who own the big industrial enterprises and factories in Poland have nothing, save their religion, in common.

There is another class of Polish Jews who exercise great influence—the Jewish "Intelligentsia." They are principally doctors, barristers and journalists. As medical men they are much respected, and may usually claim to be considered specialists. As lawyers they fill a large portion of the law list. As journalists they guide much Polish as well as Jewish thought, for nearly all the socialistic and revolutionary literature in Russia is composed by Jews. In olden days the Jew in the Ghetto argued about the Talmud, but politics have taken the place of religion in discussion among the modern Jews.

The two great movements among the Polish Jews, and indeed among all the Jews of Eastern Europe, have been the Zionist scheme and the Bund. As to the first of these, it seems for many reasons to be doomed to absolute

failure. The orthodox Jew is opposed to it. He clings to his "Habut" and side locks and high boots, to his jargon and his ancient customs, and cannot tolerate the Europeanised Zionist delegates who come to canvass him wearing short coats and low boots, and speaking pure German or Polish. The wealthy Jews oppose Zionism on economic grounds, as they consider the scheme impracticable. All schemes for founding agricultural colonies of Jews in Asia, Africa, or America have proved, and will prove, so they say, abortive.

But it is the Bund, according to the writer of "The Polish Jew," that is absolutely transforming the Hebrews of Russia. The Bund came to Poland from Lithuania only six years ago. Its programme includes the overthrow of Tsardom, the establishment of a democratic government, the convocation of a National Assembly, amnesty for all political prisoners and the nationalisation of the land. But although the Bund wishes to remove all Jewish disabilities, it does not aim at merging the Jewish in the Polish community. At this moment the Jews are far more anti-Polish than the Poles are anti-Semitic. They do not want to blend their interests with those of the other inhabitants of Poland. They are striving to assert their own national individuality, to live their own lives, and attain their own ends. In order to do this they have instituted what has gradually become a reign of terror in Warsaw, Lodz, and other large towns in Poland.

They began by organising

strikes, and these strikes have grown more and more serious. The last recorded in the book is that of 1906, when the demands of the tailors' workmen were so exorbitant that many master-tailors thought it better to give up business altogether than submit to the terrorism of their men. Bands of strikers then entered the warehouses, and spoilt material by cutting it into pieces or pouring vitriol and naphtha over it. These agitators were armed with revolvers, which they did not hesitate to use. "Men are murdered in broad daylight in their own houses, surrounded by their wives and children, because they cannot afford to accede to the extravagant demands of those who pull the strings of the revolutionary movement." The strike planned for last August, however, proved abortive, as by that time the most important leaders were either in prison or over the frontier. But the mischief has been done, and these numerous strikes have driven away trade and half ruined industrial Poland.

The second great scheme of the Bund is to bring about a revolution by stirring up strife between the officers and privates of the Russian Army. The association organised a system of propaganda to be carried on by factors, who have free entrance into all garrisons and fortresses, and by the Jews serving in the army and navy. The factors distribute leaflets calling upon the soldiers to shoot their officers instead of the revolutionaries whom they are called out to quell, and the Jewish recruits are constantly employed in pointing out to their Gentile com-

rades the hardships and injustices of the service and inciting them to mutiny and desertion. This propaganda has met with small success, owing to the hatred of the Hebrew race entertained by the Russian and Polish peasants, who compose the main body of the army and navy.

Since the Bund entered the kingdom of Poland, it has armed the Jewish proletariat with revolvers secretly imported into the country. The consequence is that daily outrages and assassinations take place not only in Warsaw and

Lodz but all over the country. The murders of police on duty have been countless. Robberies in post offices and trains are numerous, and the whole country is in a condition of danger.

These are a few of the facts contained in this extremely interesting and remarkably well-written book, every page of which is worthy of notice. The author, who must be a lady of rare mental gifts, states in the introduction that she has resided for the last eight years uninterruptedly in Poland.

JESSICA SYKES.

Notices of Publications

REPORT AND TRANSACTIONS OF THE DEVONSHIRE ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART. Vol. xxxviii. (Plymouth: W. Brendon and Son).

Alike for the antiquary and the man of science Devonshire is a county of surpassing interest, and it is in every way fitting that Devonians, who have shown so much of the spirit of the pioneer and the explorer in other directions, should take the lead in all departments of research in their own birth-land. One reads, therefore, with surprise and regret that the Devonshire Association has not been receiving adequate financial support. A difficulty arose at the last meeting, held at Lynton, as to embodying all the papers then read in the volume of Transactions now before us, on account of the cost of printing; and the Honorary Secretaries mention in

their report that "the financial pressure of the last two or three years" was only removed when an old and valued life member of the Association, Mr. Sydney P. Adams, presented to the funds a cheque for £100. Happily there are many sons of Devon animated by the spirit of Mr. Adams, and one feels certain that the necessities of the Association need only be made known to ensure that they shall be amply met. Kindred bodies are liberally supported in the north of the Kingdom and elsewhere, and it would be a sad story if the premier county of the west permitted the work of its own investigators to suffer from want of money. As a small matter in this connection one notes that "the transactions of the Society are not published, nor are they on sale. They are printed for members only." Considering the amount of valuable information which they

contain, it is an obvious suggestion that they should be made accessible to the public at a reasonable price. The Honorary Treasurer of the Association is Mr. P. F. S. Amery, J.P., of Ashburton.

The volume before us contains the twenty-fifth report of the Barrow Committee, among whose members is the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. Some interesting remains were found in a field which once formed part of Challacombe Common, and these are fully described in the Transactions. There is some very quaint reading in the twenty-third report of the Committee on Devonshire Folk-Lore. The following "Charm for Boils" may be new to readers of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE: "A lady at Chudleigh, about thirty years ago, was recommended to crawl backwards three times round a thorn bush very early in the morning, while the dew was on the grass." It would be desirable to select a thorn bush in a private place for this performance. It appears that as recently as 1883 a farmer in Meavy Parish sacrificed a sheep on Calisham Tor "to propitiate the evil influences which were destroying his flocks and herds." We have this on the authority of the Rev. W. A. G. Gray, then Vicar of Meavy. A singular "faith cure" for epileptic fits is not only described, but seems to have been sanctioned in use, by the Rector of Sutcombe. The eight traditional meals of the Devon labourer—dew-bit, breakfast, pocket-bit, dinner, crumbit (pr. crummat), numbit (pr. nummat), supper and "a bit after supper,"—proclaim the lusty appetite of the race. The eleventh

report of the Dartmoor Exploration Committee, on which Mr. Basil Thomson was serving, gives the result of explorations in certain hut-circles. There are many other valuable papers dealing with the natural history and antiquities of the county, and the whole volume of five hundred and seventy-six pages reflects credit on the contributors and the editor. With it is issued Part viii. of the "Calendar of Devonshire Wills and Administrations."

THE THIRTIETH ANNUAL REPORT AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY. (Southport: Visitor Printing Works. Price 2s.)

"At the end of another year of work the council congratulates the society on its growing reputation and prosperity, and individual members on the additions that have been made to scientific knowledge through their efforts." That is the satisfactory statement with which the report for 1906 opens. The society now numbers eleven honorary members, sixty-two corresponding members—among them Lord Avebury and Professor Poulton—and sixty-eight ordinary members, a gain of eight during the twelvemonth. Besides meetings at which papers are read and exhibits shown, the society organises field meetings. The present volume contains a brief notice of those held last year, an address by Professor T. Hudson Beare, Vice-President, a "preliminary catalogue of the hemiptera of Lancashire and Cheshire," by Mr. Oscar Whittaker, and a "Note on a Remarkable Race of *Agrotis Ashworthii*," by Mr. W.

Mansbridge. It also contains an abstract of legal proceedings before Mr. Justice Buckley concerning certain collectors who, having visited Huntingdonshire in search of Lepidoptera, were sued for trespass by a landowner. The Judge said that the defendants behaved in a perfectly civil and courteous manner, and the evidence showed they had no intention of repeating their trespass; the writ ought never to have been issued—it was an abuse of the process of the Court and oppressive to the last degree. The plaintiff was ordered to pay the defendants' costs.

THE ASHMOLEAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY OF OXFORDSHIRE. Report for 1906, with a list of 1400 Species of local Coleoptera. (Parker and Son, 27 Broad Street, Oxford. Price 1s.)

The "preliminary list of Coleoptera observed in the neighbourhood of Oxford from 1819 to 1907, compiled for the Ashmolean Natural History Society of Oxfordshire from all available records" is from the pen of Commander James J. Walker, R.N., who thus explains the conditions under which he has worked: "At the invitation of the Ashmolean Natural History Society of Oxfordshire, I have in the following pages attempted to enumerate the species of *Coleoptera*, or beetles, that up to the present date have been found in the immediate neighbourhood of Oxford. Since the early part of 1904, when I first 'pitched my tent' in the ancient city after my retirement from active service in the Royal Navy, and was privileged to be

associated with the Society, I have devoted a large part of my time to the study of the Entomology of the neighbourhood, and as regards my favourite order of Insects, the Coleoptera, I have been rewarded with an unexpectedly large measure of success. But a period of less than three years is altogether inadequate, even for the most zealous of collectors, to do justice to the beetle-fauna of so rich and varied a district as the country within a few miles of Oxford undoubtedly is; and I should have been quite unable to undertake the compilation of this list, had not the way been paved for me by my kind friend, Mr. W. Holland, of the University Museum, who has resided here since 1893, and has assiduously worked up the local insectfauna."

The Ashmolean Natural History Society possesses many distinguished members, among whom are Professor H. A. Miers, the President, Professor E. B. Poulton, Professor W. Odling, and Professor S. H. Vines, and it promotes the study of zoology, ornithology, entomology, botany, geology, anthropology, physiology, astronomy, chemistry, mineralogy, physics, and mathematics. As the annual subscription is only five shillings, it is surprising to read the following animadversion in the report of the committee: "Owing to the continual difficulty in getting members to pay their very small annual subscriptions, the committee have decided to put in force the fourth paragraph of Rule V.—relating to expulsion—which has hitherto remained in abeyance." They also have to say, "It has come to the knowledge of the committee that

certain members have removed or destroyed rare plants in the Cot-hill Reserve, or have encouraged or permitted their friends or strangers to remove them. The committee propose that a new rule be passed rendering such members liable to expulsion from the society and to consider the other persons as trespassers." It will be generally admitted that the drastic action suggested is entirely justified.

THE SHANACHIE; AN IRISH ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY. Volume ii., Number 3, March 1907. (Dublin: Maunsel & Co. Price 1s.)

People who can appreciate a

fine literary sense allied to a fine pugnacity should read "The Shanachie," which is a splendidly Irish publication. The opening article by Mr. J. B. Yeats on "The Royal Hibernian Academy" is equally critical of "Castle government in Ireland" and French art. There are some charming lines in Miss Jane Barlow's poem, "The Jewel in the Tower," and a sonnet to Ireland by Mr. J. H. Cousins is animated by a noble spirit. "The Shanachie" altogether is interesting, and quite fresh to English readers; even "Pat's Pastoral," which is "topical" and infected with the "new humour," is amusing in spite of those blemishes.

Garden Notes

"THERE is lately a flower (shal I call it so?), a Toolip which has engrafted the love and affection of most people unto it; and what is this Toolip? A well complexioned stink, and ill favour wrappt up in pleasant colours." So wrote Fuller in no mincing words as long ago as the seventeenth century, when the enthusiasm for tulip culture was beginning. "Wrappt in pleasant colours" it still remains, a beauty of our gardens in May-time. Tulips have fortunately declined in price since those strenuous days when growers ruined themselves in reckless speculation, and hearts were filled with envy, hatred, and malice about them. A dark tale is told us of a Dutchman, who, having paid hundreds of pounds for the only duplicate of a lovely

bulb, stamped it underfoot, intensifying thus the joys of ownership in his unique specimen.

Tulips must have been eaten in old days. I find a recipe for cooking the bulbs in an old English Herb Book. Our Dutchman might have reaped a keener pleasure if he had cooked his priceless tulip for a feast and served it to some infuriated rival.

The ordinary working gardener has usually a passion for alternate lines of colour in round beds and narrow borders, but such arrangements of bulbs in little beds are usually a mistake. William Morris, summing up his idea of a garden, says that, large or small, it should look both orderly and rich. Small beds, often laid out with no real design at all, may be orderly

but certainly their little dabs of colour are anything but rich, and tulips are a thousand times more lovely when planted in strong masses in the border, or in combination with low growing plants, like the double white *Arabis*, or any of the late spring-flowering saxifrages.

The colour effects can be infinitely varied. I recall a bed under a sunny wall where gorgeous red *gesneriana* tulips grew in a tangle of blue forget-me-not, and in another part of the same garden rose-coloured tulips out of a carpet of dark purple aubretia, and dusky orange in a mass of red wall-flower.

Three or four varieties planted together look well; reds and dull purples, pinks and some of the striped varieties lend themselves especially to such a rainbow mixture. Any suggestion of magenta must, however, be carefully eliminated from your colour scheme. A shade wrong in the pinks or purples will spoil an entire bed. Every garden naturally becomes a reflexion of its owner's taste, and each gardener chooses the colours which please him best.

For my part I favour soft and brilliant pinks and those strange purple tulips all streaked and blotched, like blackberry juice and cream, which look as if they might have come, with spells and incantations, out of a wizard's garden.

The preparation of the ground for tulips is the old story of a light rich soil, skilfully renewed from year to year. No bulbs will stand damp, and it is well to raise the beds a little to ensure perfect drainage. Tulips prefer a southern aspect and a somewhat sheltered

situation, but such luxuries cannot always be afforded them, and they will do anywhere as long as they are not planted in the shade or near hedges. Opinions differ as to whether the bulbs should be left in the ground all the year round. It depends entirely on the soil, for in heavy ground there can be no doubt the bulbs rapidly deteriorate and disappear if not lifted.

There are many species of wild tulips which are beautiful and curious enough to deserve a place in the garden. *Tulipa Acuminata* has a little red and yellow flower with petals cut and torn and wildly twisted. *T. Dammanniana*, a species from Mount Lebanon, is distinguished by the hairy fringe on its leaves and has scarlet and black flowers. *T. Persica* is another delightful species very unlike an ordinary tulip, as it has two or three dark orange and gold flowers on one stem. I have grown it most successfully amongst a mass of tall blue *Camassia*, where it produced a very uncommon and beautiful effect.

T. Sprengeri is a fine scarlet species from Armenia. It flowers very late, sometimes not till the end of June. *T. Sprengiflora*, a green and yellow striped tulip, is supposed to be the original parent of our "parrot" or "dragon" tulips. It is well to remember that these latter flowers bloom very uncertainly; they should be put in the ground somewhat closely, about two or three inches apart, so that the mass of splendid colour may not be broken by a few blind bulbs.

Careful hoeing of the ground both in flower-beds and the kit-

chen garden is essential at this time of year. In the comfortable shelter afforded by clumps of herbaceous plants many an ill weed escapes detection and grows up to flower and seed. "Gentlewomen if the ground be not too wet may doe themselves much goode by kneeling on a cushion and weeding. Thus both sexes might divert themselves from Idlennesse and evill company which oftentimes prove the ruine of many ingenious people." This little extract crossed my mind while reading a correspondence which was lately proceeding on the subject of women-gardeners. It occurs in "The Art of Simpling," 1657, by a Mr. W. Coles.

Weeding can, in truth, hardly be looked on as a diverting occupation. We weed on our knees, as the monk said, to remind us that our sins can only be rooted out by prayer. Like other penitential deeds it cannot be done too often or too thoroughly. Patches of seed sown in the open require looking after in this way lest we find we have been nursing up horrid little weeds among our seedlings.

The work of seed-sowing for summer show is over now, and nearly over too is the more laborious task of dibbling out the little plants in their permanent abodes. In this last employment we reap one of the advantages of thin sowing. A tiny plant grown singly can be popped in its little hole and scarcely know it has been moved, whereas if you have to disentangle a whole crowd of matted rootlets from each other, you cannot avoid giving the baby plant a

set-back, nor can you avoid much waste of seedlings.

It is a good plan each year to make experiments by growing some seeds new to us, as well as the old favourites of which we never tire. Results are sometimes disappointing and not to be repeated, especially if we choose from catalogues, with nothing else to guide us. Tastes differ and descriptions of colour differ—differ terribly—so that sometimes the stricken purchaser feels the compiler must have been colour-blind. But occasionally, as if by accident, we find something we like extremely. In what are called "florists' flowers" the tendency nowadays is to cultivate largeness of bloom, but it is a pity, I think, that the size of a flower should become the standard whereby we judge its excellence. Formerly "Sops in Wine" grew unstaked and undisbudded, and fell over the flagged path in untrammelled sweetness. Now the carnation tries to rival the chrysanthemum in size, and some of the chrysanthemums in their turn bear no fancied resemblance to a char-woman's mop.

The power of altering and improving the work of nature is ours, but we use it often with no saving grace of moderation. Large carnations, large sweet-peas, large roses, large pinks, become almost parodies of the original flowers, and the grace and sweetness of the type are lost. It is sad that most things which fashion seizes on become, somehow, vulgarised and spoilt.

MARY C. COXHEAD.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

The "Small Man" on the Land

(It is the desire of the Editor that THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE should give expression to widely varying opinions on important subjects of controversy; but he does not, of course, identify himself with his contributors in the statement of their views.)

EVERY one regrets the disappearance, now almost complete, of the British yeoman. Why has he vanished from the land? It is nonsense to say that the class has been extinguished by the rapacity of the grasping landlord. The yeoman, rightly so called, was his own landlord. He has been lost to the country for the simple but sufficient reason that small holdings do not pay in Great Britain at the present time.

That is the cardinal point of the situation. I do not wish to argue as to whether the fate of the best sort of agriculturist is due to our system of free imports. The fact remains that the yeoman has gone; and his case should be remembered, and earnestly studied, by those who are inclined to be enthusiastic over the proposals at present before the nation for the promotion of small holdings. The yeoman knew the land, loved the land, and, more than all, owned the land. If his survival has not been possible, is it likely that we can foster into prosperity a class less familiar (at least in the case of persons reclaimed, as it were, from the towns) with the soil, certainly not more attached to it for its own sake, and burdened with rent, whether payable to a

municipal authority or to a private person? Moreover the yeoman had substance to spend, before it dwindle away; the new small holders will generally begin their struggle without that advantage.

It is said by advocates of the measure now before Parliament that the village labourer will take up land I doubt it. I have been in close contact with the working of a big estate in that part of England where "Hodge" is more enterprising and energetic than he is in most parts of the country, and the impression strongly formed in my mind is this: the British working-class alike in rural and urban districts, are not eager to possess land; the English peasant has no land hunger in his composition; neither tradition nor normal prompting makes him keen to possess land. What he seeks is weekly wage and not too much hard work. Generally he is not thrifty and saving, and he is not, so to speak naturally a farmer.

Of course it would be an altogether excellent thing if people seemingly suitable for *petite culture*, who now congest the markets of our cities, and augment the appalling difficulty of unemployment, could be drafted successfully into the country, to make our old villages live again and their surroundings blossom like the rose. But what person, who knows alike the condition of those to be transplanted and of the soil to which they would go, can conscientiously say he believes the experiment would succeed? Of course politicians have to say any thing that party requirements dictate to them. I am speaking of those who can give an opinion without fear or favour.

Let me offer for consideration a case which seems to illustrate the problem vividly. A young man, of good character and physique, enlisted at the age of twenty he was in the Army five years, and served through the South African War. Upon the conclusion of peace he obtained employment as a working porter with a large and well-known London firm. He married a thoroughly respectable girl, deserving, like himself, of every sym-

pathy. He had the misfortune to fall ill during the winter months of the present year, and was sent to an infirmary. During his enforced absence from work, his employers, with that broad-minded philanthropy which is so characteristic of the commercial class, filled his post (such an example is, by the way, another inducement to those contemplating enlistment), and the unfortunate fellow, on his recovery, found himself workless.

In a few weeks his home was broken up, nearly all his clothes, and such little property of any value as he had, were sold or pawned. He and his wife were wandering about the streets, ragged and starving, carrying their two children. He drifted down to the East End, and lived in one of those homes of unbroken misery called "a furnished room," the rent of which is a shilling or a little more a day. When I made his acquaintance, the only sustenance available for the family was a remnant of cheap tea; and the mother was still trying to nurse her younger child to relieve its hunger. The man's wretched appearance itself militated against his feeble chance of obtaining work. He is thirty years of age, and his wife is twenty-three. It is true that he was born in London, but his ignorance of rural life on a peasant's plot of land would be just as great if he had been born in Birmingham or Bradford, or Bedford or Bideford.

I fancy it is just such a man as he for whom the enthusiasts for small holdings foresee a bright future on the land. He is honest, disciplined, and not afraid of toil; his wife is no vain slut enamoured of the streets, but a hard-working, willing woman. Yet what a cruel piece of irony it would be to transfer them to the land—as if one were opening a new Eden for them—and bid them win a livelihood. As a town-bred man, the husband has neither the knowledge nor the aptitude for such a feat; if he had been bred in a village, he might still very probably lack the knowledge, and it is even more likely that he would lack aptitude for what is in fact highly specialised labour and inclination for a most arduous and narrow life.

Even if he possessed knowledge, aptitude and inclination, his chance of success as a small holder in such a climate as ours would be slender indeed, if he did not command a much larger sum of money than such candidates for slices of land as Radical reformers have in mind are likely to own. Land must be stocked; there must be a reserve to enable the peasant-tenant to tide over bad seasons. One understands—indeed, it is a necessity of the case—that the small holdings are to be established on business principles; therefore, if the tenant cannot afford to erect the requisite buildings at his own expense, he must pay a rent for them proportionate to their cost. It is said that he will be able to obtain loans from Peasant Banks or Co-operative Societies. But there is no institution from which he will receive loans that bear no interest and are unsecured. If once he has mortgaged his interest in his holding—and it is difficult to see what interest a County Council tenant will have to mortgage—his days will be days of consuming anxiety, and how often will the unexpected losses which are a commonplace of agriculture of all kinds, and the perverse weather conditions which we all know so well, drag our struggling peasant swiftly and surely into the domain of tragedy. If he cannot raise produce in such conditions that he can sell it cheaply, allowing for cost of transport to its market, he cannot compete against the flood of cheap produce of every kind which pours in from abroad. If he must sell cheaply, and has but a small output to sell, how is he to pay his rent, interest on his loans, rates, and all the other expenses of his modest home?

One point is obvious to all who have a knowledge of the realities of village life. In the neighbourhood of all villages there are "fat" lands, where the tenant will have a pull over his competitors and exceptional chances of prosperity, and "starvation" lands, where the conditions are the reverse. Nowhere are feuds more numerous and bitter than in our small rural communities. The small holding will prove a veritable apple of discord where there is only too much rancour already. The successful intriguer who obtains a coveted plot will be a marked and

hated man; the rest of the hamlet will nurse a sense of bitter injustice. Adieu to peace in Auburn! And when the Parish Council is the allotting authority, it will be the scene of the most sordid, ridiculous little tragedies ever enacted in the country. One had better forbear to speak of the jobbery and chicanery certain to be practised by the intermediaries who will be concerned in the business of buying or leasing land for small holdings from the present landlords.

I said above that even the thrifty and capable small holder would lead a most narrow life. I wonder how many people have given a thought to this side of the question. A life passed in constant manual toil, with a restricted and familiar outlook, and an unceasing obsession about small gains, produces a hard, unresponsive, unprogressive type of humanity, out of touch with every influence of art, learning and literature. Conservative it certainly is; but its conservatism is not an intelligent desire for sure and steady evolution on the lines marked out by the past, but an unreasoning fear of change. Do we really desire to establish, under the ægis of the ratepayers, a peasantry hidebound in sordid traditions, without a thought beyond the day's pence-grubbing?

There is a class of people who believe, or affect to believe, that every landlord who owns more than a certain number of acres is a despoiler and a tyrant. It is useless to attempt to reason with these persons. If landowners thought that land could be advantageously used, on any considerable scale, for the purposes of small holdings, they would have put their belief in practice long ago, and on an increasing scale. There is quite sufficient financial pressure behind very many of them to induce them to adopt any system which promises a fair return on what, after all, represents a large part of their capital. Experience does not lead those who know the facts of land-management to believe that small holdings can, generally, be made to yield, in this country, a reasonable livelihood to the tenant, and a fair rent to those who

let the land, whether they be private owners or County Councils, "gingered" or ungingered.

No one can have seen such cases as that of the man whose misfortunes I have described from personal knowledge without hoping desperately that a sound solution may be found for the terrible social problem which he represents. But is it not mere quackery to assert that such a solution has really been found by the legislative creation of small holdings?

JESSICA SYKES.

George III. & Hannah Lightfoot

STOLID, unimaginative, and slow of thought, that Prince of Wales who was afterwards George III. is one of the last persons in the world who would be suspected of a love intrigue. Yet, by some strange irony, he has been generally accepted as the hero of an *affaire de cœur* in his youthful days, and this is not the less remarkable because, so far as is known, belief has been induced only by persistent rumour. No direct evidence, personal or documentary, has ever been brought forward in support of the story, and there is no mention of it in the memoirs of George's contemporaries; even Walpole, who referred to George as "chaste," never mentioned it, and it is inconceivable that that arrant scandal-monger could have been acquainted with such a morsel of court life and have refrained from retailing it. None the less there is a marked reluctance to dismiss as gossip the alleged connection between George and Hannah Lightfoot, for, on the principle that there is no smoke without fire, it seems unlikely that the story can have become so generally accepted unless it had at least some foundation of truth.

Mr. Thoms, who many years ago made an exhaustive study of the subject,¹ states that the first mention of it in

¹ William J. Thoms: "Hannah Lightfoot, Queen Charlotte and the Chevalier D'Eon. Dr. Wilmot's 'Polish Princess.' Reprinted, with some additions, from *Notes and Queries*, 1867."

print is to be found in a letter to the editor of *The Monthly Magazine, or, British Register*, for April 1821, that is, after the death of George III., and this fact, coupled with the absence of any reference to the story in the memoirs of the day, threw very grave doubt on the authenticity of the alleged romance. Since the appearance of Mr. Thom's *brochure*, however, this particular reason for scepticism has been removed, for earlier allusions have been discovered. *The Citizen* for Saturday, February 24, 1776, contained the following advertisement: "Court Fragments. Which will be published by *The Citizen* for the Use, Instruction and Amusement of Royal Infants and young promising Noblemen. 1. The History and Adventures of Miss L—hf—t, the Fair Quaker; wherein will be faithfully portrayed some striking pictures of female constancy and princely gratitude, which terminated in the untimely death of that lady, and the sudden death of a disconsolate mother." The next recorded reference is in *The Royal Register* for 1779, when the matter is referred to as one familiar to most persons. "It is not believed even at this time, by many people who live in the world, that he [King George] had a mistress previous to his marriage. Such a circumstance was reported by many, believed by some, disputed by others, but proved by none; and with such a suitable caution was this intrigue conducted that if the body of the people called Quakers, of which this young lady in question was a member, had not divulged the fact by the public proceedings of their meeting concerning it, it would in all probability have remained a matter of doubt to this day."

Robert Huish, who wrote a life of George III. that, published in 1821, must have been in part, at least, written prior to the monarch's death, was also acquainted with the legend, for though he does not mention the girl's name, he makes a very obvious allusion to Hannah Lightfoot. He states that after the Prince of Wales, at his mother's express desire, had declined to entertain George II.'s proposal for him to marry Princess Sophia of

Brunswick, and had stated he would wed only a Princess of the house of Saxe-Gotha, his thoughts turned to love. "The Prince, though surrounded with all the emblems of royalty, and invested with sovereign authority, was nevertheless but a man, subject to all the frailties of his nature, impelled by the powerful tide of passion," writes Huish in his grandiloquent fashion, and after some extravagantly phrased remarks on the temptations that surround an heir-apparent, continues :

His affections became enchained; he looked no more to Saxe-Gotha nor to Brunswick for an object on which to lavish his love; he found one in the secret recesses of Hampton, whither he often repaired, concealed by the protecting shades of night, and there he experienced what seldom falls to the lot of princes—the bliss of the purest love. The object of his affections became a mother, and strengthened the bond between them.

The reference to the affair in the letter of a correspondent, "B," of *The Monthly Magazine* (April 1821) has at least the merit of being more explicit than that of the historian :

All the world is acquainted with the attachment of the late King to a beautiful Quakeress of the name of Wheeler. The lady disappeared on the royal marriage in a way that has always been interesting because unexplained and mysterious. I have been told she is still alive, or was lately. As connected with the life of the late sovereign the subject is curious, and any information through your pages would doubtless be agreeable to many of your readers.

It appears that the writer of this letter attributed too much knowledge to "all the world," for, as will now be shown, it is remarkable how little was known; but, the subject once started, there were plenty of people ready to carry on the discussion.

In the July number of the same periodical "A Warminster Correspondent" states that the name of the girl was not Wheeler but Hannah Lightfoot; that Hannah had lived at the corner of St. James's Market with her mother and father, who kept a shop ("I believe a linen-draper's"), that the Prince of Wales saw her, fell in love, and persuaded Elizabeth Chudleigh, one of his mother's

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maids of honour,¹ to act on his behalf. The writer continues

The royal lover's relations took alarm and sent to enquire out a young man to marry her. Isaac Axford was a shopman to Barton the grocer, on Ludgate Hill, and used to chat with her when she came to the shop to buy groceries. Perryn, of Knightsbridge, it was said, furnished a place of meeting for the royal lover. An agent of Miss Chudleigh called on Axford and proposed that on his marrying Hannah he should have a considerable sum of money. Hannah stayed a short time with her husband, when she was taken off in a carriage, and Isaac never saw her more. Axford learned that she was gone with Miss Chudleigh. Isaac was a poor-headed fellow, or, by making a bustle about it, he might have secured to himself a good provision. He told me, when I saw him last, that he presented a petition at St. James's, which was not attended to; also that he had received some money from Perryn's assignees on account of his wife.

Isaac, it seems, set up as a grocer at Warminster, his native place, but retired from business before his death, which took place about 1816, in the eighty-sixth year of his age; believing his wife to be dead, he had long before married a Miss Bartlett, of Keevil, North Wilts. "Hannah was fair and pure, as far as I ever heard," the Warminster correspondent concludes, "but 'not the purest of all pures' in respect of the house of Mr. Perryn, who left her an annuity of £40 a year. She was indeed considered as one of the most beautiful women of her time disposed to *embonpoint*."

The editor of *The Monthly Magazine* now became interested in the matter, and himself took some trouble to elucidate the facts.

On enquiry of the Axford family, who still are respectable grocers on Ludgate Hill, we traced a son of the person alluded to in the letter, by his second wife, Miss Bartlett, and ascertained that the information of our correspondent is substantially correct. From him we learn that the lady lived six weeks with her husband, who was fondly attached to her; but one evening, when he happened to be from home, a coach and four came to the door, when she was con-

¹ Elizabeth Chudleigh (1720-1788), married, first, Augustus Hervey (afterwards third Earl of Bristol), and, second, Evelyn Duke of Kingston.

veyed into it and carried off at a gallop, no appears the husband was inconsolable at first, applied for satisfaction about his wife at Weymouth but died after sixty years in total ignorance of ever, been reported that she had three sons by the Army, that she was buried in Islington un even that she is still living.¹

The research of the editor of *The* bears out in the main his correspondent if in one account it is said that Axford Barton the grocer on Ludgate Hill, and he was the son of a grocer on Ludgate Hill statements may be reconciled by the theory that the man was not serving in his father's business. It is far from Hannah should go from St. James's Hill to purchase her groceries. It stayed with her husband for a while it is not unnatural that the Axford family the mention of money paid to their circumstances that induced the payment discrepancy, however, comes to light. Correspondent " remarks that Axford with Miss Chudleigh ; the family declare of what happened to her, but say at "applied about his wife at Weymouth, where George III. sometimes know what had happened to her? Weymouth or Leeds, or Edinburgh ?

But now contradictions come fast and Axford never cohabited with his wife away from the church door the same married, and he never heard of her at contributor to the September number *Magazine*, adding that Hannah was

¹ *The Monthly Magazine*, July 1821. "A woman Hannah in one of those large houses, surrounding a garden, in the district of Cat-and-Mutton Field Hackney Road, leading from Mile End Road, was said, died."—*Notes and Queries*, vol. viii., p. 87,

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the door of the St. James's Market shop by the Prince of Wales as he drove by in going to and from Parliament and that Axford (who was shopman to Bolton the grocer in Ludgate Hill) subsequently presented a petition to the King about her in the Park, but obtained little redress. The same writer clears Hannah's reputation so far as Perryn is concerned, by stating that they were relatives, and thus furnishing an innocent motive for the legacy.

As confusion became worse confounded, some level-headed man asked a series of questions,¹ of which the most pertinent were: "When and where did the marriage take place of Hannah Lightfoot, a Quaker, to Axford? Where is the evidence that she was the same Quaker who lived at the corner of St. James's Market, and was admired by Prince George?" Facts, however, were just what were not forthcoming, though "Inquirer" (who asserted that he was a member of the Lightfoot family), in a letter in the October issue of the magazine, actually gave a date. He said:

Hannah Lightfoot, when residing with her father and mother, was frequently seen by the King when he drove to and from Parliament House. She eloped in 1754, and was married to Isaac Axford at Keith's Chapel, which my father discovered about three weeks after, and none of her family have seen her since, though her mother had a letter or two from her, but at last died of grief. There were many fabulous stories about her, but my aunt (the mother of Hannah Lightfoot) could never trace any to be true.

"Inquirer" states that "the general belief of her friends was, that she was taken into keeping by Prince George directly after her marriage with Axford, but never lived with him," and adds, "I have lately seen a half-pay cavalry officer from India, who knew a gentleman of the name of Dalton, who married a daughter of Hannah Lightfoot by the King, but who is dead."²

¹ *The Monthly Magazine*, September 1821.

² "With respect to the son born of this marriage, and said to be still living at the Cape of Good Hope, I think . . . there must be some mistake. I was at the Cape of Good Hope in 1830, and spent some time at Mr. George Rex's hospitable residence at the Knysna. I

So far, then, Hannah Lightfoot (or Wheeler, or, as another writer says, Whitefoot) was seen by the Prince of Wales on his visits to Parliament (or, as it is otherwise stated by one who declared that the Prince would not have passed by St. James's Market on his way to Parliament, on his way to the Opera); he fell in love with her, and secured the aid of Miss Chudleigh to persuade her to leave her home; but his family, being alarmed, paid Isaac Axford, shopman to Barton (or Bolton) to marry her, and then she was at once (or after six weeks) taken into keeping by the Prince. This is not very plain sailing, but the incident took place more than sixty years before the discussion arose, and the discrepancies are not unnatural after that lapse of time. At least there have been given the place and date of the marriage of Hannah with Isaac—Keith's Chapel, 1753.

Alexander Keith was a clergyman who married parties daily between the hours of ten and four for the fee of one guinea, inclusive of the licence, at the Mayfair Chapel to which he gave his name. These marriages were irregular or "Fleet" marriages, and Keith's carelessness in conducting them subjected him in October 1742 to public excommunication, when, in return, he as publicly excommunicated the bishop of the diocese and Dr. Trebeck, the rector of the neighbouring church of St. George's, Hanover Square. Keith, on being told a stop would be

understood from him that he had been about thirty-four years in the colony, and I should suppose he was about sixty-eight years of age, of a strong, robust appearance, and the exact resemblance in features to George III. This would bring him to about the time, as stated in Dr. Doran's work, when George III. married Hannah Lightfoot. On Mr. Rex's first arrival at the colony he occupied a high situation in the Colonial Government, and received an extensive grant of land at the Knysna. He retired there and made most extensive improvements. His eldest son, named John, at the time I was there, was living with his father, and will now most probably be the representative of George Rex."—William Harrison: *Notes and Queries*, February 9, 1871.

The statement contradicted by Mr. Harrison had appeared in *Notes and Queries*, October 24, 1868: "When the Duke of Edinburgh went sporting in Cape Colony he was attended by George Rex and family, according to *The Times*' account."

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put to his marrying, said, "Then I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and I'll *underbury* them all!"

As a matter of fact, according to the Register of Marriages at St. George's Chapel, Mayfair, published in 1889 by the Harleian Society, Hannah Lightfoot was married to Isaac Axford, of St. Martin's, Ludgate, on December 11, 1753. Therefore her intrigue with the Prince must have taken place when he was fifteen years of age.¹

So far as *The Monthly Magazine* was concerned the discussion ceased in 1822, but a new point was raised two years later in "An Historical Fragment relative to her late Majesty Queen Caroline." According to this work, Hannah Lightfoot had married not Axford, but the Prince of Wales.

The Queen (Caroline) at this time laboured under a very curious, and to me unaccountable, species of delusion. She fancied herself in reality neither a queen nor a wife. She believed his present Majesty to have been actually married to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and she as fully believed that his late Majesty George the Third was married to Miss Hannah Lightfoot, the beautiful Quakeress, previous to his marriage with Queen Charlotte, and as that lady did not die until after the birth of the present King and his Royal Highness the Duke of York, her Majesty really considered the Duke of Clarence the true heir to the throne.

The marriage of Hannah Lightfoot and the Prince of Wales is insisted upon in the scurrilous "Authentic Records of the Court of England for the last Seventy Years" (which includes in its list of contents such items as "The Bigamy of George the Third" and "The Infamous and Cold-blooded MURDERS of the Princess Charlotte and of Caroline, Queen of England") and in "The Secret History of the Court of England." A passage in the latter book runs as follows:

The unhappy sovereign while Prince of Wales was in the daily habit of passing through St. James's Street and its immediate vicinity. In one of his favourite rides through that part of the town he saw a very

¹ Jesse, in his "Memoirs of George the Third," mentions Curzon (known also as Mayfair) Chapel as the scene of the marriage; but the context shows that he confused this with Keith's Chapel, which was situate only a few yards away.

engaging young lady, who appeared by her dress to be a member of Society of Friends. The Prince was much struck by the delicacy and lo appearance of this female, and for several succeeding days was observed to walk out alone. At length the passion of his Royal Highness arrived at such a point that he felt his happiness depended upon receiving the lady in marriage. Every individual in his immediate circle or in the Privy Council was very narrowly questioned by the Prince, though in an indirect manner, to ascertain who was most to be trusted, that he might secure, honourably, the possession of the object of his wishes. His Royal Highness at last confided his views to his brother, Edward Duke of York, and another person, who were the witnesses to the *legal* marriage of the Prince of Wales to the mentioned lady, Hannah Lightfoot, which took place at Curzon Street Chapel, Mayfair, in the year 1759. This marriage was productive of *issue*.

Later in the same volume it is stated that George III. after his marriage with Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, reproached himself with cowardice because he had not avowed the earlier and secret union.

At this period of increased anxiety to his Majesty Miss Lightfoot was disposed of during a temporary absence of his brother Edward and from that time no *satisfactory* tidings ever reached those interested in her welfare. The only information that could be obtained was that a young gentleman, named Axford, was offered a sum of money, to be paid on the consummation of his marriage with Miss Lightfoot, which offer he willingly accepted. The King was greatly distressed to ascertain the fate of his much-beloved and legally married wife, the Quakeress, and entrusted Lord Chatham to endeavour to trace her abode, but the search proved fruitless.

The "Secret History" contains other references to this story, and it is narrated that the King, during his madness in 1765, frequently demanded the presence of "the wife of his choice," and showed the utmost disgust when the Queen was brought to him; and that he once declared, on a certain occasion, to have implored her to be disturbed with "retrospection of past irreparable injury." Many years later Dr. Doran gave credence to the report that, when Queen Charlotte sent for her eldest son on hearing of his marriage with Mrs. Fisher, he said: "My father would have been a happy man if he had remained true to his marriage with Hannah Lightfoot."

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In "The Appeal for Royalty" (1858) copies are given of two fictitious marriage certificates; the first dated Kew Chapel, April 17, 1759, signed "George P., Hannah"; the second "at this residence at Peckham," May 27, 1759, signed "George Guelph, Hannah Lightfoot," the officiating clergyman being J. Wilmot, and the witnesses William Pitt and Anne Taylor. The same book also contains a copy of Hannah's apocryphal will.

HAMPSTEAD, July 7, 1763.

Provided I depart this life, I recommend my two sons and my daughter to the kind protection of their Royal Father, my husband, his Majesty George III., bequeathing whatever property I may die possessed of to such dear offspring of my ill-fated marriage. In case of the death of each of my children, I give and bequeath to Olive Wilmot, the daughter of my best friend, Dr. Wilmot, whatever property I am entitled to or possessed of at the time of my death. Amen.

(Signed) HANNAH REGINA

Witnesses { J. DUNNING.
 { WILLIAM PITT.

These documents in the "Appeal for Royalty" have, however, been proved in a court of law to be "gross and rank forgeries," and, indeed, their authenticity can hardly for a moment have been accepted. Nor do the statements in the "Historical Fragment" concerning Queen Charlotte carry conviction, even though Bradlaugh, in his "House of Hanover," remarks that Hannah Lightfoot died in the winter of 1764, and "in the early part of the year 1765, the King being then scarcely sane, a second ceremony of marriage with the Queen was privately performed by the Rev. A. Wilmot at Kew Palace."

Still, there remains the fact that the statements in the "Authentic Records" and in "The Secret History" corroborate each other; but it would be strange if this were not so, for there is little doubt that, though the first was issued anonymously and the second bears upon the title-page the name of Lady Anne Hamilton, the real author of both was Mrs. Olivia Serres. When it is added that in all probability Mrs. Serres also wrote the "Historical Fragment," and that her daughter, Mrs. Ryves, was responsible for the "The Appeal for Royalty," it is seen

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that in all likelihood the marriage of Hannah to the heir-apparent was alleged (and, most likely, invented) by one person only.¹

That George III. may have married Hannah Lightfoot is not in itself unthinkable, for royalty has before and since allied itself to women of lower estate. George III.'s brother Henry, Duke of Cumberland, married Mrs. Horton, and William, Duke of Gloucester, chose for his wife the Dowager Countess of Waldegrave; even after the passing of the Royal Marriage Act the Prince who was afterwards George IV. went through the ceremony of marriage with a lady belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, thus defying the provisions of that statute and of the Act of Settlement. If George III. married Hannah Lightfoot, then, as there was at the time no Royal Marriage Act, Hannah Lightfoot was Queen of England. There is, however, no evidence to establish even a justifiable suspicion of a marriage between the Prince of Wales and Hannah the Quakeress. It is incredible that the Great Commoner should have been a witness, and it is not to be believed that in disguise he sought for the girl.

Still, Pitt may not have been a witness and may never have sought for Hannah, and yet the story may not be without some foundation. It must be admitted, however, that the many statements as to an intrigue between the couple have been based upon hearsay; no one who

¹ The arguments as to the authorship of the various works to which reference is made are set forth in the Appendix to Mr. Thoms's *brochure*.

Mrs. Olivia Serres (1772-1834) was the daughter of James Wilmot, who, as stated above, is said to have married Hannah Lightfoot to the Prince of Wales. In 1791 she became the wife of the marine painter, John Thomas Serres. She claimed, in 1817, to be a natural daughter of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, and three years later declared herself the duke's legitimate daughter, when she assumed the title of Princess Olive of Cumberland. Her daughter Lavinia Janetta Horton Serres, afterwards Mrs. Ryves, called herself Princess Lavinia of Cumberland and Duchess of Lancaster, and published "The Appeal for Royalty" and other writings relating to her claim to the title.

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knew Hannah during the time when, it is alleged, she was the Prince's mistress, has spoken, and the nearest approach to direct testimony has been obtained from one who knew Axford or others who knew members of the Lightfoot or Axford families. Yet Jesse, Justin McCarthy, and other writers on George III., accept the theory of the intrigue, and without reserve, though it is in contradiction to all that is known of the young man's character at that time. Indeed, George Scott, his tutor, told Mrs. Calderwood that while the Prince of Wales "has the greatest temptation to gallant with the ladies, who lay themselves out in the most shameful manner to draw him in," their efforts did not attract the Prince, for he realised that "if he were not what he was they would not mind him"; and, about the period when the romance was supposed to have occurred, Scott declared that his erstwhile pupil "has no tendency to vice, and has as yet very virtuous principles"; while further contradiction of the rumour may be found in a letter written in 1781 by George III. to Lord North about his son's entanglement with "Perdita" Robinson, "I am happy at being able to say that I never was personally engaged in such a transaction."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

Our Highland Encampment

SOMEWHERE behind the heather hills that look out into the mysterious Hebrides nestles the hamlet of my choice. Across the valley the winds blow for ever fresh, laden with brine and bog-myrtle—the true Highland scent. A calm broods always there, like a benediction. When the spell that holds these hills is broken it is by the voice of music itself. The plaintive bleating of strayed sheep on these pastoral slopes is as pleasant as it is pitiful; farther ahead a startled plover flutters up from its hidden covert at the

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approach of feet, with its melancholy "pee-weet"; and through it all the sentimentalist may hear the pipes of Pan, blent with the ceaseless ebb and flow of Atlantic waves.

It is now a reminiscence, that land of purple hill and dale, with its inevitable morasses and mountain "burns," its miles of tangle and bracken breast deep—a land where birch and rowan lend idyllic shade to the bare rock, and alders kiss the dappled pool.

The road from the coast to Drumclachan is one continuous upland slope. A homestead here and there greets the eye, with its quaint outhouses, or the relics of some decayed village, and, beyond, a vista of silver loch that ripples in the wind. On the far horizon some delicate point of land seems to rise from the deeps to kiss the white clouds. From the mountain road, it is a realm of faëry made real.

Drumclachan lies behind, almost hidden like a grey stone in the broad valley. It is a mere huddle of nondescript cottages, and might have been built by the Picts themselves, it looks so ancient and grey, and hallowed, as it were, by an indescribable old-world charm.

Only the long white road lies before the traveller and tells him it is there, at his feet. There never was a road or brook that led to nowhere!

A mile or so ahead a thin blue spiral of smoke, or the rattle of some farm cart, prepares him for the village. He has so far kept the solitary footpath way, amid sombre hills enhaloed in silence. If he is a recluse, and the spirit of the hills has entered into his soul, he will pause on the verge of fairyland and cast a loving eye on the fair earth, and sigh as he takes his pensive way into the little hamlet. He cannot yet reconcile himself to the ways of men, and Nature claims her child in her own domain.

The child of Nature need have no fears. Drumclachan is one of those old, sequestered places where tradition still wears the crown of progress. One would not naturally expect a cultured, book-loving, thriving community, with its editor, minister, and bailie—a regnant

triumvirate, essential to modern township—right in front of those stormy, rock-bound, prehistoric isles.

Let us descend, therefore, from the hills into Drumclachan village with a light heart; and yet your modern tourist cannot forget the trammels of the world he has left behind. In his pocket lies, if not a guide-book, at least a pocket edition of some favourite poet, as a panacea against boredom or the lack of an efficient library.

It is here, in a little cove hard by, that a party of Bohemians have chosen for some years to pitch their tents, and in spite of the sneer of the press that has given us the *sobriquet* of the "Firth of Clyde Freaks," we are happy to live, for three golden months in a drab year, a wild aboriginal existence. We look forward to our annual encampment on that western cove all through the long winter, and when spring passes, and the rose begins to burst in suburban gardens, our hearts are wont to stir with quite a vernal happiness at the prospect of our rehabilitation under canvas.

Our first duty on arriving *via* steamer is to charter a suitable conveyance. When our multifarious baggage has been safely and artistically piled, with a nine-months old babe cradled high and happy amid the crowded odds and ends of camp life, we proceed *à pied* right merrily. All along the road we gossip and jest, and listen to the crowing of Joyce from the baggage heap: she brims over with merriment as only an unconventional baby can who for a season has left polite life behind, with all its worries.

For the rest, we are a motley crew, consisting of an eminent D.Sc. with a weakness for theoretical investigation, his wife the "Doctorin," a well-known lecturer from Paris and his wife, several artists, and among the ladies a musician and a schoolmistress from "downy" Surrey; last, but not least, whom we shall bracket (with his permission) among the children, a poet, who is such a child himself that one and all clamour for his deification on the baggage-cart with nine months old Joyce—an honour which he indignantly repudiates.

We are, what we have so longed to be since we foregathered, children of nature once more, with a gorgeous taste in tartan.

It is quite astonishing how soon those drowsy villagers get wind of the camping pilgrimage. We are pursued in consequence by an anarch rout of village tatterdemalions, in wondrous disarray. Like certain predatory fish that follow in the wake of sailing vessels at sea, this noisy throng, bearing a week's grime over its tan, keeps well abreast of us, in the hope, most philanthropically realised, of picking up things.

We reach our caravanserai—a lonely upland farm among the hills; in due time, that is, hot and famished.

The farmer and his wife greet us with the broadest of smiles from the picturesque doorway. Our advent is generally a disorganisation. Already we have put to flight fluffiest balls of chickabiddies; a "bubbly jock" struts off with dignified disapproval, gutturally expressed; Snero barks from some house of durance, and is silenced in sternest of Gaelic, while more children's faces, happy and grimy, "peek" out at us from all sorts of hiding-places and crannies. There is a general stampede as we enter. A subdued babel of whispering comes to our ears; to our nostrils the delicious odour of home-made oatmeal cakes and scones.

Many things has the farmer to tell us about his cattle and his dogs, and the weather, while his guests are in earnest discussion of chicken and scone.

At last we have risen from the sumptuous board in the old-fashioned stone kitchen, and are ready for the road again, with our tents added to the general baggage.

The generous farmer has stored them for us, as he always does from year to year. When he is asked how much the storage amounts to, he bellows, "Och, that'll be naething ava. Hoots!" thereby showing a disregard for pelf which we consider charming.

Half an hour later sees us all busy in the difficult work of tent pitching. There are so many little important details to be considered in this highly technical art, that

only the experienced camper can be regarded as an efficient worker. A poet, for example, may fix up his tent with the pole sticking out of the door, and not know that there is anything the matter with it as long as it holds till the first gale!

The practical "Doctorin," however, sees him from afar, struggling like a dishevelled golliwog, and promptly comes to his assistance.

A tent, like the upright man, should always maintain its equilibrium. Away with vulgar, skirt-dancing tents! A tent should be sober, erect, and grave. There should be no mournful, midnight, flapping tents—as they will collapse, or, worse still, be lifted right up and thrown starward, leaving the horrified sleeper on the cold, cold earth—a common experience.

It suggests some miniature workshop of the pixies to hear from a distance the dull *clomp, clomp, clomp* of wooden mallets, as pegs are driven in and cordage fixed—a sight no doubt witnessed by some compassionate shepherd from the mist-enshrouded hills.

When all at length is quiet, and the meek stars shine down on the small encampment in the cove, a heather mattress, fresh from the hills, is grateful after Trojan toil.

To those who have a wish to spend their holidays under canvas a few practical hints by the way may not be out of place. In the first place, always pitch your tent beside a "burn." Sentimentally there is nothing more soothing than to be lulled asleep by a burn that wimples to the sea. Practically it is at your very door for culinary or washing purposes. A wash in a burn is the most refreshing thing in nature, but you must be careful never to perform your ablutions above the recognised spot where the water is drawn for cooking purposes, or you will have the matron down on you. If your tea has a soapy flavour that morning, you will never do it again. Then your camp should be within easy reach of a farm. One of the delights of a summer morning is to trip over the lush grass, sparkling with dew and sunshine, for the

morning's milk. And let me recommend another important adjunct to camp life—sandals. None of our party ever wears stockings at camp. Sandals or goloshes or canvas shoes are found to be much more comfortable than wet stockings. The children, of course, go bare-foot. The little girls, like their brothers, wear loose sailor smocks with pantaloons, and look and act like the veriest tomboys.

How shall I describe those *dolce far niente* days in our Highland encampment without becoming sentimental? What items there are for our poet's rubric! How we rowed in the long lazy afternoons, and watched the gulls and sea swallows darting in and out of the rocks, or at evening a seal, perchance attracted by the strains of the "Doctorin's" violin, bobbing its curious head in and out of the water a hundred yards in the wake of our boat!

We were not fortunate enough to behold a sea serpent, but a particularly large whale was often to be heard booming and rolling over, and was even seen rising in the bay.

On one memorable occasion a party of our children and some belonging to an adjacent camp were fishing in the loch, when, to the horror of all but one bold youth, its monstrous black body was seen to roll over and rise quite near to them. The unhorried Waldo, with admirable presence of mind, cried "Let's all shout together!" They shouted, and the whale immediately disappeared with a splash into unplumbed depths of ocean.

Drumlachan knows us well. We went there daily, a pleasant upland walk over purple hills and bracken-clad valleys. We renewed acquaintance, too, with many a worthy, and spent hours in fishing-boats or listening to Dougal's interminable yarns, as he smoked and waxed philosophical over his brown nets. We know almost every nook and corner in that old village, and are welcomed everywhere with Celtic hospitality.

As the days glide on we become more and more in spirit like Roman *chals*, children of the wilds, leading a *riant* and exuberant life.

If your world-wide tourist had ever come our way some

evening while we sat grouped together under the stars, round the log fire, listening to a strain of Gounod or Chopin, he would pause in wonderment, and bear away a golden memory of that far-off Highland encampment under the sombre hills that guard the Hebrides.

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

Some Aspects of the Devil in English Dramatic Literature

THE first appearance of Satan in English dramatic literature is in the miracle or mystery plays of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. These have come down to us in three sets, known as the Townley or Widkirk, the Coventry, and the Chester plays, from the names of the places where they were performed. The Townley collection, consisting of thirty plays, belonged to Widkirk Abbey; the Coventry plays, forty-two in number, were acted at Coventry on Corpus Christi; and the twenty-four Chester plays were performed at Whitsun. They all deal with the same subjects, and the devil plays an important part in many of them, though he figures least in the Widkirk collection.

The plays were performed by the various trade guilds; and although each had its favourite way of dressing its devil, there was a recognised type of feature common to all. He was usually represented with horns, a very wide mouth (managed by a mask), staring eyes, a large nose, cloven feet, and a tail. In common with Judas, Herod, and similar characters, his hair and beard were red. Red hair appears to have been the hall-mark of villainy, and this is interesting to us, who are more prone to associate dark locks with evil deeds. In the accounts of the Smiths' Company at Coventry we find in the list of expenses for 1494, "It^m paid to Wattis for dressing of

the devell's hede, viijd." ; and in 1567, "It^m payd for a stafe for the demon, iijjd." In another pageant acted by the same company he wore a leather dress, which was probably black in colour, and a painted vizor, and carried a staff. The Cappers' devil also wore a mask, and carried a club made of painted buckram stuffed with wool. The accounts of this company, among other things, show an item of eighteen pence for "makyng ye demon's head." It seems that at Coventry the best actor played the devil, for the performance appears to have been particularly well done. So much so, indeed, that Heywood in his Interlude of *The Four P's* feigns that the *real* devil often performed the part there. Says the Pardoner :

For as good hap would have it chaunce,
This devil and I were of olde acquaintance ;
For oft, in the plays of Corpus Christi,
He hath playd the devil at Coventrie.

In one of the Chester plays the devil wore a dress of feathers, and in the Drapers' pageant, which boasted of two demons instead of one chief devil, they were clad in coats and hose made of canvas and covered with hair, probably black horsehair. Occasionally a prong with two or three curved hooks, representing an instrument for thrusting souls into the nether fire, was carried instead of the usual club or staff.

With such attractions of garb, not to mention that most of the "fat" of the play in which he appeared was allotted to him, it is not surprising that the devil enjoyed great popularity. Eloquent testimony is borne to this so late as 1625 by a passage in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, act i. scene 2, in which one of the characters is made to exclaim :

My husband . . . was wont to say, there was no play without a fool and a devil in't ; he was for the devil still, God bless him ! The devil for his money, would he say, I would fain see the devil.

We now pass on to the plays themselves. Each collection has a mystery on the subject of *The Fall of*

Lucifer. Proud of his brightness, he usurps the throne of the Almighty, and is therefore driven down into hell. In the Widkirk pageant he makes a speech lamenting the happiness of Adam and Eve, his fall in this case being subsequent to the Creation. In the Chester play of *The Creation and Fall*, acted by the Drapers, Lucifer, disguised as a serpent, with the wings of a bird and the face of a maiden, tempts Eve very cunningly. In the Coventry play he is described by Adam as "a worm with an aungelys face," and makes the following frank answer to God's question why he tempted Adam and Eve :

I xal the sey whereffore and why
I ded hem alle this velony ;
ffor I am ful of gret envy,
Of wrethe and wyckyd hate,
That man xulde leve above the skye,
Where as sumtyme dwellyd I,
And now I am cast to helle sty,
Streyte out at hevyn gate.

In the Coventry mystery of *The Slaughter of the Innocents* the devil is in a cheerful and even humorous mood. Herod is feasting with his knights and swearing by "gracyous Mahound," with a sublime disregard for chronology, when Death appears and strikes them. The devil comes to fetch them, and exults over his capture in this lively strain :

Alle oure ! Alle oure ! this catel is myn !
I shalle hem brynge onto my celle !
I shalle hem teche pleys fyn,
And shewe suche myrthe as is in helle !

The Coventry play of *The Council of the Jews* is opened by Lucifer in a characteristic speech beginning :

I am your lord Lucifer, that out of Helle cam,
Prince of this werd, and gret duke of helle.
Wherefore my name is clepyd Sere Satan.

He goes on to speak of his fall, and next of his skill in ensnaring the souls of men : "To gete a thowsand sowlys in an houre me thynkyth it but skorn, Syth I wan Adam and Eve on the fyrst day." In this play the devil

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is disguised as a fine gentleman of the period, and gives a curious and interesting description of his ways, with advice to those who wish to pretend to be the same. They must deal in "gret othys and lycherye" and "bribery," and must obey neither "precept nor comawndement." There is a companion picture of a lady, which makes this part of the speech probably the earliest specimen of dramatic satire in our language.

At the end of the pageant of *The Trial of Christ*, acted by the Smiths' Company, the stage-direction is as follows: "Here enteryth Satan into the place in the most orryble wyse, and qwyl that he pleyth thei [the doctors] scal don on Jhesus clothis." As we know that "he pleyth" means that he performed various antics, we may be sure that this part of the entertainment was by no means the least pleasing to the audience.

Each series contains a play on the subject of Christ's descent into Hell to redeem the souls of the virtuous persons of the Old Testament. In the Townley mystery "Sir Satan our sire" (as a devil calls him) is apprised of the coming of the Saviour by Belzebub, whose brain he (Satan) threatens to beat out for awaking him. When Christ appears, Satan points out that it is both foolish and unjust to release those already damned; but his arguments are of no avail. Then he asks to be taken out also. This is refused, but Cain, Judas, and others are left to keep him company. At the end he says:

Alas, for doyll and care!
I sink into hell pyt,

and probably did so, descending through a trap-door to the lower part of the stage which represented hell.

The Chester play of *The Harrowing of Hell* contains similar incidents. When the patriarchs, beginning with Adam, are taken out of hell, Satan, unable to offer any resistance, laments in the following strain:

Out, alas! nowe goes awaie
All my prisoneres and my praie,
And I my selfe maie not starte awaie,
I am so straitlye tyed!

In the Coventry mysteries of *The Descent into Hell* and *The Resurrection*, Satan's place is taken by "Bely-alle," and in *Doomsday* by three demons, while in the Chester *Doomsday* he is represented by two demons who carry certain wicked souls "in caminum ignis ubi erit fletus et stridor dentium," as "Primus demon" describes it. "Secundus demon" exults

That my powche is soe heavye,
I sweare by Mahounde soe free,
It well nigh breakes my necke,

Though this, of course, by no means exhausts the list of English miracle plays, enough has been said to show under what aspect the devil appeared in them. Hitherto there has been no attempt to represent him in any way as a humorous character. On the contrary, he has been taken perfectly seriously, such humour as we discover in him being due to our looking upon his personification in these plays from a modern standpoint. We may be sure that mediæval audiences no more saw anything funny in the devil as here represented than we do in Milton's sublime conception of Satan. But when we come to the moralities it is a different story. The moralities were dramatic allegories which grew out of the miracle plays and laid the foundations of our regular drama. The characters in them were personifications of different virtues and vices; the virtues suffered various trials and temptations at the hands of the vices, to emerge triumphant at the end. These entertainments soon grew very popular, though the miracle plays still continued in favour. The devil himself was not really necessary to the moralities, but he was imported into them to please the people, with whom he was too great a favourite to be allowed to disappear from the stage. He was sometimes represented as the leader of the Seven Deadly Sins, and was usually, though not invariably, attended by a character called the Vice, whose business it was to tease and torment the devil for the amusement of the audience. The Vice was, in fact, a sort of fool or clown, but a wicked one;

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he was quite a new conception, being unknown in the miracle plays, and was the direct precursor of the Fool who became so popular a figure in Elizabethan drama. He had several aliases, such as Iniquity, Fraud, Sin, and Ambidexter, and is alluded to by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson by the first title. The devil and the Vice had all the fun of the moralities to themselves, and served to relieve their tedium. The appearance and dress of the devil were not much altered; we learn from the plays themselves that he was extremely hideous, frequently wore a dress covered with hair (as in Fulwell's *Like will to Like*, in which one of the characters mistakes him for "a dancing bear") and a tail. His usual exclamation was "Ho, ho, ho!" a variation of the "Harrow, harrow!" or "Out haro, out, out!" by which he was distinguished in the miracle plays. The Vice generally wore fool's motley and carried a wooden dagger. His functions are thus described in Harsenet's "Declaration of Popish Impostures" (1603): "It was a pretty part in the old church-playes when the nimble Vice would skip up nimbly like a Jack-an-apes into the Devil's necke, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, 'till he made him roar, whereat the people would laugh to see the Devil so Vice-haunted." However, as the play usually terminated with the devil carrying the Vice off to hell on his back, he might be said in the end to have the laugh on his side. All through the play the devil was addicted to roaring and crying out, especially when belaboured by the Vice; so it will be seen that the conception has very materially altered from that of the miracle plays.

In the morality called by Mr. Collier *Mind, Will, and Understanding*, and by Dr. Furnivall *A Morality of Wisdom who is Christ*, which belongs to the reign of Henry VI., Lucifer enters "in a devil's array without, and within as a prowde galaunt," meaning that under the devil's dress (which he soon removes) he wears the disguise of a gallant of the period. He begins his speech as usual with "Out herowe I rore," speaks of the creation and

the fall of man, and resolves to allure to vice Mind, Will, and Understanding, the three properties of the soul. He throws off his "devil's array" and proceeds to his work of corruption, which he successfully accomplishes by pleasant and ingenious argument. When Mind, Will, and Understanding withdraw to start upon their evil courses, Lucifer exults greatly, and at the end of his speech says :

Many a soule to hell I wyne.
Wyde to go I may not blyne¹
With this fals boy, god gyff hym evell grace.

Then, according to the stage-direction, "Her he takyt a screwde boy with hym, and goth hys wey cryenge," which is conjectured to mean that he snatched up a boy from among the audience and ran away with him, an incident that probably excited much laughter. The devil does not again appear, but Mind, Will, Understanding, and Anima, the soul, whom they have corrupted, all repent of their wicked ways and renounce them, Anima being restored to her pristine purity by Wisdom.

A side-light on one of Satan's chief characteristics is afforded us in the morality called *The Interlude of Youth*, the term "interlude" being applied to theatrical productions in general, including moralities, as early as the reign of Edward IV.; later on its meaning became restricted to the particular form of entertainment which may almost be said to have been invented by John Heywood, who gave the name to those short farcical comedies in the writing of which he excelled. *The Interlude of Youth*, the authorship of which is unknown, was probably written in the reign of Mary, and one of the characters in it makes the following statement about the devil :

The devyl said, he had lever burne al his lyfe,
Than ones for to take a wyfe.

This dislike of the fair sex seems to have been a distinctly diabolical trait. It is a fact that the old plays are

¹ Cease.

full of hits directed against women—from one on the subject of *Noah's Ark*, in which Noah's wife is the "friend" of "Diabolus," to Heywood's interlude of *The Four P's* (of which we shall have more to say later), in which Satan complains pathetically of the trouble given him by a certain lady whom he is anxious to get out of his dominions. It may be that the ancient playwrights were more gallant than we are at first inclined to give them credit for being, and that they could imagine nothing so expressive of utterly abandoned wickedness, nothing so pre-eminently typical of a "devil," as this want of appreciation of "lovely woman."

Like will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier, a morality by Ulpian Fulwell, produced in 1568, also introduces the devil under a humorous aspect. He enters with his name "written on his back and in his breast" to be claimed as godfather by Nichol Newfangle, who is at once the Vice and the hero of the piece, and who has also been his godfather's apprentice. Lucifer addresses him as "mine own boy," and the two converse, Lucifer informing his godson that:

I cannot abide to see men, that are vicious,
 Accompany themselves with such as be virtuous.
 Wherefore my mind is, sith thou thy part canst play,
 That thou adjoin like to like alway.

Soon after the Collier enters. He is a friend of Newfangle's, and by him is introduced to the devil. All three dance, and sing a song beginning, "Tom Collier of Croydon hath solde his cole." Before Lucifer goes away he blesses his godson, who, however, remarks "that blessing I do not crave." The rest of the action of the piece is occupied with Newfangle and his friends, Lucifer not appearing until the end, when he arrives, saying to Newfangle:

Ho, ho, ho! mine own boy, make no more delay,
 But leap up on my back straightway.

So Nichol, bidding the audience farewell, is carried away by the devil.

Satan plays an important part in the morality entitled *The Conflict of Conscience*, by Nathaniel Woodes, a Norwich minister, printed in 1581, but written at least twenty years earlier. This play is interesting as being one of the earliest moral plays in which a historical character is introduced. This is Philologus, representing a certain Francis Speira, an Italian lawyer, who abandoned the Reformed faith for Catholicism "for fear of the loss of life and worldly goods," and finally committed suicide in 1548. The play is opened by Satan with

High time it is for me to stir about,
And do my best my kingdom to maintain,

and he proceeds to speak in a long monologue of all the people he has lured to sin. Then he mentions the Pope, whom he calls his "darling dear" and his "eldest boy," and to whom he has given "on his behalf to fight, Two champions stout, of which the one is Avarice, The other is called Tyrannical Practice." After a little more in the same strain he goes out, and does not appear again in person, though his influence is apparent throughout the play.

We now come to the interludes proper, an interesting example of which is *The Disobedient Child*, by Thomas Ingeland. The hero of the piece is the only son of a rich man, and marries against his father's will. The wife proves a terrible shrew, who sets her husband to do all kinds of work, and when he protests beats him. The devil has nothing to do with the plot, and is merely introduced to amuse the people during an interval, while the unfortunate son is on his way to beg his father to relieve his distress. Satan has a long monologue beginning with "Ho, ho, ho! what a fellow am I." He takes much credit to himself for having incited the son to disobey his father, and also for having sown dissension between husband and wife.

O, what inventions, crafts and wiles
Is there contained within this head!

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he exclaims in a burst of self-admiration. And later, in the same strain :

I think that I have my part well played.
None of you all would do it better.

He boasts of his power over men, and declares :

. . . There is none to be compared
To me, I tell you, in any point.

Yet, after all, he is a good-natured fiend, for he gives the following disinterested advice to the younger members of the audience :

Wherefore, my dear children, I warn ye all
Take heed, take heed, of my temptation ;
For commonly at the last ye have the fall,
And also brought to desperation.
Oh ! it is a folly for many to strive,
And think of me to get the upper hand,
For unless that God make them to thrive,
They cannot against me stick or stand.

Later on he states :

But of this, my children, I am certain,
There comes more in one hour unto hell,
Than unto heaven in a month or twain.

And finally concludes thus :

But now I know, since I came hither,
There is such a multitude at my gate,
That I must again repair down thither
After mine old manner and rate.

So this cheerful and friendly personage takes his departure, and does not again appear, the rest of the play being occupied with the interview between the "disobedient child" and his father. The latter gives his son money, but cannot rid him of his wife, from whom the unfortunate youth is left to suffer as a punishment for his disobedience.

In John Heywood's interlude of *The Four P's*, written probably about 1530, Satan does not appear in person, but a very lively account is given of a supposed

interview with him by the Pardoner. The four P's are a Pardoner, a Palmer, a Poticary, and a Pedlar, who dispute the pre-eminence of their several occupations, and finally decide to award the palm to him who tells the greatest lie. The Pardoner's tale relates how, a female friend of his having died, he was anxious to find out "in what estate her soul did stand," and for that purpose went to Purgatory. However, he did not find her there, so he went on to hell, and hailed the devil-porter at the gate, whom he knew, having often seen him when he "played the devil at Coventry." He begged this devil to conduct him to Lucifer. He was informed that it was a "festival in hell" on that day, being the anniversary of the fall of Lucifer, who would therefore be in a good humour and willing to grant any reasonable request. So the Pardoner obtained the necessary passport, and walked with the porter till they came to Lucifer and the other devils. He proceeds to describe the scene :

Their horns well gilt, their claws full clean,
Their tails well kempt, and, as I ween,
With sothery butter their bodies anointed ;
I never saw devils so well appointed,
The master devil sat in his jacket,
And all the souls were playing at racket.
None other rackets they had in hand,
Save every soul a good firebrand ;
Wherewith they played so prettily,
That Lucifer laughed merrily ;
And all the residue of the fiends
Did laugh thereat full well like friends.

At first the Pardoner could not see his friend, so he was led by "an usher" before Lucifer, whom he thus describes :

He smiled on me well favouredly,
Bending his brows as broad as barn-doors,
Shaking his ears as rugged as burrs ;
Rolling his eyes as round as two bushels ;
Flashing the fire out of his nostrils ;
Gnashing his teeth so vaingloriously,
That methought time to fall to flattery.

He then asked Lucifer where his friend was, giving name. On hearing it—

Now, by our honour (said Lucifer)
No devil in hell shall withhold her;
And if thou wouldst have twenty mo,
Wert not for justice, they should go.

He relates that he and the other devils have had trouble with this woman and another one than with rest of the souls in hell put together; and concluded begging the Pardoner so to apply his pardons to women that Lucifer shall get no more of them. Then the Pardoner fetched his friend from the kitchen, where she was, took her away, not only to her own great delight, but that of all the devils, who "did roar at her delivery." This is another example of the devil's dislike of women which has already been referred to. It may be mentioned that this story is not considered to be the best lie, distinction being subsequently conferred upon the Pardoner's assertion that he never saw or knew "any woman of patience."

We have now arrived at the consideration of the drama proper, and we shall find that the popularity of the devil as a character for the theatre was already on the wane. With the attempt to introduce historical characters and real human beings on the stage in place of the Biblical and allegorical personages had hitherto monopolised it, came the dethronement of Satan from his "bad eminence" of popularity. In tragedy there was no place for him; in comedy and humour was supplied by other characters, fools and rustics. However, his disappearance was gradual, there remain a few plays in which the action is assisted by a devil. One appears in Robert Greene's comedy, *Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, which, though not published until 1594, was certainly written several years earlier. This devil is not Satan himself, but a minor personage, "raised from the dark deep" by the "magic spells" of Friar Bacon, who has

the powers that would formerly have been attributed to the devil. The fiend is summoned by the Friar to torment his servant Miles, whom he finally carries off to hell on his back, roaring as he goes, just as he was wont to do in the moralities.

We come next to a "demonic" conception of quite another character, something entirely different from any with which we have hitherto dealt, and immeasurably superior both in design and execution. It was reserved for Christopher Marlowe, who, dying at the age of twenty-nine, has yet left behind a reputation as a tragic dramatist second only to Shakespeare's, to place upon the stage such an embodiment of the Powers of Evil as had never before been presented. In that most remarkable play *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* there are three devils—Lucifer, Belzebub and Mephistophilis, of whom the last-named plays the most important rôle; so much so, in fact, that—owing partly to this work, partly to Goethe's on the same subject—he has come to be identified with Satan himself. The legend upon which the play is founded is familiar to every one; nor was it new even in Marlowe's time. The story of the sale of a man's soul to the devil during his lifetime can be traced back as far as the sixth century, to the Greek tale of "Theophilus," related by his pupil Eutychianus. It was translated by Scandinavian and Teutonic poets, and was introduced into the Golden Legend. In dramatic literature it made its first appearance in the thirteenth century in "Le Miracle de Théophile," by the French *trouvère* Rutebeuf; and in the fourteenth century appeared a Low-German version. In English it took shape in the prose romance entitled "History of Doctor Faustus," which Marlowe follows, the story of Theophilus having been superseded by a similar one concerning Doctor John Faustus, a dealer in the black art, who died about the beginning of the sixteenth century.

In Marlowe's tragedy Mephistophilis first appears to Faustus in his study. He has been conjured up by the

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Doctor, at whose command he goes out, and reappears disguised as a Franciscan friar. He declares himself "a servant to great Lucifer," and makes it clear that he did not come solely by reason of Faustus' "conjuring speeches," but because when any devil hears "one raise the name of God, Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ," he hastens to such an one "in hope to get his glorious soul," though only then if he "use such means. Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd." He then answers various questions of Faustus concerning Lucifer and his fall, and in reply to one asking why he is out of hell Mephistophilis bursts out in a strain of tragical intensity eloquent of a more than mortal agony :

Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it :
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being deprived of everlasting bliss ?
O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul !

Faustus then sends him to Lucifer with the proposal to surrender his soul in exchange for twenty-four years of pleasure and prosperity, with Mephistophilis for his constant attendant, to do his pleasure and obey him in all things. When the fiend next appears he tells Faustus that Lucifer accepts his offer, and when the former asks him why Lucifer tempts him and desires his soul Mephistophilis answers, "*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*"—it is a consolation to the wretched to have had companions in misery—and tells him that he suffers pain "as great as have the human souls of men." He then makes Faustus write a deed of gift of his soul to Lucifer with his own blood, which he prevents from congealing by fetching fire to dissolve it. He also brings devils who give Faustus "crowns and rich apparel." Faustus signs and delivers the deed and proceeds to question his new servant about hell, in which he affects not to believe. Mephistophilis assures him of its existence, because he is himself in hell. Faustus asks for

a wife, and Mephistophilis brings him a devil dressed as a woman, and gives him various books of magic. In fact, he will do anything Faustus requires and answer any questions, so long as they have nothing to do in any way with God; for instance, he will not tell Faustus who made the world. When Faustus begins to show signs of repenting of his bargain, Mephistophilis brings Lucifer and Belzebub, the former of whom says to Faustus:

Christ cannot save thy soul, for He is just;
There's none but I have interest in the same.

Lucifer also makes him promise that he will never pray nor talk of God or Christ; he presents Faustus to the Seven Deadly Sins and gives him a book of magic.

Towards the end of the play Faustus' conscience is again awakened by the exhortations of an old man; but Mephistophilis threatens to tear him piecemeal if he does not immediately return to his allegiance. Faustus then desires him to torment the old man, but the fiend confesses himself powerless to "touch his soul" though he can "afflict his body." The last thing Mephistophilis does for Faustus is to bring him Helen of Troy for his paramour. And then comes the wonderful last scene which crowns Mephistophilis' work, though he does not himself appear in it, and Faustus is carried off to hell.

Such, briefly, is the part played by Mephistophilis in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*. It is the part of the tempter, ever at his victim's elbow to encourage him to evil, to silence the whispers of conscience. There is a psychological significance in the character that we have not hitherto met. Underneath the fiendish delight he takes in the work of ruining Faustus' soul lies an unspeakable misery, the boundless horror and despair of one who has known "eternal joys" and is now condemned to everlasting torment. It is given to him to realise the full extent of what he has lost, and this adds a poignancy to his agony which sometimes, in his own despite, breaks forth in words—as in the speech already quoted. In no previous conception of the devil have we found this acute con-

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sciousness of degradation, which is in itself the tragedy of the character. Thus, the emotions of fear and pity which it is the purpose of tragedy to excite are awakened in us not only by Faustus, but to a certain degree by Mephistophilis; he is to some extent human, and, consequently, sympathetic. It may be questioned whether the character of a devil ought to be sympathetic; for if it is, it loses the true quality of "devilishness," so to speak; and certainly Marlowe's dramatic predecessors would have been horrified at the idea of making an audience feel sympathy for Satan. Even in this play the irrevocable nature of his doom is most clearly shown. But there is a spirituality in the conception which we might well expect to find further developed by later dramatists. Yet this is not the case.

Ben Jonson's comedy *The Devil is an Ass*, first performed in 1616, was one of the last plays in which Satan appeared in person. It was revived after the Restoration, "much to the satisfaction of the town," says Downes, whence we may infer that it was a popular production. Not only does Satan, "the great devil," appear in it, but a "less devil," called Pug, plays a prominent part, and there is also a Vice, Iniquity by name; the speeches of all these are reminiscent of the mysteries and moralities. Pug wishes to visit earth in order to do some service to the State of which he is a member. Satan first ridicules him for this, telling him that he is "too dull a devil to be trusted Forth in those parts," and that "hell must care Whom it employs, in point of reputation, Here about London"; but finally yields to Pug's importunities, and, at his request for a Vice to accompany him, summons Iniquity, about whom he makes a sarcastic speech. According to Satan, Iniquity is an old-fashioned Vice of a species now quite discredited on earth, where they have so many "stranger and newer: and changed every hour."

. . . We still strive to breed,
And rear up new ones; but they do not stand;
When they come there, they turn them on our hands.

And it is feared they have a stud o' their own
Will put down ours : both our breed and trade
Will suddenly decay, if we prevent not.

So Pug is permitted to go to earth for one day. He is to enter the body of "a handsome cut-purse" who has been hanged at Tyburn the same morning, and in that form he is to do what mischief he can "amongst mankind"; as Satan remarks,

. . . You cannot there want vices,
And therefore the less need to carry them with you.

He is bound to serve the first man he meets, and if by midnight he has done satisfactory work he shall have "trust and employment" from Satan.

Pug then embarks on his adventures, which are numerous and entertaining; but he is duped and defeated at every turn, so as fully to justify the title of the play as far as he is concerned, and this he himself at last acknowledges. Finally he is arrested for stealing a suit of clothes, and is taken to Newgate, where he laments his lost opportunities—"how is the name of devil discredited in me!" Then Iniquity enters to tell him that Satan has sent him "grant-parole to stay longer a month here on earth," so that he may be hanged at Tyburn for theft. Pug's lamentations on hearing this are cut short by the appearance of Satan himself, who, in caustic words, rates his subject for his blunders and stupidity.

. . . What one proffer hast thou made,
Wicked enough this day, that might be called
Worthy thine own, much less the name that sent thee ?

he demands, and finally concludes thus :

But that I would not such a damned dishonour
Stick on our state, as that the devil were hanged,
And could not save a body that he took
From Tyburn, but it must come thither again,
You should e'en ride. But up, away with him.

So Iniquity takes Pug on his back and carries him off to hell, saying :

stering," and in one scene as a White Friar. Another point may be worth notice; discarding the coal-black locks and brows inseparable from the popular conception of the devil, Mr. Tree appeared with hair of ruddy auburn, thus making a return to the tradition of the miracle plays.

Here, so far as the stage is concerned, we take leave of the devil. He has not greatly enriched our dramatic literature, though in our poetry he occupies a prominent position. Milton's Satan, the greatest creation in English literature, should more than compensate us for the disappearance of the devil from behind the footlights.

BENVENUTA SOLOMON.

To Chloris, on Her Fear of Age

(SEVENTEENTH CENTURY)

DO you not know that when at last
Silver is on your tresses cast
By Time, your jealous foe,
Each lady, finding gold too gay,
Will hide her shining locks away
'Neath powder white as snow?

Do you not know that when the light
Is dimmed in eyes now all too bright,
So they more tender shine,
The younger beauties will enhance
Their charms by a serener glance,
And mist with fire combine?

So, Chloris, cast away all fear,
Nor ever shed a precious tear
O'er grief vain thoughts forbode.
For graces such as yours, in truth,
Can laugh at foolish fleeting Youth,
And make Old Age the mode.

WINIFRED ROSS.

Leisure's Miscellany

His surname, Leisure.

THE practice of copying out passages from favourite authors has ever been popular with the young and the impressionable, but in general it is a habit which does not survive the twenties. Few of the tiny notebooks on whose first page the first extract (in verse) is so carefully transcribed are destined to be filled. What a surprise, then, may we regard a laborious individual whose selections from various books and journals, copied out in "a fair, round hand," occupy twenty-four stout volumes! This diligent compiler, whose first and twenty-first volumes have fallen into my hands, lived so long ago, when men were not so pressed for time as now. *Finis* is not written at the end of number twenty-one, and there is no sign about it of fatigue or haste. Even when he completed it, the compiler, I ought we know to the contrary, may have been "young in deed." This being so, and as he has now subscribed his name, I have ventured to borrow for it from Mr. Austin Dobson one that seems eminently suitable—Leisure. "I am retired Leisure," wrote Elia. "I am to be met with in trim gardens." It is in the garden of his neatly penned manuscript that this later claimant of the name is to be found. We may guess at his personal life from his labours as a gardener.

It were odd if a miscellany of this nature gave us no hint of its composer's tastes and foibles. Leisure, I conclude, was an Irishman, with principles of an orange hue. He had access to the library of Trinity College, Dublin, as repeated citations show. For example, no less than sixty pages are covered with a transcript of a Latin pamphlet, to be found in that library, whose object is to prove that Pope John the Eighth was a woman. Pope Joan is to our friend Leisure what King Charles's head was to Mr. Dick; references to this ambiguous person are of constant recurrence, and Leisure is certainly

of Gibbon's mind, who held that "two Protestants, Blondell and Bayle, annihilated her." As certainly he is himself a vigorous Protestant, and chronologically may have been one of that Irish congregation to whom a future prelate addressed the stinging rebuke, "Your religion begins with 'To H— with the Pope,' and it ends there too." But Leisure's religion is not wholly aggressive; it is constructive also, and not devoid of that simple-minded piety which, it is to be hoped, will never be out of fashion. He loves to score a point for his side, but is full of human kindness too. We may take, by way of example, his explanation, not the one commonly received, of the term "round robin." He does not say whence he unearthed it. It will be remembered that Charles I. sent a squadron of ships to the French coast, ostensibly to assist Louis against Spain, in reality to attack the Huguenots at La Rochelle. When the sailors discovered this they were, says Leisure, "horrified at the prospect of imbruing their hands in the blood of their brethren, and drew up a remonstrance to their commander, signing their names in a circle lest he should find out the ringleaders, and then hid it under his prayer-book. This was the origin of the round robin. The commodore was greatly moved by this document. He mounted the quarter-deck and declared that he would rather be hanged in England than fight his brother Protestants in France. With three cheers the anchors were weighed, and the squadron returned to the Downs."

There is gusto about that description, which no doubt appealed to Leisure, for he loves stories about sailors. Here is a companion picture, which has nothing to do with religious polemics. "When Louis XVIII.," it runs, "under the title of the Comte de Lille, sought the protection of the British shores, he landed at Yarmouth from the *Freya*, a Swedish frigate. The British sailors of the *Majestic* rowed him ashore; and the count left a purse of fifteen guineas for the tars to drink his health. The men, however, would not touch a farthing of it, and resolved to send a letter to Admiral Russell,

expressive of their sentiments on the letter :

Maj

Please your Honour,

We holded a talk about that there £15 that offence, your Honour. We don't like to talk know fast enuff, it was the true King of France Honour in the boat, and that he and our own them both and give every one his right, it besides that your Honour gived an order for money from nobody, and we never did take that steered your Honour and that there King hand in it, and so does Andrew Young, cozen not to take it at all. So no more at present dutiful servants,

(Signed) ANDREW

Truly Jack's heart was in the right. Leisure has a weakness for admiral approval the following epigram on A

Earth's scanty bounds the *Maced*
And wept in silence o'er his usele
One world was all that Greece su
For Britain Anson shall discover
While Warren, chief for equal wo
Shall conquer all the worlds by A

Admiral Byng's name occurs a fe
Leisure expresses no opinion on hi
indeed, the inscription upon Byng's
Bedfordshire, which is at once a
indictment :

To the perpetual disgrace of pu
The Honourable John Byng fell
Political Persecution, March 1
When bravery and loyalty were
Securities for the life and hon
Naval Officer.

On the other hand, he cites a squ
more than hints that Byng showed

Such aspersions, however, are worthless, for the court-martial which found him guilty refrained from casting any imputation on his personal courage.

The Admiral's summary execution may have put our compiler in mind of a practice by which earlier offenders escaped a similar fate. Anyhow, he passes on to consider "benefit of clergy," and the custom of "the neck-verse," as it was called, whereby a criminal could save his neck if he had learning enough to decipher a verse of the Bible. One remembers how the good knight, William of Deloraine, disclaimed even that amount of erudition :

Letter nor line know I never a one,
Wert my neck-verse at Hairibee,

As a good Protestant, Leisure naturally disapproves of "benefit of clergy," but, pleasingly inconsistent, tells with evident enjoyment a tale (culled from the Lansdowne MSS.) of a highwayman in Charles I.'s time for whom verse, though in a different application, proved the road to safety. This was "Mr. Clavell, a gentleman, a knight's eldest son, a great highway robber and of posts." His defence, when captured, was "that he had never struck or wounded any man, never took anything from their bodies, as rings, etc. ; never cut their girths or saddles or done them when he robbed any personal violence." This plea, moreover, he set forth in the following verses, which he laid before the King :

I, that have robbed so oft, am now bid stand.
Death and the law assault me, and demand
My life and means ; I never used men so,
But having ta'en their money, let them go.
Then, must I die ? And is there no relief ?
The King of Kings had mercy on a thief.
So may our gracious King, too, if he please,
Without his Council grant me a release.
God is his precedent, and men shall see
How mercy goes beyond severity.

Such was Clavell's neck-verse ; and, strange to say, it

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won his pardon. He must have cau
kindest mood.

Let us see what Leisure has to tell of
kings and queens interest him not a littl
the laudable energy displayed by Que
travelling about her dominions. Few
seem, were left unvisited. When Co
honoured, its citizens were bent on
monarch at any cost ; and since her ap
own charms was held to be considerabl
instructed not to spare the trowel.
addressed her as follows :

We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see
Your Royal Majesty :
Good Lord, how fair ye be !

But either the Queen's sense of hun
vanity, or the compliment was too cru
she at once replied :

My Royal Majesty
Is very glad to see
Ye men of Coventry :
Good Lord, what fools ye be

What the Mayor said next is
Elizabeth's successor had a share of th
humour. When another corporation e
that he would reign as long as the sun
endured, "Gude faith, mon," said Jam
maun reign by candle-light !" Of th
there is little mention in this miscellany
list in doggerel rhyme of those perso
dence he was condemned. One is not
dialogue in rhymed heroics "between I
the late King James on the banks of t
after the battle," written by one Charle
the close of the seventeenth century.
divine right of kings, and -hints no

William is a parricide. William retorts that kings forfeit their right when they act wrongfully, and evades the second charge by an ingenious parallel :

You cannot here a parent's right pretend,
Since public safety knows no private friend.
Thus generous Pompey for his country drew,
Forgot his Julia and her Cæsar too.

So it goes on, at some length, but naturally William has the last word. There is an incidental comparison of Catherine de Medici with Jezebel, drawn distinctly in the latter's favour. One may almost fancy Leisure sighing regretfully over the lapse of the following practice :

In the reign of Queen Anne, and for many years after, it was a custom with the citizens of London on the return of the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession to hold an *auto-da-fe* near Temple Bar, and then and there to burn with suitable honours the effigies of the Pope, the Pretender, and the Devil. There were peculiar ceremonies performed on the occasion, together with a humorous poem laudatory of the event.

It must be admitted that the humour of this production is rather forced : there is more cleverness, a few pages further, in some lines from the Lancastrian MSS., highly uncomplimentary to the House of Hanover, of which the conclusion may be cited :

God in his wrath sent Saul to punish Jewry,
And George to England in a greater fury ;
For George in sin as far exceeded Saul
As ever Bishop Burnet did St. Paul.

What, has Leisure changed his coat, then ? Oh, no ; these verses are headed "Jacobite Fanaticism" !

He shows a fondness for political squibs, at whomsoever aimed. This upon Judge Jeffreys may be quoted, though it falls short of excellence owing to a defective rhyme :

When brawling Jeffreys marked with blood
His progress through the west,
A worthy knight before him stood,
Whom thus the knave addressed :

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-- Well, what sayest thou? Me
A villain in thy face."
"In mine, my lord? I never k
That 'twas a looking-glass."

For poetry, as distinct from lam
and macaronic verse, Leisure does
liking, but, as every Irishman shou
say of Thomas Moore. The ball
Miss Bayley" is perhaps unknow
It is scarcely a discreet song, but
Monkish Latin, into which the
translated it, it was sung, Leisure tel
Manners's masquerade by "Anac
version is undeniably clever, and he

*Miseram Bailiam, infortunatam
Perditam, traditam, miserrimam*

As a chorus this couplet has great
almost hear the feet of listeners be
the evening, perhaps, Lady Louisa's
cards, and if a gentleman from Kill
players the expression "Grace's C
heard. Leisure is at your elbow,
planation. "John Grace, of Britta
to join the party of Dutch William
his allegiance. He wrote his answ
playing-card, the six of hearts, whic
in the city of Kilkenny as Grace's
at least a happier one than that ass
of diamonds, known, thanks to Cu
as "the curse of Scotland." Very
Scotland" was a term familiar to the
Sawyer's card party, but the Irish
hearts can hardly have penetrated
talking of Mr. Sawyer, that gentler
called out of church by his boy
inspire the congregation with an ide
Mr. Sawyer's practice; but an epigr

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collection puts a different interpretation on a like occurrence :

Whilst holy prayers to Heaven were made,
One soon was heard and answered too :
Save us from sudden death, was said,
And straight from church Sir John withdrew.

I am tempted to quote further from the note-books, but Leisure gives me a warning nudge, and tells me I have quoted more than enough already. By your leave, good Leisure, one more indiscretion, and I have done. The sword of Sir John Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the fifteenth century, was found in the river Dordogne and sold to an armourer of Bordeaux. It bore an inscription, couched in questionable Latin. "Pardon the Latin," says Fuller, "for it was not his, but his camping chaplain's. It was a sword with bad Latin upon it, but good steel within it." And so with this miscellany ; the running commentary, which is faulty, is its discoverer's ; the right metal, if you are pleased to find any, is Leisure's own.

H. C. MINCHIN.

The Herbs of Good St. John

THROUGHOUT Europe from very early times certain plants have been associated with the festival of St. John the Baptist, or Midsummer, when, to this day, bonfires blaze on the hills in Ireland, France, Spain, Germany and other countries, in honour, as the peasants imagine, of that "burning and shining light" who came as the forerunner of Christ, though they are in reality relics of the fire-worship of our heathen ancestors at this feast of the Summer Solstice.

Those who have seen Irish people leaping over the burning piles of turf, brushwood, and bracken, kindled at sunset on the green hills, and leading the children

solemnly between two fires, or th
the blaze sinks low, can hardly fa
that "passing through the fire to
Israelites copied from the Phœnicia
cattle, too, are driven round the fir
which certain herbs and branche
rowan," hazel, elder, and dog-ros
withes or rushes, bracken, yarrow,
mugwort, all of which are deemed
witchcraft.

The so-called "herbs of St. John"
these rites long before the introdu
The Eastern and Latin races assign
their sun-deities, a practice also o
Northern nations seem to have de
and white or golden flowers, whose s
the luminary, such as the ox-eye dai
wort to

Balder the Beautiful,
God of the Summer st

The whole tribe of *Hypericum*
Balder, and later to "Good St. Jo
specially connected with both was the
wort (*H. perforatum*) whose leaves
number of tiny pellucid dots, said
the devil with a needle! The root
and consequently in Norway it is
blood," or "St. John's blood."
was called "hundred holes" from t
for the warrior's wound," from its
vulnerary, for, according to the Do
a plant thus pierced and torn, wh
assumed a blood-red hue, must ne
and staunch blood. The "tutsan
route-saine—also used as a styptic, is
is employed by country-folk in the c
or salve, deemed highly efficacious f
chiefly because the juice turns oils a

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red hue, though the Hypericums have, as a fact, certain medicinal virtues. This salve seems to be almost the same as that described by Gerarde, who tells us that: "The leves, floures, & seedes stamped & put into a glasse with oile olive, & set in the sunne for certain weekes, doth make an oile of the colour of blood, which is a most pretious remedy for deep woundes." Culpeper, too, praised the St. John's wort as "a singular wound-herb," and extolled the virtues of this

herb of war,
Pierced through with wounds,
And marked with many a scar,

as an excellent application for sores, swellings, wounds, and the bites of venomous creatures. It was also thought efficacious against evil spells, and was, therefore, known as *fuga dæmonum*, for witches and demons were said to fly from the house where the pretty golden flowers were hung up on Midsummer Eve. It was one of the plants with which our ancestors adorned their dwellings on this night, when, as Stow tells us in his "Survey of London," "every man's door being shadowed with green birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, or pine, white lilies, and such like, garnished upon with garlands of beautiful flowers, had also lamps of glass, with oil burning in them all night. Some hung out branches of iron, curiously wrought, containing hundreds of lamps lighted at once." Countrymen brought in green boughs and flowers from "Biscopis-wode" that the citizens of London might "make therewith her houses gay, into remembrance of Saint Johan Baptist, & of this, that it was prophecied of him that many shulden joie in his birthe" (Bishop Pecock).

Pots of gay blossoms—especially roses, lilies, and orpine, or "Midsummer Men"—hung from the windows and balconies, which were decked with tapestries and banners, and filled with richly-dressed ladies, who were eager to see the procession of the City Watch, accompanied by the Lord Mayor on horseback, his retinue, the

waits or musicians of the City, land and halberdiers, pikemen, the Country morris-dancers, and hundreds of torches of whose cressets rivalled the glow-lighted throughout the City.

In remote parts of England, Scotland, St. John's wort, mingled with birch, is still hung up on Midsummer Eve. It was formerly worn to keep off warts. The Irish "colleens" gather the mystic and the pink or purplish blossoms in order to weave love-spells and charms on Midsummer Eve. It is one of the "power," of the Irish fairy-man and others are yarrow, speedwell, vervain, and self-help (*Prunella*). Plucked on Midsummer Day or Eve, they have extraordinary powers.

A belief in love-potions lingers to this day in these days of schools and modern times in our isles where the Celtic element still exists. The folk continue to resort to these love-potions for winning the affections of the fairer classes. In such places girls hang up a garland of the ceiling or walls on Midsummer Eve. If one sprig for themselves and another for a lover. If the plants bend towards each other, the pair will be married before next year. If they turn aside, estrangement will follow. If they withered when the dawn drives away the dew of the Midsummer night, the person who has the faded flower will be dead before St. John's Day on his fiery wheel again.

In Scandinavia, Germany, and other countries, girls use the "herb of St. John." On the Continent the four chief herbs, *Johannis-kräuter*, are mullein, mugwort, St. John's wort, and they are hung over the door on Midsummer Eve to keep off witches and

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girls place two sprigs of St. John's wort under the beams of the roof, naming them after themselves and their lovers. If the plants turn towards each other, it is a sure sign of the speedy marriage of the pair.

Swedish maidens pluck nine flowers in nine different spots—St. John's wort and "Balder's Brow" (ox-eye daisy) must be among them—and put the nosegay under the pillow to dream on. Artemisia, or mugwort, known in Germany as *Bei-fuss*, *Johannis-gürtel* and *Sonnenwend-gürtel*, is connected with mystic rites. It is said that the devil cannot plague a house where it is on St. John's Eve, that it makes lovers faithful, and if a traveller puts a piece in his shoes, he will never be weary. German peasants say the festival is so great that the sun stands still for three hours, and *Johannis-kräuter* gathered during that time are powerful against sorcery. Some of the herbs are burned in the Midsummer fires with the branches of pine and nut-trees. In Denmark it is said that all herbs, good and bad, grow out of the grass on Midsummer Eve endowed with special powers, beneficent or the reverse, so people are cautious about stepping on the green-sward, lest they should tread on a poisonous or fairy-herb, but the holy plants of "Sanct Hans" are brought indoors.

A belief lingers in most parts of Europe regarding the virtues of fern-seed gathered on Midsummer Eve. Our ancestors thought it could only be found on that night, and said that, as it was so small as to be almost imperceptible, it gave the power of becoming invisible, a superstition mentioned by Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists. For instance, Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, mention "the herb that gives invisibility." The custom of going to gather fern-seed at midnight on Midsummer Eve is not quite extinct yet in some parts of our Isles, but nowadays it is rather observed as a bit of fun than from any faith in its mystic powers. Those who go to seek the seed are to start alone, and time themselves so as to arrive at the ferns by twelve

o'clock. They must on no account turn their heads, matter what they may see or hear *en route*, and the spirit of the wood and heath were formerly said to do all their power to induce them to turn, placing obstacles in their path, and whisking round their heads, as Aubrey asserted that the elves did to a person who went to gather fern-seed in the West Country in his time. Reaching the cluster of fronds from which they mean to gather the seed, they should hold a white napkin, paper plate or box, under the fronds till midnight tolls out from the village belfry, and at that moment the seed is said to fall of its own accord into the plate or cloth, but the frond must not be shaken or even touched. On the way home the fairies will try to throw the bold man down, so that the treasure may be lost. And often when he has reached home in safety, it has been found that the packet was empty—not very surprising, when we think how minute the fern-seed is!

One story is that, precisely at midnight on Midsummer Eve, the ferns put forth a blue flower, which ripens at once into the magic seed, and the mortal who sees this event may obtain his heart's desire, and has the power of finding buried treasure and precious minerals. In the Tyrol fern seed is said to shine like gold on St. John's Eve, and those who gather it can discover treasure by scattering the seed on the ground, when fiery lines will mark the spot where the precious ore lies. In Russia, too, people go on St. John's Eve to look for the azure blossom of the *Paparôt*, or fern, for the finder can ever afterwards do exactly as he likes. Grin says that at Thiers the fern gathered at midnight on St. John's Eve is thought to bring luck at play—a superstition connected in Ireland with a four-leaved shamrock gathered on St. Patrick's Day. In England, Wales, and the Isle of Man the fern which produced the marvellous seed was said to be the common male shield fern, but in the Green Isle the magic species "the fairy-fern," the pretty *asplenium tricomane*, which is thought to be a special favourite with "the good people"

Some of the country-folk are rather afraid to gather it, except at Midsummer, but if it is brought into a garden, and flourishes there, good luck will attend the owner; and if any one is ill, the fairy-fern is sometimes brought indoors, and set in clay or water in a saucer. If it is fresh next morning the patient will recover, but if it fades, the illness will have a fatal termination.

The stiff purplish-pink blossoms of the *sedum*, variously known as "orpine," "live-long," and "Midsummer Men," may be found in many parts of England, but pretty maidens nowadays may inquire in vain :

Who will make me a Midsummer Man ?

for few people ever dream, in these days, of setting them up in pairs in clay upon slates or in saucers. The plants were named after young people in the neighbourhood, and if the two sprigs bent towards each other, an early marriage might be expected. Sometimes they were called "Midsummer Men and Women," and in some cases girls merely stuck up a single sprig, drawing omens from the turning of the leaves to the left or the right whether the lover was true or false. "The orpine growing still" is so tenacious of life that it was regarded as an emblem of fidelity. In January 1801 a clergyman named Bacon found a small gold ring in a ploughed field near Cawood, Yorkshire, which had engraved upon it two orpine plants joined by a true-lover's knot, with this motto above them: *Ma fiancé velt* (My sweetheart wishes). The stalks were bent towards each other, to show that the pair represented were to be married. The motto beneath was *Joye l'amour feu*. The form of the letters showed that it was made in the fifteenth century.

Young women used to search for a wonderful coal which was said to be found on Midsummer Eve under the roots of the mugwort, as Lupton tells us in his "Notable Things" :

It is certainly and constantly affirmed that on Midsummer Eve there is found under the roots of mugwort a coal which saves and keeps

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them safe from the plague, carbuncle, lightning, the quartan ague, and from burning, that bear the same about them: and Mizaldus, a writer thereof, saith that he doth hear that it is to be found the same day under the root of plantane, which I know to be of truth, for he have found them the same day under the root of plantane, which especially and chiefly to be had at noon.

Aubrey mentions seeing a number of young women at twelve o'clock "on the day of St. John Baptist (1694), in the pasture behind Montague House, on their knees very busy, as if they had been weeding." A man told him that they were looking for a coal under the roots of the plantain, to put under their head that night to dream.

Doubtless this wonderful coal was merely the blackened roots of the mugwort and plantain, and is only found at Midsummer because it was never looked for at any other season. To this day the Irish peasants believe mugwort to be a cure for fever and ague, and that plantain roots are a remedy for dog-bites.

Another "herb of St. John" is the mullein, "Adam's flannel," called by the French *bouillon-blanc* and by the Germans *woll-kraut*, almost identical with our "flannel flower." In olden times this plant was also named "high taper" or "long-taper," and its golden flame of bloom was supposed to be lighted for St. John Baptist, like the scarlet glow of the lychnis, still termed "St. John's candlestick." In many parts of Germany this plant, with larkspur, St. John's wort, mugwort, *Eisen-kraut*, or vervain, is thrown into the Midsummer fire, with the wish, "May my ill-luck burn and vanish with the weeds!" At Aix and Marseilles country folk bring *des herbes de St. Jean* into the towns on Midsummer morning, and every one buys them to deck the house and throw in the fires for luck, but they must be plucked before sunrise, while the dew is upon them, for the Midsummer dew, like the May dew, is credited with numerous virtues. In Normandy it is thought a splendid cosmetic, in Brittany it is supposed to cure fevers, and the Italians consider it a specific for baldness. In Spain the dew from myrtle boughs and ferns is thought particularly good.

Girls work charms in that sunny land with ferns, roses, myrtles, reeds and bulrushes on this festival.

In the south and west of Ireland many spells are worked with the yarrow or milfoil, the "herb of seven cures" of the fairy-women. Girls dance round the plants, singing :

Yarrow, yarrow, yarrow,
I give the good-morrow !
And tell me before to-morrow
Who my true-love will be, oh !

Then the plant is pulled up and brought home to dream on. Another spell, worked in Galway at Midsummer and All Hallow Eve, begins with seeking for a nine-leaved sprig of yarrow. This is pulled up with the left hand, cut into pieces with silver, thrown over the left shoulder, picked up, and put under the pillow at night. The marsh orchis, or "merry little dog," is also used not only in spells but as an ingredient of love-potions. Perhaps this is the species of orchis called "Satyrion" by old writers, and used for this purpose. Centaury, rue, basil, tormentil, henbane, mandrake and the pansy—Puck's "little western flower"—were all used in the Midsummer rites of bygone days, and perhaps it is a pity that these innocent if somewhat foolish customs are dying out so rapidly.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

The Refuge

THE waste of futile kisses over-past ;
The holding arms withdrawn ; the cruel recoil
Of heart whence Love has followed Love in
vain :

Then we, like children spent, must turn at last
To Love's Sole Refuge, past this life's turmoil,
Where holy shadows from Thy Wings are cast.

JESSIE ANNIE ANDERSON.

Where the Stormy Petrel broods

A DESOLATE ocean islet washed by the surges of the Atlantic, a lonely, wind-swept dot of rock in the very bosom of the sea. On it scarcely a weed may grow. The salt, scattered broadcast by the incessant spray, makes all things barren. The herbage, scant and brown, is in places worn away, so widespread are the ravages of the surge. Nowhere is the beach high. On one side you may walk, or rather scramble, along a low line of jagged reefs—the summer quarters of a colony of Arctic terns; on the other you may clamber amongst huge granite boulders—wrecked rocks among endless parti-coloured pebbles. Here and there the slightly shelving beach is fretted with tiny coves, flanked in their turn by miniature cliffs.

That is the outlook, and on a gloomy winter's day far from an inspiring one, save when some wild storm tears its way across the island. And some might think that its charms are hardly greater in the heyday of summer. But the ornithologist has no such opinion; as, sitting contentedly in the stern of a six-ton sailing boat, he sets out betimes on a lovely June morning for a trip to this ocean islet.

On the seven-mile way between the two lands you need hardly expect to gain more than a glimpse of bird-life, for most of the sea-fowl are now chained to their breeding-stations. It is true, however, that the gannets, visions of sparkling snowiness in the dazzled sky, are fishing in the bay, and these in themselves are some slight reward. At first they are hovering fairly close to the water. Then both mount high as if sliding up an inclined plane; when they have reached a certain pitch, they sail in slow circles, wings widespread, motionless. Presently they become almost stationary, but the creamy-yellow heads are bent down scanning the water. Herrings are their quarry here; and, almost simultaneously, both birds catch sight of prospective booty. For closing their mighty, black

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pointed wings, they swoop headlong into the waves. There are two immense splashes, distinctly audible even at this range; two cascades of spray; and almost before you have time to think, two successful fishers are up and in the air once more. And so their sport is resumed at intervals, though whether they always take their prey is open to doubt.

You lose these birds, but further on, guillemots of both kinds, puffins, razorbills, and divers gulls floating like parti-coloured corks on the buoyant water, are a welcome sight. From the first your goal has been in view, but, from being an indistinct blur in the purple haze of the summer sea, it assumes more distinct shape every moment.

At last the haven is reached. You land and are now in petrel territory. But where are the petrels? Saving a few oyster-catchers piping their disapproval at your intrusion, not a bird is in sight, the terns having pitched their camp on the opposite side of the island. Yet the petrels are here. Under the medley of rocks and boulders amongst which you scramble, hundreds of tiny breasts are beating tremulously because of the vibration caused by your footsteps. It is almost like walking above an underground city. But how, under this labyrinth of boulders, is it possible to find even one bird?

As you clamber, there is wafted to you a remarkable and powerful musky odour, now increasing, now diminishing: in places it is well-nigh overpowering. And now and then you hear a faint squeak which sounds as though it were under your very feet; yet, like the indistinct cries of the night, it may be far away. These two things are the only symptoms of life. What you must do is to kneel down as best you may and sniff at hole after hole, cranny after cranny, amongst the boulders. The whole place reeks of musk, but you will soon tell a tenanted hole by an increased strength of the odour. Yet you are as far off your ends as ever, for many of these boulders weigh fully half a ton, or, if smaller, are propped up and supported by several others in such a

way that the suggestion of moving them promises one of two disasters; either some giant fragment, crashing in, will crush the little life out of a fragile petrel, or worse, through the combined jangling of several rocks which have lost their balance there will be formed a dark, famishing dungeon from which there will be no escape for the tiny creature. It is an occupation, the moving of boulders, which recalls a game of spillikins played with huge pieces; only there is this difference—in the real game, if you shift another piece in hooking up the one on top of it, you lose your turn. Here the petrel, your prize, is apt to lose its life.

Extreme caution, then, must be the order of the hour. And, eventually, after many perspiring and fruitless efforts to raise blocks which would almost defy the labours of Hercules, and after following many a blind alley and hole in the ramifications, you at last reach a tiny embrasure, where, crouching back as far as possible under its rocky shelter and endeavouring to hide in an impossible chink as the daylight streams in, is a dusky, timorous creature, the object of your hunt. Lift you captive gently and with a hoarse "gah" the little fellow expostulates with you and ineffectually tries to bite you with his slightly-hooked but puny bill. Failing in this feeble endeavour he contents himself by ejecting over your hand some very oily, bright reddish-amber fluid, odoriferous of musk. So powerful is this perfume that for days and days to come your coat, on which a minute particle was spilt, will not let you forget the petrels on their island home.

After lovingly noting the soft dusky plumes you liberate the little bird, which, only too glad to be out, makes for the open sea; but first, bewildered by the glare it glances erratically, with twisting flight, low down over the maze of boulders.

Now examine the single egg. This is chalky and white, extraordinarily brittle, and dusted with a reddish zone at its larger end. It reposes on a wisp of withered cotton-grass scratched into the slightest depression in the

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soil. And, as a fact, it is more than doubtful if this depression is scraped out by the birds; more probably it is natural. And sometimes the cotton-grass is dispensed with.

In another hole you unearth two birds that are huddled close together, probably male and female; and in several others you find birds, but no egg save the fragments of last year's. For the "Mother Cary's Chicken" is a very late breeder and the egg is frequently not dropped before July.

The stormy petrel is crepuscular, a creature of the semi-darkness. And on these brief and bright June nights thousands of the tiny beings, flickering here and there like shadows, flit now amongst the boulders, now into their holes, or glance like phantoms over the summer sea. At such times it looks like a city of the dead wakened into life. The petrels fear no enemies. For here there are no hungry owls to prey upon them, and the murderous peregrines, whose eyrie lies in the recess of an adjoining islet cliff, will not assail them in the hours of dimness. Therefore the stormy petrel lives free from persecution.

JOHN WALPOLE-BOND.

An Impression of Garibaldi

EARLY in July will be celebrated the centenary of the man whom history has alternately criticised as half a bandit and lauded as the saviour of his country. Since the days of the Cæsars, when as an all-conquering military and intellectual nation Italy dominated the world, she has produced no greater soldier and patriot. Pre-eminent among the spirits of his day, invested with all the glamour of heroic romance, Garibaldi claims our sympathy by his natural qualities, which, though at times marred by his passionate hatred of any

sort of autocratic government, still clothe him with nobility. He was born close by the sunny sea-shore of Nice, and we follow him through his gay and irresponsible childhood, fired by acts of sudden daring, which displayed extraordinary spirit and courage, till he passes into the roving life of the Italian merchant service, and in the company of his sailor father penetrates into almost unknown ports and sojourns in strange lands among strange peoples. Their manners and customs, modes of life and government, made an indelible impression upon his mind, which was even then dominated by the passionate determination to secure the freedom of Italy from the tyranny of Austria.

Stimulated by worship of liberty, Garibaldi, in January 1834, "threw himself" (to quote his own words) "body and soul into what he had so long felt to be his true element . . . and quitted the 'Porta della Lanterna' at Genoa disguised as a peasant, an outcast from his own country." From that hour he relinquished the life of the ordinary man, and we find him evading death, torture, and prison as we in our peaceful days avoid the passage of carriages in a crowded street.

The emancipation of the Empire of Brazil was the cause for which he and his daring little band of followers fought, and his countless deeds of chivalry, his miraculous escapes and stirring victories in those Southern lands sprang from a devotion to the cause of Freedom which has no parallel in history. It was here, amid these scenes of war and untamed nature, that his romantic love was born, the love which won a heroic, devoted wife. The story, a significant one, is best told in Garibaldi's own words :

By chance I cast my eyes towards the houses on the Barra—a tolerably high hill on the south side of the entrance to the Lagoon . . . Outside one of these, by means of a telescope which I usually carried with me on deck, I espied a young woman, and forthwith gave orders for the boat to be got out. I landed, and, making for the houses where I expected to find the object of my excursion, had just given up all hope of seeing her again when I met an inhabitant of the place. . . . He invited me to take coffee in his house; we entered, and the first person

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who met my eyes was the damsel who had attracted me ashore. It was Anita, the mother of my children, who shared my life for better for worse, the wife whose devotion I have so often felt the loss of. We both remained enraptured and silent, gazing on one another like two people who meet for the first time, and seek in each other's faces some-



Garibaldi (*from a photograph*).

thing which makes it easier to recall the forgotten past. At last I greeted her by saying "Thou oughtest to be mine." . . . I uttered the bold words in Italian, yet my insolence was magnetic. I had formed a tie, pronounced a decree which death alone could annul.

This strange yet noble romance throws a true light upon Garibaldi's character, and enables us to see the *man*. In 1848 his brilliant campaign in Uruguay was over; finding that nothing remained for him but the machina-

tions of diplomacy, he gathered his bravest spirits together and set sail for Italy. "Sixty-three of us left the banks of La Plata," he wrote; that little band was soon weakened by desertion and disease, but drew a few more reckless comrades to its ranks. Finding the terror-stricken towns of Italy a hopeless starting-place, the Garibaldians went into the fastnesses of the mountains near Como. Here their leader carried out a series of guerrilla engagements, and sought by perilous adventures to awaken enthusiasm in the apathetic and frightened Italian peasantry, who, numbed by oppression, dreaded his approach.

But failure and defeat, the horrors of fever, and even his heroic wife's sufferings were powerless to check the great patriot. The vision of a liberated and united Italy dominated his soul.

We almost seem familiar with the fascinating, tireless figure wearing a red tunic with flaps and a little black sugar-loaf cap decorated with ostrich feathers pressed down upon the flaming, piercing eyes. "I saw him," wrote a celebrated writer of that time, "spring forward with his drawn sword shouting a popular hymn. In the thick of the *mêlée* he sang and struck about him with his heavy cavalry sabre, which next day was seen to be covered with blood." Small wonder that such a leader should eventually arouse popular enthusiasm, or that a character once tarnished by contumely should become the idol of romantic youth. In February 1849, Garibaldi proclaimed the short-lived Roman Republic, for which he had struggled so fiercely against the forces of Austria and Napoleonic France, and, indeed, most of the Powers of Europe, which resented the idea of United Italy. But his success was transitory; within a few months he and his little band of patriots had to surrender the citadel of Rome into the hands of the enemy.

Then through a series of terrible hardships, amid which he lost the guiding star of his existence, his noble and devoted wife, we see the devotee of Italy, on the verge of ruin and despair, fighting, marching, fever-stricken, pursued by relentless enemies, until at length as an exile,

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he finds for a space a quiet home with friends in Tangiers. But even here the fever of restlessness was strongly upon him, and he began life again as a sailor, visiting Panama, Greece, and many other lands in the humble capacity of a paid servant. Yet when five years of exile and humiliation had passed, he found himself summoned by Count Cavour to membership of a Sardinian Cabinet, and once more he was in the stress of political and military life, leading a small but gallant band of men in an apparently hopeless cause—the liberation of Italy from her external and internal enemies.

But the great day, the forerunner of that yet more glorious one when twenty-two millions of Italians formed by their own will "Italy one and Indivisible," dawned on the weary fighters at last, and on September 7, 1860, Garibaldi, accompanied by a small staff, passed in uninterrupted triumph through the midst of the Bourbon troops who still occupied Naples; within a month the decisive victory of Caserta Vecchia terminated a glorious campaign, and made Victor Emanuel King of Italy. But the insistent cry of battle had not as yet sounded its last note for Garibaldi; for now, as the leader of the King of Italy's troops, he had to withstand the united armies of France and Austria in the Tyrol.

Indeed, it would seem as if his tireless sword was never to rest in its sheath until age and the great peace-bringer compelled him to lay it down for ever. At the request of his late enemies, the French, he led a company of Italian troops against the Prussians, and in spite of advancing years and weakened energies he brought no little help to his ally's despairing and beaten forces, whose republican beliefs and tendencies had won his sympathies.

And now for the few years which yet remained to him he set his mind to the betterment of his beloved country, urging upon the people the importance of social improvement and the necessity of peaceful agricultural pursuits; he gave them as model the British nation, which he so passionately

admired. But "the loving lion heart," as Italians fondly name it, was fast approaching its last hour, and the spirit of the patriot, worn out by adventure, lay in hourly expectation of the final summons. All Italy, indeed every patriot in the world, mourned the loss of the man who, in spite of his failings and his romantic and (since his first wife's death) unconventional domestic relations, embodied most of the noblest qualities of manhood.

Italy owes him an everlasting debt, and we, in company with his devotees, that band of Garibaldians who year by year, each wearing a tiny silver lion as badge, go forth to pay their homage at his tomb in Nice, must render him his due guerdon of praise.

GWENDOLINE PERKS.

Charcoal Burning

IT is an ancient craft that of the charcoal burners, providing a picturesque and free life, for these men spend the greater part of their time far from the haunts of men, deep in the heart of the woods.

There are not now many parts of England where charcoal burning is carried on to any great extent. "One Purkiss"—perhaps a descendant of the historic personage of the same profession who bore the body of William Rufus to Winchester for burial—still burns charcoal in the heart of the New Forest, and there are other isolated spots, scattered up and down the country, where the industry survives. In the Furness district of the English Lake country charcoal is still made on a large scale. In and around Newby Bridge, Lake side, Haverthwaite, on the shores of Coniston, a well-wooded

country, the blue smoke may be seen rising from the coppices, and processions of carts piled high with smutty sacks are constantly met upon the hilly roads.

Not far from Newby Bridge by the side of the line is a spot known as Backbarrow. Here is an ultramarine factory, and it is hither that the charcoal burners of this district bring the product of their labours, stacking it



A Charcoal Burners' Cabin, the home of five men

in a mighty heap beside the waggon-way leading to the Lowwood powder works; for the end of the charcoal is gunpowder. There are several gunpowder works dotted beside the rivers of the Lake country. Hence the activity of the charcoal-making industry.

Charcoal is burned from August (sometimes July) to late in November. The rest of the year is spent by the burners in preparing the woods, felling the trees, peeling off the bark, and cutting it up into billets of the right size.

The woods are felled every fifteen years, and in

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districts where charcoal is not burned, the timber is often sold *en masse* for bobbins; bobbin-making is another local industry, water-power being used to turn the machinery.

The charcoal burners live in rude turf wigwams in the woods upon which they are engaged. They work both day and night, for the heaps of smouldering wood can never be left lest they should burst into flame, when the work would be wasted. These heaps in which the billets of wood are stacked are called "pits," though in this district no actual pit is dug; only the turf is removed. In the building of a "pit" care and skill are exercised. The wood is laid in a kind of pyramid round a stake: on it is packed a layer of coarse grass and sifted earth to prevent free access of air. The "pit" is set alight ("fired," the men term it) by means of a ladder at its apex, and the aperture is closed with turf sods. At first dense smoke bursts in clouds from the smouldering wood: after awhile it acquires a beautiful blue colour and pungent odour. The pit is carefully watched. Any tendency to flame is at once smothered by means of moistened sifted gravel patted into place with a long-handled shovel.

The smouldering process goes on for about twenty-four hours. Then the pit is "slacked," that is, air is completely excluded, the fires die down and the charcoal is left to cool.

Slacking is a most picturesque operation. Round the pit at regular intervals are placed heaps of sifted earth and gravel, and large tubs of water. The outer covering of the pyramid (now greatly reduced in bulk) is raked off and fresh gravel deftly and neatly thrown as a regular coating in its place. On this gravel water is flung from flat tin dippers. Finally the apex of the cone is covered with sods and, all air being excluded, the pit is left to cool.

When the charcoal is ready it is packed into sacks and carted away to the great heap at Backbarrow, or wherever

the depôt for the neighbourhood may chance to be. It is finally taken to the powder works.

All this is not so easy as it sounds, and the making of first-rate charcoal requires skill and care as well as constant watchfulness. There is an art in the packing of the wood, the arranging of the pit, and the placing of the wind screen; for each pit is sheltered to windward by means of movable screens made of wooden frameworks



A Charcoal Pit ready for "firing"

filled in with a kind of thatch of heather and turfs. The pit must smoulder just long enough without blazing, and slacking requires considerable manual dexterity and judgment. It is wonderful to see the precision and rapidity with which the gravel and water and earth are turned into an impervious coating for the red-hot mass, and the four men (a big pit takes four to slack it properly) work with the neatness and accuracy of machines.

As one portion of the wood is cleared and the pits are emptied, the camp moves on, cabin and all, till at last only a few blackened circles remain to show what

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has happened. The grass soon grows, the undergrowth springs up, and in a year or two young trees will be taking the place of those that met their doom at the hands of the charcoal burners.

MARY C. FAIR.

Retrospective Review

PEACHAM'S "COMPLEAT GENTLEMAN." With an Introduction by G. S. GORDON. (The Clarendon Press.)

THIS interesting reprint is based upon the edition of 1634, but it has been collated with that of Blount, published in 1661. The frontispiece of the first edition, which appeared in 1622, is reproduced, and the book has been prepared for press in that scholarly and thorough manner which is, fortunately, customary in the case of works issued by Mr. Frowde.

Henry Peacham was born in 1576 at North Mimms, in Hertfordshire, near St. Albans, the place, as he tells us, where "merrie John Heywood" wrote his epigrams and Sir Thomas More his "Utopia." The boy's father, a clergyman, was sometime rector of Leverton, in Lincolnshire. Peacham received his education partly in St. Albans and partly in London, and the process left upon his mind—as it has upon so many—a very strong and very disagreeable impression. It must be owned that he had graver causes of complaint than the average modern pupil. In revenge, he wrote, in the book before us, a stinging chapter upon Masters, well calculated to shock the complacency even of that self-satisfied race. Speaking of the better class of lads, he said :

The Noble, generous, and best Natures, are wonne by commendation, enkindled by Glory; which is *fax mentis honestæ*, to whom con-

quest and shame are a thousand tortures. Yet have I known these good and towardly Natures as roughly handled by our *Plagosi Orbilii*, as by Dionysius himselfe taking revenge upon the buttockes of poore Boyes for the losse of his kingdome, and rayled upon by the unmannerly names of block-heads (oft by farre worse than block-heads), asses, dolts, &c. which deeply pierceth the free and generous Spirit, for, *Ingenuitas* (saith Seneca) *non recipit contemptum*; Ingenuitie or the generous minde, cannot brooke contempt; and which is more ungentlemanly, nay barbarous and inhumane, pulled by the ears, lashed over the face, beaten about the head with the great end of the rod, smitten upon the lippes for every slight offence with the *Ferula* (not offered to their Fathers Scullions at home) by these *Ajaces flagelliferi*; fitter farre to keepe Beares (for they thrive and are the fatter for beating, saith *Pliny*) than to have the charge of Nobles and Gentlemen.

Peacham justified his indictment of the contemporary British schoolmaster by examples:

I knew one, who in Winter would ordinarily in a cold morning, whip his Boyes over for no other purpose than to get himselfe in a heat: another beat them for swearing, and all the while swears himselfe with horrible oathes, he would forgive any fault saving that.

I had I remember my selfe (neere *S. Albanes* in *Hertfordshire* where I was borne) a Master, who by no entreaty would teach any Scholler he had, farther than his Father had learned before him; as, if he had onely learned but to reade English, the sonne, though he went with him seven yeares, should goe no further: his reason was, they would then proove saucy rogues, and controule their Fathers: yet these are they that oftentimes have our hopefull Gentry under their charge and tuition, to bring them up in science and civility.

Some affect, and severer Schooles enforce, a precise and tedious strictness, in long keeping the Schollers by the walles; as from before sixe in the morning, till twelve, or past; so likewise in the afternoon: which beside the dulling of the wit, and dejecting the Spirit (for *Otii non minus quam negotii ratio extare debet*) breedeth in him afterward, a kinde of hate and carelesnesse of study when hee commeth to be *sui juris*, at his own libertie (as experience prooveth by many, who are sent from severe Schooles unto the Universities): withall, overloading his memorie, and taking off the edge of his invention, with over-heavie taskes, in Themes, Verses, &c.

It is not surprising, in view of these facts, to read that

Many of our Masters for the most part so behave themselves, that their very name is hatefull to the Scholler, who trembleth at their

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comming in, rejoyceth at their absence, and looketh his Master (returned) in the face, as his deadly enemy.

Sometimes there was error in the opposite direction, and pupils were treated with a laxity in which they must have gloried. Our author censures

too much carelesnesse and remissenesse in not holding them in at all, or not giving them in the Schoole, that due attendance they ought: so that every day is play-day with them, bestowing the Summer in seeking Birds-nests, or haunting Orchards; the Winter, in keeping at home for cold, or abroad all day with the Bow, or the Birding-peece: they making as little conscience in taking, as their Master in giving their learning, who forgetteth belike, that *Rumour layeth each fault of the Scholler upon his necke.*

After his unfortunate experiences of the pedagogues of the time, Peacham, at the age of seventeen, became a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. He spent five years at the University, graduating B.A. in 1595 and M.A. in 1598. At Cambridge, again, there were abuses to be noted, and one was the custom of injudicious parents to send mere children to college.

They take them from Schoole, as Birds out of the nest, ere they bee flidge, and send them so young to the Universitie, that scarce one among twentie prooveth ought. For as tender plants, too soon or often removed, begin to decay and die at the roote; so these young things, of twelve, thirteen, or foureteene, that have no more care than to expect the next Carrier, and where to sup on Fridayes and Fasting nights: no further thought of study, than to trimme up their studies with Pictures, and place the fairest Bookes in openest view, which, poore Lads, they scarce ever opened, or understand not; that when they come to Logicke, and the crabbed grounds of Arts, there is such a disproportion between *Aristotles Categories* and their childish capacities, that what together with the sweetnesse of libertie, varietie of companie, and so many kinds of recreation in Towne and Fields abroad (beeing like young Lapwings apt to bee snatched up by every Buzzard), they proove with *Homers Willow ἀλεσικάρποι*, and as good goe gather Cockles with *Caligulas* people on the Sand, as yet to attempt the difficulties of so rough and terrible a passage.

Peacham, being a just if somewhat petulant man, did not throw all the blame for these misfortunes of childhood and youth upon schoolmasters and the authorities

at the Universities. He saw quite plainly that much of it must be laid upon other shoulders.

Fond and foolish parents have oft as deepe a share in this precious spoile, as whose cockering and apish indulgence (to the corrupting of the minds of their children, disabling their wits, effeminating their bodies) how bitterly doth *Plato* tax and abhorre ?

He quotes with approval Horace's well-known lines beginning *Angustam amice pauperiem pati*, and translates them as follows :

Friend,¹ let thy child hard povertie endure,
And, growne to strength, to warre himselfe inure :
And bravely mounted learne, sterne Cavallere,
To charge the fiercest *Parthian* with his speare !
Let him in fields without doores leade his life,
And exercise him where are dangers rife, &c.

And he continues :

If any of our young youths and Gallants were dieted in this manner, Mercers might save some Paper, and Citie Laundresses goe make Candles with their Saffron and Egges; Dicing houses and ten shilling Ordinaries, let their large Roomes to Fencers and Puppit-players, and many a painted peece betake her selfe to a Wheele or the next Hospitall. But now adaies, Parents either give their Children no education at all (thinking their birth or estate will beare out that) : or if any, it leaveth so slender an impression in them, that like their names cut upon a Tree, it is over-growne with the old barke by the next summer.

The fathers and mothers of that day were equally culpable :

Is it not commonly seene, that the most Gentlemen will give better wages, and deall more bountifully with a fellow who can but teach a Dogge, or reclaime an Hawke, than upon an honest, learned, and well qualified man to bring up their children ? It may be, hence it is, that Dogges are able to make Syllogisms in the fields, when their young masters can conclude nothing at home, if occasion of argument or discourse be offered at the Table.

¹ His punctuation of the line in the original is *Angustam, amice pauperiem pati*.

And on the maternal side :

A great blame and imputation (how justly I know not) is commonly laid upon the Mother; not onely for her over tendernesse, but in winking at their lewd courses; yea more, in seconding, and giving them encouragement to doe wrong, though it were, as *Terence* saith, against their owne Fathers.

I dare not say it was long of the Mother, that the sonne told his Father, he was a better man, and better descended than he.

Nor will I affirme that it is her pleasure, the Chambermaid should be more curious in fitting his ruffe, than his Master in refining his manners.

Nor that it is she that filleth the Cisterne of his lavish expence, at the Universitie, or Innes of Court; that after foure or five yeares spent, hee returns home as wise as *Ammonius* his Asse, that went with his Master every day to the Schoole, to heare *Origen* and *Porphyrie* reade Philosophy.

The result was generally deplorable.

How many excellent wits have we in this Land, that smell of the Caske, by neglecting their young time when they should have learned!

When Peacham left Cambridge, he was for a time employed as Master of the Free School at Wymondham, in Norfolk. In 1612 he was in London, where he busied himself partly in authorship and partly in tutoring young men for the University. In the latter capacity he travelled on the Continent, accompanying the sons of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, of Hannibal Baskerville, and others; and until the end of 1614 his time was spent in visiting the chief cities of Holland, France, and Italy. In the Low Countries especially he was much impressed by the intelligent and humane system of education which he there observed and its effects. As Mr. Gordon remarks in his preface to the present volume :

His experiences abroad widened his views, and forced upon him a comparison of the gentlemen of his own with those of other countries. It hurt him, both as an Englishman and as a firm believer in the merits of gentle birth, to see them come so ignominiously out of the balance.

The result of his reflections was "The Compleat Gentleman Fashioning him absolute in the most neces-

sary and commendable Qualities concerning Minde or Bodie that may be required in a Noble Gentlemā," published in 1622, re-issued in 1626 and 1627, and, with additions, in 1634 and 1661. It was dedicated "to the truly noble and most hopefull Knight of the Honourable Order of the Bathe, WILLIAM HOWARD, second sonne to the Right Honourable THOMAS, Earle of *Arundell* and *Surrey*, Earle *Marshall* of ENGLAND, &c." Peacham's definition of the order of gentlemen is characteristic of his point of view and of his age. He inquires, for instance, "concerning Advocates and Physitians, whether we may ranke them with the ennobled or no." And he decides :

Advocates or Counsellors being Interpreters of the Law their place is commendable, and themselves most necessary Instruments in a Common-wealth; wherefore, saith the Civill Law, their calling is honourable, they ought to be freed of mulcts, publike charges, and all impositions; and to be written or sent unto, as unto persons of especial worth and dignity.

Touching Physitians, though the profession by some hath beene thought servile, and in times past was practised by servants; yet it is an Art nothing servile and base, but noble and free.

Have not "Emperours and Kings" cured the sick? But our author is not indiscriminate in admitting the faculty :

I heere intend no common Chyrurgians, Mountebancks, unlettered Empericks, and women Doctors (of whom for the most part there is more danger then of the worst disease it selfe) whose practice is infamous, Mechanique, and base.

Next comes the difficult question of the status of merchants :

The exercise of Merchandize hath beene (I confesse) accounted base, and much derogating from nobility, except it be exercised and undertaken by a generall Estate, or the Deputies thereof.

Peacham cites examples to confirm his proposition, and quotes St. Chrysostom, who "upon that place of *Matthew*, *Hee cast out the buyers and sellers out of the*

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Temple : gathereth, that merchants hardly and seldome please God." But there is another side to the matter :

If the owner of the *Earth, and all that therein is*, hath so bestowed and disposed of his blessings, that no one Countrey affordeth all things : but must be beholden not onely to her neighbours, but even the most remote regions, and Common-wealths cannot stand without Trade and Commerce, buying and selling : I cannot (by the leave of so reverend judgements) but account the honest Merchant among the number of Benefactors to his Countrey, while he exposeth as well his life as goods, to the hazzard of infinite dangers, sometimes for medicinall Drugges and preservatives of our lives in extremitie of sicknesse ; another, for our food or cloathing in times of scarcitie and want, haply for usefull necessaries for our vocations and callings : or lastly, for those *Sensus et animi oblectamenta*, which the Almighty providence hath purposely, for our solace and recreation, and for no other end else created, as Apes, Parrots, Peacocks, Canary, and all singing Birds ; rarest Flowers for colour and smell, precious Stones of all sorts, Pearle, Amber, Corall, Christall, all manner of sweet odours, fruits, infinitely differing in forme and taste : Colours of all sorts, for painting, dying, &c.

Then comes a sweeping exclusion :

Touching Mechanicall Arts and Artists, whosoever labour for their livelihood and gaine, have no share at all in Nobility or Gentry : as Painters, Stage-players, Tumblers, ordinary Fiddlers, Inne-keepers, Fencers, Juglers, Dancers, Mountebanckes, Bearewards, and the like (except the custome of the place determine the contrary).

This passage is so full of matter for reflection that it may well be left, without comment, to the meditation of the judicious reader. Having settled the limits of good breeding, our author points out how the "complete gentleman" is to be "fashioned absolute." The training prescribed is obsolete in form, but the spirit in which it is devised would be a very salutary guide even at the present day. The gentleman should "labour firstly by all meanes to get the habit of a good stile in speaking and writing, as well English as Latine" ; he should study history, "Morality, and rules of well living," cosmography, which includes "Astronomy, Astrology, Geography, and Chorography" ; and, having acquired from astronomy a knowledge of "the eleven heavens and Sphaeres," he may turn to a lighter pursuit and "exercise his Pen in Drawing and imitating Cards and Mappes."

He must admire the work of Providence in all created things, animate and inanimate ; but he must not, in his contemplation, neglect the exacting problems of geometry. "To sweeten his severer studies," he should be a diligent reader of poetry ; nor should he by any means be ignorant of music, though, in execution, he need only rank as a moderate amateur.

I desire in you no more than to sing your part sure, and at the first sight, withall, to play the same upon your Violl, or the exercise of the Lute, privately to your selfe.

The "Compleat Gentleman" should have a knowledge of "Antiquities," which include "Statues, Inscriptions and Coynes"; he should have some skill, too, in "Drawing, Limning and Painting," and a high esteem for those arts. It is absolutely essential that he should be an authority on "Armory, or Blazon of Armes"; the claims of heraldry are insisted upon by Peacham. Nor is the suitable equipment of his mind to be his only care. "I now," writes our author, "from your private study and contemplation, bring you abroad into the open fields, for exercise of your Body, by some honest recreation, since *Aristotle* requireth the same in the Education of Nobility and all youth, since the mind from the Ability of the Body gathereth her strength and vigor." Horsemanship—foremost among the physical arts—"throwing and wrestling," "Running and Agility of Body," leaping, "the skill and art of swimming," shooting—"a very healthfull and commendable recreation for a gentleman"—hawking and hunting, are all exercises of which he who is "compleat" and "fashioned absolute" should have a mastery. Upon the ethical side of life, he should cultivate "evenesse of Carriage and care of his Reputation," "Moderation of the mind and affections," frugality, and especially thrift in apparell and clothing ; and he must zealously avoid gluttonous and bibulous habits. In forming companionships, he should select "learned and vertuous men"; "first sound their Religion ; then looke into their Lives and Carriage, how they have bene

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reckoned of others; lastly, to their Qualitie how or wherein they may be usefull." Needless to say, our gentleman should be devout, and entirely unlike one "Politician a Canon of Florence, who, being upon occasion asked if he ever read the Bible over: 'Yes once (quoth he) I read it quite thorow, but never bestowed my time worse in all my life.'"

He should extend his observation and experience by travel, and it is well if he—like our author—have some knowledge of military drill and manœuvres. Thus trained he will, it may be hoped, eschew the habits of too many of the gentry of the seventeenth century, whose evil living Peacham censured with a caustic pen.

I detest that effœminacy of the most, that burne out day and night in their beds, and by the fire side; in trifles, gaming, or courting their yellow Mistresses all the Winter in a City; appearing but as Cuckoes in the Spring, one time in the yeere to the Countrey and their Tenants, leaving the care of keeping good houses at Christmas, to the honest Yeoman of the Countrey.

The volume closes with some quaint advice to anglers. It may be justly claimed for the gentleman "fashioned absolute" on Peacham's lines that now, as in Stuart days, he would be an excellent example of the *mens sana in corpore sano*.

Though Peacham was not unsuccessful as a writer, and though, at one period of his life at least, he had powerful friends, the world, on the whole, treated him hardly. He became acquainted, as his present editor points out, "with the shifts of the indigent and the shady side of contemporary life." There are indications in his work of a cynicism wholly intelligible under the circumstances. "Hold friendship and acquaintance with few," he wrote in the work before us, "but endear your selfe to none; *gaudebis minus, minus dolebis*." Of a woman's place in a man's life he has nothing to say to his "compleat gentleman." He died unmarried, and, writes Mr. Gordon, "we cannot doubt it, in poverty," about 1644. Scholarship so often has to be its own and only reward.

G. B.

Correspondence

Why Bruce slew the Red Comyn

MR. URBAN,—On February 10, 1906, the ancient royal and parliamentary burgh of Dumfries celebrated the six-centenary of King Robert I. The day was neither the anniversary of his birth nor of his death, but on February 10, 1306, Bruce struck down the nephew of John Baliol in the town. It is said he did so in the church of the Minorites. On the other hand, it has been said that Bruce encountered Comyn not in the Franciscan Church but in the cloisters, and, becoming angry, smote him, though he was unarmed, on the head, perhaps with the flat of his sword, on which Comyn closed with his adversary, but was thrown. Bruce's followers then came in, and probably stabbed Comyn; yet not so severely but that he could flee into the church for protection. Here he was pursued and left for dead on the altar pavement; but the brethren carried him into the vestibule for attendance and confession. From this retreat he was haled a little later and slain on the altar steps by the followers of Bruce, though perhaps not by Bruce's orders.

The foregoing is a version of the tragedy constructed by a modern writer on the notes of the contemporary historians, Walter of Hemingford and Matthew of Westminster. It is manifest that Bruce himself was not the actual murderer of John Comyn of Badenoch. Apart from the contemporary notes, which there is no reason to doubt, and which confirm each other, there is the general tradition that Bruce's followers dispatched Comyn. The popular story runs that Bruce stabbed the Lord of Badenoch before the great altar in the convent of the Minorites, and, hastening out of the sanctuary, called to horse. His attendants, Lindsay and Kirkpatrick, perceiving that he was agitated, inquired how it was with him. "Ill," replied Bruce. "I doubt I have slain Comyn." "You doubt, I will mak siccar," cried Kirkpatrick, and

rushing into the church, he fixed his dagger in Comyn's heart.

History and tradition alike intimate that the future king was not the actual slayer, and the cardinal point to be considered is, did he intend to kill Comyn or have him killed. The place of the crime, whether it was committed before the high altar or in the precincts merely of the church, is apt to be prejudicial to the case, and the excommunication which issued from Rome against Bruce and those who were with him is proof enough of this. The horror of the murder is reflected in the chronicles of the age. When the news reached King Edward he swore a solemn oath of vengeance. He had an inquiry made as to all Bruce's associates in the crime, and Sir Christopher Seton was executed before the close of the year. On Palm Sunday (March 12, 1307) all the accomplices in the murder were solemnly excommunicated by the Papal legate in Carlisle Cathedral, and Edward's last expedition was regarded by the king himself as partaking somewhat of the nature of a crusade.

The desecration of the church would be sufficient cause for the Pope to take action, and it tends to convict Bruce personally of wilful murder, of a dreadful crime under the most damning circumstances. Why did he commit it? The action of the English king leads to an explanation. Although it suited Edward to become the punitive arm of the Church and so take on the air of a crusader, his oath of vengeance is sufficient to show that the Lord of Badenoch was "his man," ready to act again the part of his uncle, King John (Baliol). Bruce was playing double, and his claim to the Scottish throne was not so good as that of Baliol's nephew, who, since his uncle's renunciation of the Crown, might be considered the rightful heir. While Bruce was openly supporting Edward, a secret alliance into which he had entered with Lamberton, Bishop of St. Andrews, proves that he had other designs. More than a month before the fall of Stirling, Bruce, then Earl of Carrick, and the Bishop met at Cambuskenneth Abbey and subscribed a bond which

bound them to support each other against all adversaries at all times and in all affairs, and to undertake nothing of difficulty without communication. When Lamberton was taken prisoner in 1306 he admitted the genuineness of the document, and his connection with Bruce was one charge preferred against him by Edward before the Pope.

When King Edward, in a Parliament held at London in Lent 1305, ordered that the community of Scotland should meet at Perth to elect representatives to come to a Parliament to be held on June 24 in London, among his advisers in the matter were the Earl of Carrick (Bruce) and the Bishop of Glasgow. Representatives were chosen, and the English Parliament to which they were summoned finally met on September 16. Bruce was not one of the representatives, but other Scottish nobles were specially summoned by writ, and he is assumed to have been of their number. It is not known how long he remained in London—he had a manor at Tottenham—nor whether he went to Scotland after the Parliament, or spent the winter in England as a councillor of the king. At any rate he suddenly left London early in February, riding with his horse shod backwards for the first stage of the journey, that the hoof-prints might throw pursuers off the track. From one of his De Clare relatives, of the Earl of Gloucester's family, he had received a warning of peril—a sum of money and a pair of spurs. He took the hint, with the result that he arrived at Dumfries, where the English Justiciars were sitting in assize, and John Comyn of Badenoch was among the barons in attendance. The sequel shows that the irate Earl of Carrick had come to accuse the Red Comyn of most foul treachery, *i.e.*, for having revealed to Edward the scheme of himself and Lamberton, to which he had been privy or had become privy. Whatever immediately passed between Bruce and Comyn, the fact remains that the latter was murdered. Bruce struck the first blow and his friends finished the job, which, there cannot be a doubt, was a premeditated piece of statecraft agreed upon between the Earl and the Bishop. The Bishop had

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reason to believe that the time had come to remove the Red Comyn, the most serious obstacle in the way of an independent monarchy. Comyn had made it plain that he would continue steadfast in his allegiance to Edward, whose first cousin, Lady Joan Valence, sister to the English King's Lieutenant-Governor in Scotland, was his wife, and so he was by marriage a member of the royal family of England.

It is authentically stated that Comyn "was slain for his fidelity," and also "while in the king's service." The Bishop of St. Andrews had found that he was a convinced Edwardian, who was communicating constantly with the king and had exposed Bruce's double dealing. So down came the Bruce straight to Dumfries, where he knew that his rival and enemy was. Immediately after the crime the Bishop communicated the mass and swore fealty to him. This Lamberton himself admitted after he had been seized by the Lieutenant-Governor, the victim's brother-in-law, under the most strict and urgent orders of the king. He (Lamberton), the Bishop of Glasgow, and the Abbot of Scone were conveyed to Newcastle, after which Edward gave personal instructions that the two Bishops should be put in irons, Lamberton being sent to Winchester and Wishart (Bishop of Glasgow) to Porchester. The documents by which Lamberton's treason was made evident are still preserved. Without the strong Bishop of St. Andrews and his instigation and tireless support, there can be little doubt that Bruce would never have become King of Scotland. Lamberton was a typical priest-statesman, whose ambition so far exceeded his piety that he violated the most solemn oaths for the purpose of seeing Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, on the throne of Scotland.

The whole circumstances prove that it was no private or personal quarrel that caused Bruce to strike the first blow given to Comyn. The crime is thus removed from the vulgar category of wantonness and viciousness. Bruce intended that this noble of the Baliol blood, so closely connected with King Edward, should die for

reasons of high state ; so did the Bishop of St. Andrews, "the shadow behind the throne," as it were ; and their purpose was fully known to the companions and attendants of the former, some of them as much the instruments of the Bishop as of the Earl. Their orders were emphatic, and they did not fear, therefore, to carry out their work even on the pavement of the high altar—"felony, rebellion and sacrilege, and treacherous slaughter," in the words of the vigorous English king, Edward I.

W. M. GRAHAM-EASTON.

Sylvanus Urban's Notebook

IN some of the earlier years of its existence THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE had a competitor—or should one say a consort?—in the form of the "LADY'S MAGAZINE ; or Entertaining Companion for the Fair Sex, appropriated solely to their Use and Amusement." It was issued monthly. The numbers for 1780 and 1783, collected and bound, now lie before me. The point first brought to light by a perusal of these volumes is that the subjects generally provided for feminine readers by editors of women's periodicals at the present time are those with which the *Lady's Magazine* appealed to daughters of Eve one hundred and twenty-five years ago. Evidently, in the judgment of editors at least, education and evolution have changed the interests of the fair sex very slightly during that interval.

Dress, of course, is a very important topic. Thus "A Lady of Fashion," in her article for May 1783, writes :

No diamonds wore at Ranelagh ; figured gauzes quite out, the hair still worn very wide at the sides, black slippers and roses, long petticoats, and short waists. Sashes universally worn, silks chiefly *boue de Paris*, and *plume de corbeau*, spotted with white.

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Ranelagh fashions were an obsession of the fair sex. We read of

the *Robinson hat* for Ranelagh, a white chip, very large, trimmed with a wreath of white roses, and a panache of white feathers on the left side, worn with a hood under the chin, muslin gowns and cloaks, trimmed with *Brussels* lace.

The untutored and confused male mind seems to find a resemblance between the Robinson hat and the spreading edifices which now crown ladies' heads; but possibly it is merely suggested by the words "very large." A mysterious garment is recommended in the following terms:

The *Waldegrave levete*, made of muslin, and trimmed in the fashion of the *Perdita chemise*, only worn with a pink or yellow lustring petticoat.

This sounds very light and elegant, and, plainly, there was no escaping the chilly embraces of muslin. It may be expedient to explain that the *Perdita chemise* was

a long dress made of fine muslin, and trimmed with lace, the body to fit close to the waist, in the form of a polonnaise; the sleeve long, and tight to the arm; a broad cape like a great-coat; a sash of fine muslin trimmed at each end with a broad lace; the front of the dress tied from the bosom to the feet with knots of coloured ribband—without any hoop.

Ladies of a slight and gracious presence might revive the *Perdita chemise* with advantage. "Full dress" was very impressive. It is thus described:

The hair large, and the *chignon* low behind; the hoop extremely large, the trimmings chiefly foil and ermine; diamonds, and a *panache* of white feathers. The bosom of the gown cut very low behind and before, the sleeve very long, and the ruffle moderately deep. Brilliant roses on the shoes; single-drop earrings, bracelets and diamond buckles to the glove strings.

The question of the use and abuse of corsets seems to have entered a burning phase in 1783. The editor of the *Lady's Magazine* published in October of that year a sensational short article entitled "Emperor's Edict

against wearing Stays." From the exordium we learn that

every innocent art to increase female beauty and to perpetuate personal charms may be used with prudence; but when art is employed to rob the sex of that easy nonchalance of form, it should be stigmatized with the reprobation of either sex.

Some further general reflections lead us to the "Edict of the Emperor of Germany" itself, a document which ought not to be lost in oblivion.

Whereas the dangerous consequences arising from the use of stays, are universally acknowledged to impair the health, and impede the growth of the fair sex; when on the contrary the suppression of that part of their dress cannot but be effectual in strengthening their constitution, and above all in rendering them more fruitful in the marriage state: we hereby strictly enjoin, that in all orphan-houses, nunneries, and other places set apart for the public education of young girls, no stays of any kind whatever be made use of or encouraged henceforth and from this instant; and it is farther hinted to all masters and mistresses of academies and boarding-schools, that any girl wearing stays should not be hereafter received or countenanced in any such schools.

We hereby also will and command, that it be enjoined to the College of Physicians, that a dissertation, adapted to every one's capacity be forthwith composed, shewing how materially the growth of children of the female sex is injured by the use of stays, for the better information of parents and school-masters, who wish to procure a handsome shape to their children or pupils; as also those who are not rich enough to alter the stays in proportion to the growth of such children, or, having the means, neglect to do it. The above dissertation shall be distributed gratis, and dispersed among the public; the more so, that whole nations, unacquainted with the use of stays, bring up a race of children remarkable for the healthiest constitutions.

Paternal government was ever the *penchant* of Teutonic rulers. But it would seem that some corrective of feminine foibles was needed at the time, for animadversions upon the frivolity of the gay and fashionable are almost as frequent in the pages of the *Lady's Magazine* as they have lately been in the writings of authors who, to the admiration of the crowd, denounce the "Smart Set." Here is a comment upon the ancestress of the

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woman who wastes her time and substance upon Bridge :

Gaming, as it is now encouraged, is productive of every calamity that can involve ladies in those inextricable snares which are perpetually ambushed for the captivity of virtue. The smile of beauty is wasted on an inanimate card, or distorted into all the hideous features of a fury. . . . I would have ladies to consider that *gaming* is not only destructive to the estate of their husbands, but is equally to their own beauty, which cannot continue long under the disadvantage of those hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, perpetually attendant on the intemperate hours of female gamblers; and what a race of warriors, patriots, and Britons is *poor Britain* to expect will be brought into the world from the wombs of such dissolute mothers ?

The censure has a strangely modern ring. Three years later the "Female Reformer," under the modest pseudonym of "Bob Short, Jun.," has a series of scathing articles on the shortcomings of the fair.

When I take a survey of the manner in which the young ladies of the present age appear in public places of amusement, respecting their loose dresses and wanton behaviour, I cannot wonder that virtue is at so low an ebb. Let the discerning few but cast a look into the boxes of the theatres, or take a peep into the Pantheon, or, indeed, any of the places of public entertainment, and their own eyes will sufficiently convince them of the propriety of my assertion.

Those phrases might have been culled from one of the famous discourses of Father Vaughan. And the censor has a more general accusation to make :

To dress, to visit, to go to public amusements, to see and be seen ; to flutter about like a summer's butterfly, from one gay company to another, to be admired, courted, flattered (and I wish I could not add), too often ruined and undone, seem to be the chief employments, if not the chief end of many young women's lives, in the present day.

Then those surprisingly intimate details of personal life which confront the reader of modern periodicals for ladies, usually in small type in the form of question and answer, are no invention of the modern press. In January, 1780, we find a correspondent writing to the *Lady's Magazine* :

It is my misfortune to be esteemed pretty ; the reason I think so is, I am troubled with that *horrid* thing a beard. My tweezers, you may be sure, are not forgot. If any of your readers can inform me of some means to prevent the growth of the hair, they will confer an inestimable obligation on EMILIA.

Such a subject leads us by an easy transition to the oracles of the "Domestic Physician." He seems, in those days at least, to have led his patient to the tomb by paths of anguish. Here is one example of his power :

RECIPE FOR THE STONE.

Take one quart of skimmed milk, make it into posset with ale, take off the curd ; then take of plantain and violet leaves, of each a handful and half, a handful of dove's-foot ; boil these herbs in the whey, till it comes to a quart, drink a pint of it night and morning, sweetened with a spoonful of honey, or an ounce of syrup of marsh-mallows. You may get the ingredients at the herb-shops.

Then, in a less mischievous and gruesome vein, there is advice to the young woman who is rushing upon matrimony. This, it must be owned, is somewhat antiquated :

Should any little difference in opinion arise at any time between you and your husband (as may sometimes be the case), never contest the point with him, unless you do it with the greatest good humour ; and if you cannot bring him over to your sentiments, make a merit of at least appearing to submit to his.

The docility recommended in these lines has disappeared, but it can well be spared if the deceptiveness inculcated in those pregnant words "make a merit of at least appearing to submit" has gone with it.

One is not surprised to find that the *Lady's Magazine*, intent on the edification of the sex, tackled the problem of the too seductive novel.

Of all the artillery which love has employed to brighten eyes, and soften hearts, the most effectual and forcible is the modern novel. Of all the arrows which Cupid has shot at youthful hearts, this is the keenest. There is no resisting it. It is the literary opium, that lulls every sense into delicious rapture. . . . Novels, according to the practice of the times, are the powerful engines with which the seducer

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attacks the female heart ; and, if we may judge from every day's experience, his plots are seldom laid in vain. Never was there an apter weapon for so black a purpose. Miss, the tailor's daughter, talks now as familiarly to her confidant, Miss Polly Staytape, of swains and sentiments, as the most accomplished females in fashionable life.

The editor of the Magazine, though he printed these strictures, admitted to his pages large quantities of amorous fiction. It was written with more affectation in style and sentiment than prevails in the love-stories published serially at the present time, but closely resembled them in general scheme, was not—for it could not well be—much inferior to them in quality, and appealed in the same way to the eternal feminine interest in wooing, licit and illicit. The worthy lover neglected, the success of the spruce beau with dishonourable intentions, “the treacherous husband,” the allurements that tempt the virtuous maid and matron, the fate of indiscreet damsels,—these are the subject-matter of the tales told. And with this, there is a patchwork of miscellaneous themes which are still familiar to us. We are not surprised to find essays on “Old Coquettes” and “Parochial Despotism.” In August, 1780, a seaside correspondent sends a vivacious letter from Margate :

I have been to the play with Mrs. — ; but never, surely, was there a tragedy worse murdered than the one I saw last night : it was the *Moor of Venice* ; indeed, it was most tragically tragedized. I went to the rooms the night before ; it was an undress ball, and about fifty couple danced. The assembly-room is very elegant and commodious, the music tolerable, and the company decent enough, but no lords or ladies among them.

This writer of chit-chat found her “best entertainment, and most pleasing,” when she was taken to the house of a London gentleman who “played on the violin and accompanied it with his voice in such a manner as to make it sound for all the world like an organ, and afterwards imitated the French horn, the trumpet, and kettle-drums, and at times sung as a woman in a feigned voice, so that it was very much like a concert.” This remarkable host was “a short, little gentleman, and a man of some

fortune," and the lady correspondent adds, "he has been married some years; and I do not know if he had not, whether he might not have had his choice of the best of us." Such is the power of vocal skill allied to a competence.

The *Lady's Magazine* published criticisms of the various plays which were produced in London. One finds that in April 1783, *Tristram Shandy* was given at Covent Garden as a "Farcical Musical Bagatelle." Mr. Wilson as "Uncle Toby" and Mr. Edwin as "Corporal Trim" appear to have achieved remarkable success, and we are told that "the entertainment concluded with very great approbation from the audience." "Musical Comedy" was as popular then as it is now; the *Lady's Magazine* collected the most popular songs in the new pieces, and published them at the end of its theatrical notices. The verses show that our modern writers of "lyrics" of the same kind are worthy successors of the Georgian tribe.

We also have notes on occurrences of the day which are likely to interest feminine readers. For instance, when in September 1783, Mr. George Lumley, aged 104, married at Northallerton, Miss Dunning, aged 19, the *Lady's Magazine* published "A Short Sermon on Marriage addressed to Young Ladies under Twenty, and aged Gentlemen upwards of One Hundred." And correspondents were encouraged to send poetry. The average feminine inspiration of the time may be judged from the opening lines of "Verses upon the Birth of a Little Boy by the Mother":

Come, little angels, all unite
And some assistance bring,
Kindly to help my feeble lays
Whilst I attempt to sing.

It must have been galling to the editor when compositions of this kind reached him with a heavy charge to be paid on delivery. In October 1783, he issued a public notice to his fair contributors:

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We are sorry once more to intimate to our friends that we should be obliged to them to pay the postage for their favours in future. The expence occasioned by this neglect is enormous.

All this is what we should have expected, but one does discover with surprise that the discussion as to the relative ability of man and woman was pursuing its heated course in 1780. A lady, using the unattractive *nom de plume* of "Sukey Foresight," wrote from Lothbury to the *Lady's Magazine* in February of that year :

It has been a contested point for some time past whether the all-bountiful Creator has been more liberal to the male than the female part of the human race in bestowing on the former a larger share of mental endowments than the latter naturally possess, and it having been suggested by many ladies that they should like to participate in a public discussion of this grand question, the only means of affording the public an opportunity to judge of the merits of their case that occurred on a consultation was to be favoured with a moderate space in the *Lady's Magazine*, not doubting but the conductors of that publication, ever ready to oblige the ladies, would cheerfully acquiesce. Though ever so unqualified then for the task, rather than that the subject should remain dormant I am induced to make a beginning, by way of stimulating others more capable and better calculated for such an undertaking, to stand forth in support of the mental endowments of our sex.

The "discussion" proceeded merrily. Sukey, having been answered by a male correspondent on the lines familiar to us all, urged the very arguments to which her descendants resort. She congratulated her opponent on having granted to her sex "the superiority in many valuable endowments, viz., the *virtues* of the *heart*, *patience*, *fortitude in adversity*, *humility*, and above all *constancy*," and she added :

He might also have gone further and credited us for *modesty*, *chastity*, and *temperance*, which on the part of our sex I think it no arrogance to lay claim to.

She attributed the fact that women had not gained renown in the field of deep studies entirely to lack of opportunity.

Surely, then, our capabilities might have found scope in the literary and philosophical world had not our parents neglected to survey the

powers of our minds, and not have restrained a rising genius in order to conform to the pernicious *customs* of the times for no other reason but because she wore petticoats.

One must not unduly prolong quotations from the *Lady's Magazine*, but one may remark that it sometimes propounded to its readers problems in psychology which appear to be insoluble. "Is not a child's grief," it asked on one occasion, "for the loss of his dinner more sincere than a man's?" Sylvanus Urban at once admits that he is not competent to discuss the question.

No small courage is needed in him who confesses his adhesion to that which is old-fashioned, and the truth holds good in matters of opinion as well as in those of social custom. Mr. W. B. Hardy, of Gonville and Caius College, is undaunted in this connection. In these days, when Science seems disposed to coquette with Occultism, he has delivered before the Royal Institution a lecture on "The Physical Basis of Life," in which he founds himself on the Huxley of 1868. Here is the crucial part of the text upon which Mr. Hardy's discourse is based :

It may seem a small thing to admit that the dull vital actions of a fungus or a foraminifer are the properties of their protoplasm, and are the direct results of the nature of the matter of which they are composed. But if, as I have endeavoured to prove to you, their protoplasm is essentially identical with, and most readily converted into, that of any animal, I can discover no logical halting-place between the admission that such is the case and the further concession that all vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it. And, if so, it must be true, in the same sense and to the same extent, that the thoughts to which I am now giving utterance, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expression of molecular changes in that manner of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena.

One may differ entirely from the doctrine implied in this bold statement; and Mr. Hardy, though his lecture was full of evidence of learning and thought, made out a fighting rather than a convincing case in his exposition of the theme in the light of more recent research. But it is well

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to remember than there are scientific stalwarts who still press these views. They offer no explanation of the mystery of subjective life; indeed, in their preoccupation with matter, they forget the subjectivity which is necessarily the reverse of that obverse; and their belief has little chance of being widely accepted. But Mr. Hardy is a very able exponent of the school, and, unlike many of our scientific men, he has a mastery of English, though—accustomed as he is to the seemingly cruel process of multiplication by fission—he does not scruple to split an infinitive.

In January of this year an appeal was made in *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* in aid of the fund for preserving the Tower of Marton Church in Lincolnshire. Mr. Mallinder, Vicar of Marton, writes: "The settlement of our Tower is becoming very serious," and he desires that the matter may again be brought before our readers. Marton Tower is an invaluable specimen of Saxon workmanship, and it would be discreditable to the British people if such a monument were allowed to perish for the lack of a modest sum. The amount required is in all £600, of which £230 is in hand or promised. The Vicar's appeal has the full approval of the Bishop and Dean of Lincoln.

One notices in this connection that Mr. Parkin, Vicar of Selby, in a lecture delivered to the Bradford Historical and Antiquarian Society, which is reported in the *Antiquary* for June, made the following observations with regard to the state of the Abbey Church: "It had been found when the portions of the nave roof which escaped being burned came to be examined that they were in a terribly rotten condition. Some of the huge beams, which were thirty feet long and of immense weight, rested upon the brackets by a single inch of timber, and that was in such a condition that it could be picked to pieces with a pin." The disquieting reflections to which this information leads are too obvious to call for detailed notice.

Thomas Carte

THOMAS CARTE, the historian, eldest son of Samuel Carte, Vicar of Clifton on Dunsmoor, and Prebendary of Lichfield, was born at Clifton in 1686, and baptised by immersion on April 23 in that year.

He took the degree of B.A. from University College, Oxford, in 1702, but was incorporated at King's, Cambridge, and proceeded to the M.A. degree in 1706.

Seven years later he was ordained to the readership of Bath Abbey. He soon utilised the pulpit for the dissemination of his political views. On the following January 30, the anniversary of what was for so long called the Martyrdom, he preached a sermon in the Abbey in vindication of King Charles's character. The king had been accused of instigating the Irish rebellion and massacre in 1641, and may have known more about it than he ever admitted. Shortly after preaching his sermon, Carte published a pamphlet called "The Irish Massacre in a True Light." It was, essentially, the sermon. Calamy and Baxter, on the strength of something that the Marquis of Antrim was reported to have said in the English House of Commons, asserted that a letter from the king authorising the rebellion was produced by the Marquis. But Carte, after searching the Journals of the House of Commons, found no mention of the letter, nor of the appearance of the Marquis of Antrim in the House. He also searched the State Paper Office, with the result

that the king's letter was not to be found.

In his "Life of the Duke of Ormond," Carte enters fully into the question of the king's intrigues with the Irish Roman Catholics in 1646. He endeavours to show, and doubtless sincerely believed, that the Earl of Glamorgan, the king's agent, exceeded his instructions. Those instructions were to grant to the Romanists all the churches, with their revenues, of which they had been in possession since October 1641. But the commissions to Glamorgan were informal, unknown to the king's secretaries, and such as the king, who had granted them privately at Oxford, could repudiate if he found it expedient to do so. On the arrest of Glamorgan, by the Marquis of Ormond, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the secret treaty became known, and was, of course, promptly disowned by Charles. No one who reads Hallam's account of those proceedings in his "Constitutional History" can entertain a doubt as to the character of the king's conduct. The *quid pro quo* in respect of these concessions to the Romanists was to have been an Irish force to assist the king in his difficulties in England.

On the accession of George I., Carte refused to take the oath of allegiance and adopted the lay habit. In the year 1715 he fell under suspicion, but escaped apprehension by concealing himself in the house of Mr. Badger, the incumbent of Coleshill. Subsequently he became secretary to

Bishop Atterbury. When the bishop was imprisoned, a reward of £1000 was offered for Carte's apprehension on the charge of high treason. In the proclamation concerning him he was described as about thirty-two years of age, and as "a little stooping, raw-boned, with a blue or grey eye, and wearing a light-coloured peruke." Rawlinson, who knew him, says the description was untrue, and therefore not likely to lead to his arrest. He escaped to France, where he lived for a few years under the name of Phillips. He employed himself in making an English translation of De Thou's "History of His Own Time," which was subsequently published.

In 1728 he was allowed to return home, owing to the intervention of Queen Caroline. It does not seem that he afterwards took an active part in support of his political views. As he had been so handsomely treated by the Government, his abstention from Jacobite intrigues is creditable to him. In 1744 he was arrested and examined on suspicion of being employed in the Pretender's service, but was soon discharged.

During the remainder of his life he was chiefly engaged on his *magnum opus*, the "History of England." His "Life of the Duke of Ormond," which is still considered to give the best account of Irish affairs during the period it covers, brought him into great estimation, especially among the Tories, and on this account, as well as on others, he was led to turn his attention to the affairs of the nation.

At that time a good history of

England was a desideratum. Several of the nobility and many others, as Carte writes to Swift, had proposed to him that he should supply the want. The "History" chiefly in use seems to have been Rapin's, whose only source of information on English affairs was Rymer's "Foedera." He had, as Carte informs Swift, no knowledge of the vast collection of material stored in the Cotton Library, nor had he read the Rolls of Parliament, or the journals of the two Houses, and he was not even acquainted with the existence of the State Paper Office. At first Carte met with great encouragement. His history was well received. The Common Council of the City of London voted him a grant in aid, and he had many patrons. But the publication of the first volume was quickly followed by a change of opinion. The Common Council withheld their grant, and the work fell into discredit. This was owing to a note on page 291 respecting the cure of the king's evil. It was generally held that an anointed king being a *persona mixta*, half a temporal and half a spiritual person, could, and actually did, perform the cure. The first of the English kings who touched for the evil was Edward the Confessor. In *Macbeth* Shakespeare describes the practice:

MACDUFF.

What's the disease he means?

MALCOLM.

'Tis called the evil;
A most miraculous work in this
good king,

Which often, since my here remain
 in England,
 I've seen him do. How he solicits
 heaven
 Himself best knows ; but strangely
 visited people
 All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to
 the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he
 cures ;
 Hanging a golden stamp about
 their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis
 spoken
 To the succeeding royalty he
 leaves
 The healing benediction.

The next of our kings who touched for the evil was Henry II. From his time the practice was continued till the reign of Anne. As is well known, she touched Dr. Johnson. But during this long succession of sovereigns from the twelfth to the eighteenth century, one king omitted the ceremony. William III., of "pious and immortal memory," is said to have replied to an applicant that he wished him "better health and more sense." The gift of healing was generally considered to be in some mysterious way connected with the anointing oil. Sir John Fortescue, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the time of Henry IV., and subsequently Chancellor, and other writers, so attributed it. But Carte esteemed it to be a personal gift. About the year 1662 Mr. Valentine Greatrakes, an Irishman, was persuaded that he could cure scrofulous diseases. His touch is said to have been efficacious in several cases. Whether this circumstance at all affected Carte's judgment is not

known ; but his notorious Jacobitism would easily account for his attributing miraculous powers to the Stuart kings. The cure he mentions in his "History" is that of Christopher Lovel, a scrofulous native of Wells, who, in August 1716, left home in search of health. He betook himself to the Court of the Old Pretender, "the eldest lineal descendant of a race of kings who, for a long succession of ages, cured the evil by the royal touch." The Pretender, though proclaimed king by the French sovereign, had not been crowned nor anointed. Yet his touch was as efficacious as if he had been. "From the moment that the man was touched and invested with the narrow riband according to the rites prescribed in the office appointed by the Church for that solemnity, the humour dispersed insensibly, his sores healed up, and he recovered strength daily, till he arrived in perfect health, in the beginning of January following, at Bristol, having spent only four months and some few days in his voyage." Carte thought this cure conclusive as against the anointing theory. He had an interview with the patient and learned all the particulars of his case, and "found on the whole that, if it is not to be deemed miraculous, it certainly deserves to be considered one of the most wonderful events that ever happened."

Unfortunately for the "History," its author's opinion of the cure, though shared by the local doctors, was not generally held. A writer in *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* in 1748, after due investigation, attributed it to change of air and diet. Sea air, as is now

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well known, is itself a cure for scrofulous affections. Carte without doubt felt disappointed. His book, and the miraculous element in the cure, fell into discredit. But the "History" deserved a better fate. It is very trustworthy as to facts and dates, and on this account Hume used it as the basis of his "History." The originality of Hume's work consists in its style.

Carte died, of diabetes, at Caldecot House, Abingdon, on

April 2, 1754, and was buried on the 11th in the church of Yattendon, Berkshire. He is said to have resided during the last twenty years of his life at Caldecot House; but a cottage at Yattendon was formerly pointed out as his abode. He married Sarah, daughter of Major Brett, by whom he had no issue. She afterwards married Nicholas Jernegan. Carte's papers may be seen at the Bodleian.

M. T. PEARMAN.

Societies and Institutes

Arrangements

THE seventy-seventh annual meeting of the BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE will be held at Leicester, and will begin on Wednesday, July 31.

New members and associates may be enrolled by applying to the general treasurer, Burlington House, London, W., or to the local offices at Leicester, on the following terms:

(i) New life members for a composition of £10, which entitles them to receive gratuitously the reports of the association that may be published after the date of payment.

(ii) New annual members for a payment of £2 for the first year. They receive gratuitously the reports for the year of their admission and for every following year in which they continue to

pay a subscription of £1 *without intermission*.

(iii) Associates for this meeting only for a payment of £1. They are entitled to receive the report of the meeting at two-thirds of the publication price. Associates are not eligible to serve on committees or to hold office.

Persons who have in any former year been admitted members of the association may renew their membership, without being called upon for arrears, on payment of £1. They will not, however, be entitled to receive the annual report. Ladies may become members or associates on the same terms as gentlemen, or they can obtain ladies' tickets (transferable to ladies only) on payment of £1.

Tickets for the meeting may now be obtained, and until July 23, at the office of the asso-

ciation, Burlington House, London, W. Annual members must send their subscription of £1 with the application. Post Office orders and cheques (crossed "Bank of England, Western Branch") should be made payable to Professor John Perry, General Treasurer. After July 24, when the office will be closed, members and persons desirous of becoming members or associates or of obtaining ladies' tickets are requested to make application in the reception room, Leicester. Tickets may be obtained also from the local offices at Leicester. Without an official ticket, no person will be admitted to any of the meetings.

The reception room at Leicester will be opened on Monday, July 29, at 2 P.M., on Tuesday, July 30, and Wednesday, July 31, at 10 A.M., and on the following days at 8 A.M., for the issue of tickets to members, associates, and ladies, according to the statement given above, and for supplying lists and prices of lodgings to strangers on their arrival. No tickets will be issued after 6 P.M.

In the reception room there will be officers for supplying information regarding the arrangements for the meeting. The "Journal," containing the sectional programmes for each day, will be laid on the table on Wednesday, July 31, at 10 A.M., and on the following days at 8 A.M., for gratuitous distribution. Lists of members present will be issued as soon as possible after the commencement of the meeting, and will be placed in the same room for distribution. The published reports of the British Association can be ordered in this room, for members

and associates only, at the reduced prices authorised by the council. The membership tickets will contain a map of Leicester and particulars regarding the rooms appointed for sectional and other meetings. For the convenience of members and associates a branch post office (which will be available also for communications between members attending the meeting) will be opened in the reception room. Members and associates may obtain information regarding local arrangements on application to the local secretaries, Millstone Lane, Leicester, or at the London office, Burlington House. A plan of the Opera House, in which the president's address and one of the evening discourses will be delivered, may be consulted in the reception room on Monday, July 29, at 2 P.M.; and numbered or reserved seats can be taken on and after that day. Applicants for reserved seats must present their association tickets.

The first meeting of the general committee will be held on Wednesday, July 31, at 4 P.M., for the despatch of business usually brought before that body. The committee will meet again on Friday, August 2, at 3.15 P.M., for the purpose of appointing officers for the meeting at Dublin in 1908. The concluding meeting of this committee will be held on Wednesday, August 7, at 1 P.M., when the report of the committee of recommendations will be received and considered. The general committee appoints at each annual meeting a committee to receive the recommendations of the sectional committees and to report to the general committee on the

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measures which they recommend to be adopted for the advancement of science. This committee will meet at 3 P.M. on Monday, August 5, and at 3.15 P.M. on Tuesday, August 6, if the business has not been completed on the previous day.

The inaugural meeting will be held on Wednesday, July 31, at 8.30 P.M., when Sir David Gill, president-elect, will assume the presidency and deliver an address. On Thursday, August 1, the Mayor of Leicester (Alderman Sir Edward Wood, J.P.) will hold a reception at a *fête* to be given by him in the Abbey Park; and on Tuesday, August 6, there will be a *soirée* in the Museum buildings. On Friday, August 2, a discourse on "The Arc and Spark in Radio Telegraphy" will be delivered by Mr. W. Duddell; and on Monday, August 5, a discourse on "Recent Developments in the Theory of Mimicry" will be delivered by Dr. F. A. Dixey. The concluding meeting will be held on Wednesday, August 7, at 2.30 P.M.

The sections are: A. Mathematical and Physical Science; B. Chemistry; C. Geology; D. Zoology; E. Geography; F. Economic Science and Statistics; G. Engineering; H. Anthropology; I. Physiology; K. Botany; L. Educational Science. The sections will meet in the rooms assigned to them for the reading and discussion of reports and papers on Thursday, August 1; Friday, August 2; Saturday, August 3; Monday, August 5; and Tuesday, August 6, at hours appointed by the sectional committees.

The acceptance of papers and

the days on which these will be read are determined, so far as possible, by the organising committee of each section before the beginning of the meeting. It is therefore necessary, in order to enable the committees to do justice to such communications, that each author should prepare an abstract of his paper, of a length suitable for insertion in the annual report of the association; and the council desire that he shall send it, together with the original paper, by post, on or before June 29, addressed thus: "General Secretaries, British Association, Burlington House, London, W. For Section——." Authors who comply with this request, and whose papers are accepted, will be furnished before the meeting with printed copies of their abstracts. If it be inconvenient for the author to read his paper on any particular day or days, he is requested to send information thereof to the recording secretary of the section in a separate note. Abstracts received after June 29 cannot be printed before or during the meeting.

Reports on the progress of science and of researches entrusted to individuals or committees, must be forwarded before June 29 to the office for presentation to the organising committees, accompanied by a statement as to whether the author will be present at the annual meeting. No report or abstract can be inserted in the annual report of the association unless it be in the hands of the assistant secretary before the conclusion of the meeting.

Excursions will be made on Saturday, August 3, to places of interest in the district, such as

Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, Belvoir Castle, Warwick, Kenilworth, Stamford, and Peterborough. A special excursion will be made to the Charnwood Forest.

The annual general meeting of the SOCIETY OF ARTS will be held on June 26. The annual conversazione will be held on Tuesday, July 9. Each member is entitled to a card for himself and one for a lady.

A meeting of the ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY will be held on June 20 at 5 P.M., when the Alexander Prize Essay will be read. By permission of the Benchers the meetings of the society are held in the Lecture Hall, Field Court, Gray's Inn.

A meeting of the FOLK-LORE SOCIETY will be held at 22 Albemarle Street, W., on Wednesday, June 19, at 8 P.M. Members are invited to exhibit objects of folklore interest, and the council extend their welcome to any friends whom members may bring with them to the meetings.

A meeting of the ROYAL MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY will be held at 20 Hanover Square, W., on Wednesday, June 19, at 8 P.M., when Mr. E. M. Nelson will read a paper on "Eye-pieces for the Microscope," and Mr. F. Enock will lecture on "The Life-history of the Tiger-Beetle, *cicindela campestris*."

A meeting of the ANTHROPOLO-

GICAL INSTITUTE will be held at 3 Hanover Square, W., on June 25, at 8 P.M. Each member is entitled to introduce two friends (ladies or gentlemen) to the evening meetings.

The annual general meeting of the SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF HELLENIC STUDIES will be held in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, W., on Tuesday, June 25, at 5 P.M. The council will meet on the same day at Burlington House at 4.30 P.M.

A meeting of the BRITISH ASTRONOMICAL ASSOCIATION will be held at Sion College, Victoria Embankment, E.C., on Wednesday, June 26, at 5 P.M.

The summer meeting of the ROYAL SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF IRELAND, for the province of Connaught, will be held at Athlone, commencing July 2. There will be excursions from that date to July 6.

A meeting of the DORSET NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUARIAN FIELD CLUB, to visit the Valley of the Pydel and Buckland Newton, will be held on June 20.

The members of the BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION will meet at the County Museum, Dorchester, on July 16 at 12 o'clock. Members of the Dorset Field Club are invited to be present.

Transactions

At the meeting of the ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON on May 7, Mr. H. B. Fantham exhibited original drawings of *Spirochaeta anodontæ* from the crystalline style

and intestine of *Anodonta cygnea*. This was the first record of the occurrence of this parasite in the British Pond-Mussel, though Keysselitz recorded probably the

same organism from *Anodonta mutabilis* about a year ago, without giving its dimensions. The organism was found to be about $40\ \mu$ long and about $0.7\ \mu$ broad, with pointed ends and an undulating membrane. Its motion was most rapid, but seemed to be both spiral and vibratory.

The Secretary exhibited photographs of a young male African elephant now living in the Bronx Zoological Park, New York, and probably the type of *Elephas africanus pumilio*, Noack, from the French Congo. The photographs had been given him by Mr. W. T. Hornaday. He remarked on the distinctness of the race, and pointed out the existence in the specimen of an undescribed peculiarity in the trunk.

Dr. William E. Hoyle read a paper illustrated by lantern-slides, on the Cephalopoda of Zanzibar and East Africa collected by Mr. Cyril Crossland in 1901-1902. He stated that the collection was not extensive either in point of individuals or species, and that a large proportion were young individuals to which it was impossible to affix definite names in the present state of our knowledge.

Five were identical with forms contained in a collection recently made by Professor Herdman near Ceylon, whilst others occurred also in the Red Sea, thus showing a marked similarity in the Cephalopod-fauna of the whole of this region.

Advantage had been taken of the presence of several specimens of *Sepioteuthis loliginiformis* to give a full description of that species.

Some Octopod embryos showed

epidermal structures very similar to, if not identical with, those described by Chun as constituting a bristle coat in young Octopods, and an account of these, as full as the material allowed, was given.

At a meeting of the ROYAL MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY on May 15, Lord Avebury, President, in the chair, Professor A. W. Porter read a paper, by himself and Mr. P. F. Everitt, on "Diffraction Rings due to a Circular Aperture." He considered that the differences between the theoretical and the observed radius of the first dark diffraction ring mentioned in Mr. Nelson's paper, read March 21, 1906, must be due to the method of observation, because the values obtained from observations made by Mr. Everitt under the best conditions were in very close agreement with theory. A discussion ensued in which Messrs. Gordon, Conrady and Beck took part. Professor Porter replied. The President called attention to the Society's annual exhibition of Pond Life displayed under about forty microscopes, in which the Fellows of the Society had been kindly assisted by members of the Quekett Microscopical Club.

A meeting of the ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE was held at 20 Hanover Square, W., on May 29, when Mr. Howard Chandler read a paper entitled "Roger Bacon and Francis Bacon—a Comparison."

At the meeting of the SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIETY, at 24 Buckingham Street, Strand, on May 27, Dr. W. Leslie Mackenzie lectured on "Functional Relations of the Family and the City."

Short Reviews

"WILLIAM STUBBS, BISHOP OF OXFORD." By WILLIAM HOLDEN HUTTON, B.D. (Archibald Constable & Co. Price 6s.)

With the laudable intention that something should be widely known of the life of the greatest English historian of the nineteenth century, Mr. William Holden Hutton, himself no mean disciple of Clio, originally published in 1904 a large collection of letters from and to the late William Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford. In the present edition he has produced an abridged form of the same work "by request," presumably of those who had no leisure for the more comprehensive volume. His own contribution to the "Letters of William Stubbs," which he unassumingly describes as "such an account of his life as should make them intelligible to those who did not know him," is valuable as biography, for the vivid personality of one of the great men of the Victorian era lives anew in his pages, enabling one to appreciate the high esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries, whose written testimony adds to the advantage of the book. William Stubbs "was a strenuous worker from his earliest years, and he worked to the end;" as the ablest of all the editors of the Rolls Series, and in his "Constitutional History of England" he has left a monumental work behind him, to say nothing of many lesser volumes, innumerable lectures and sermons, and historical writings of all kinds, among which may be mentioned seven contributions to *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGA-*

ZINE. A complete list is appended to the Letters, and as the work of one man, who died at the age of seventy-six, and who, in addition to his literary output, attended punctiliously to all the calls of his arduous ecclesiastical profession, it forms simply amazing reading.

The importance Dr. Stubbs attached to early associations was justified by his own career, and for this reason the chapter entitled "Youth" is interesting. Born in 1825, at Knaresborough, in the very heart of mediæval England, of a long line of Yorkshire yeomen, he grew up in an atmosphere both historical and religious; educated at Knaresborough and Ripon Grammar School; through the interest of Bishop Longley he was in 1844 nominated a servitor of Christ Church, Oxford, and later for two years held a Fellowship at Trinity; this was followed by his appointment to the college living of Navestock, where for seventeen years he led the life of a country parson. Here he married, here he wrote his first book, "Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum," "an attempt to exhibit the course of episcopal succession in England"; here also he laid "the foundation of the great historical study in which his chief fame consists." Mr. Hutton quotes from what he justly terms Stubbs's magnificent vindication of the Plantagenets, and from his "rescue of the memory of the great Archbishop Dunstan from the ignorant abuse of Protestant controversialists." In 1866 Stubbs returned to Oxford as

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Regius Professor of Modern History, and for eighteen years his life "was one of hard, unstinted, and unselfish work, lived on simple and unconventional lines. He abstained from 'controversy religious, political, or historical'; he helped other scholars constantly; he was always accessible to the humblest students."

Fellow of Oriel in 1867, curator of the Bodleian Library in 1869, from 1875 to 1879 he held in addition the college living of Cholderton, resigning it on his appointment as canon residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral; a great and lasting service was done by him on the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts, when from May 1881 to July 1883 he attended every one of the seventy-five sessions. In 1884 came the offer from Mr. Gladstone of the bishopric of Chester, and the letter of acceptance, after three days' deliberation, is one of the most characteristic in the book. Canon Gore's account of the four years at Chester testifies to Stubbs's assumption of the rôle of a leader of men after the comparative seclusion of "his own circle of Churchmen and of historical scholars"; but his translation to Oxford was a trial. "He never was reconciled to the place at Cuddesdon; he thought it entailed on him and on others a great waste of time. This to one who had never wasted a minute of his time was a continual burden." It was a burden that told on him; so did his position as assessor in the Bishop of Lincoln's trial, and his health rapidly failed. His last public appearance was on the day after Queen Victoria's funeral,

when he preached by royal command in St. George's Chapel. Totally unfit for so great an exertion, one can but admire the splendid courage with which he rendered "the last service he could pay to his great mistress," to whom "he had been devoted for years with an increasing force of chivalrous loyalty and devotion." He died three months later.

Mr. Hutton has done his work convincingly, and one returns with added interest to the historic pages that are William Stubbs's living memorial, where a sentence from one of his own lectures perhaps best characterises this man of profound learning based on wide sympathies: "I have a sympathy with the struggles of the struggling ages, with the weariness of the weary ages, with the faith of the ages of faith, with the controversies of the ages of controversy, with the changes of the ages of change, with the light of the ages of illumination, with the darkness of the dark ages themselves."

ALIX EGERTON.

"IN MALAY FORESTS." By GEORGE MAXWELL. (William Blackwood & Sons. Price 6s.).

"In Malay Forests" is, as the title indicates, a book of travel. The readers of such books are, so to speak, a special public, and for those who like to wander in far lands from the depths of an arm-chair "In Malay Forests" is likely to be a welcome addition to their literary adventures. The opening pages, which give a description of the forests, are sufficiently arresting to induce one to read further—so vivid are they, and so strong is the impression they

leave of vast interminable tracts of unbroken lines, level as the sea—"a dark heavy line that up-rears itself like the walls of a prison."

"The trees grow so thickly that you are closed in by a small but unbroken circle of tree trunks. Between the trees there are tangled masses of bushes, briars and saplings; rattans and creepers of every kind crawl along the ground and among the trees, sometimes hanging in heavy festoons, sometimes tense with the pressure that they exert."

It is a forest teeming with life perhaps, but it is a life that cannot be seen at a distance of half a dozen yards. The Malay believes the jungle to be haunted by the spirits of the forest, and it is to these and not to Allah that he appeals for protection. Later on, perhaps because one cannot find new words to describe denseness, tangle, brushwood, and the like for ever, the author becomes rather less successful in holding the attention of the reader by the pen-pictures he paints. He shows a regrettable tendency to overload us with words. He tells us of the various ceremonies connected with the worship of, or rather pandering to, the wood-gods indulged in by the Malays. They are very curious, but specially interesting is his account of the ceremony of "asking leave" of the earth spirits before embarking on a rhinoceros hunt. A somewhat startling idea of the extent of the hold which superstition has on the minds of these people, these woodmen whose lives are bounded by the trackless forest, may be gathered

from the story of the "Were tiger."

The chapters devoted to hunting and fishing are interesting because they present some original experiences, but even here the earlier picturesque force of diction is lost in lengthiness. The great charm of the book, however, lies neither in the description of the forests themselves nor in that of Mr. Maxwell's experiences as a "mighty hunter before the Lord," but in its delightful folklore, which is unfortunately almost entirely confined to a single chapter, "A Tale by the Wayside." This contains some half-dozen entrancing stories welded into one, of which the mouse-deer is the hero. Surely the author must have learned other stories in his travels, stories of the Blat elephant, for instance, whose personality makes upon us so friendly and intimate an impression that, like his chronicler, we feel we could never contemplate his gleaming tusks upon our dressing-table in the form of hair-brushes without a pang. But if he knows these stories, he has kept them strictly to himself.

The appendix is interesting, dealing with such pagan traditions as still survive. When Muhamadanism swept Hinduism away before it, the *pawang* or sorcerer turned eagerly to the new religion to borrow what he could. The only spirits lower than the angels of which the Koran admits the existence are the Genii (Jin) and the Fairies (Peri), some of whom are said to be believers, some unbelievers. They are imagined to be created of pure fire and to be of both sexes, to

propagate their species, and to eat and drink. They were at once accepted and introduced into the *mantras* (spells or charms). So were the archangels Jibrail (Gabriel), Mikail (Michael), Azrael, and Israfil. One is not surprised to find their names, but one may own to a feeling of awe at finding in the mouth of a *pawang* in the Malay Peninsula the name of Azrael, the pre-Mosaic demon of the wilderness, to whom the scapegoats of Leviticus were sent as an offering.

Gladly would we read more of this borrowing of the *pawang*s from the Prophet of Allah and of other borrowings from the Siamese of spells and charms, but this subject would make a book by itself, and possibly some day Mr. Maxwell may be minded to undertake the writing of it. In the meantime it remains for us to assure him that there is a large reading public which would give a warm welcome to an account of this aspect of the Malay Peninsula.

ALICE L. CALLANDER.

Notices of Publications

JOURNAL OF THE BATH AND WEST AND SOUTHERN COUNTIES SOCIETY. Fifth Series, Vol. 1: 1906-1907. (London: Edward Stanford. Price 6s.)

The present volume opens with an article by Mr. Bruce Swanwick on "Labour Colonies at Home and Abroad, and the cry of 'Back to the Land.'" The subject is one which is being widely discussed at the present time, and Mr. Swanwick's paper is worth very careful consideration. He gives particulars of labour colonies in Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and Germany, with a description of those established in this country. The systems and the effects of both penal and free colonies are concisely and instructively treated, and those who wish to form a sound opinion on at least one important phase of the land question will find Mr. Swanwick's article very valuable. His conclusions, generally speaking, are not optimistic. "If the ideal of England

peopled by an industrious and prosperous peasant proprietary or tenantry," he writes, "is ever to be realised, it will be by establishing upon the soil the cream of the agricultural class—men born and bred on the soil, of good physique, inured to long hours of work, and trained by an efficient system of rural education—and not by bringing back to the land an exotic town product, transplanted in middle life into an uncongenial soil, with recollections of an eight hours' day, a Saturday half-holiday, and other amenities of town life." The Journal contains much information likely to be of service to agriculturists of all ranks, and maintains an excellent standard as a publication for practical men.

JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE WILD FAUNA OF THE EMPIRE. Vol III. (London: Rhys Williams, Hon. Secretary to the Society, 2 Temple Gardens, E.C.) There is a very valid *raison*

d'être for the existence of this society. It is incontestable that many interesting species of mammals in the wilder provinces of the empire are in danger of extinction, and their disappearance, besides being a pitiful example of stupid destruction, would be a serious loss to science. In spite of the brilliant advance which has been made in the knowledge of the more abstruse phenomena of animal life during the last fifty years, it would be unreasonable to regard this department of research as more than inaugurated, and the present generation ought to consider itself a trustee for those who will carry investigation to points not hitherto even in sight. The Vice-Presidents of the Society are Lord Cromer, Lord Grey, Lord Milner, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and Lord Minto. The honorary members include the President of the United States, Sir Frederick Lugard, Sir Reginald Wingate, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Lord Kitchener, and Sir Godfrey Lagden, and the membership roll contains a strong list of eminent sportsmen. The Society sent a deputation to Lord Elgin last June, and is actively endeavouring to secure the establishment of game reserves where they are needed, and restriction of indiscriminate shooting by persons who desire to obtain a record "kill," *coûte que coûte*. The main difficulties in its way are those indicated by Mr. R. T. Coryndon, Administrator of North-West Rhodesia, and those referred to in a letter from the Professor of Protozoology in the University of London. The former deals with the claims of settlers to land left out of cultiva-

tion for the sake of preserving wild species, and the latter deals with big game as a source of the sleeping sickness and "nagana" disease. These are formidable points, and though the Society makes out a case as to both, it may fairly be urged to render its arguments much more exhaustive and conclusive in order to carry the public with it.

THE LONDON TOPOGRAPHICAL RECORD. Vol. IV. (London: the Office of the London Topographical Society, 16 Clifford's Inn, E.C.)

Lord Rosebery is the President of this Society, which has now been in existence for upwards of eight years and possesses a satisfactory list of subscribers. The Council, however, "cannot help feeling that there is a large number of people interested in London topography who do not yet know of the work done and being done by this Society," and they wish that wide publicity should be given to its aims and undertakings. At the seventh annual meeting the Council reported that "the reproduction of the famous Agas map, announced at the last annual meeting, has been brought to completion. Since the *facsimile* of the Van den Wyngaerde View, with which this Society commenced its work, we have made many interesting and useful additions to the cartography of London, but none to equal this picture-map attributed to Ralph Agas. Indeed, your Council believe that the Society, by this work alone, has rendered a conspicuous service to Londoners. . . . A further work of unusual

interest has been accomplished during the past year. Faithorne and Newcourt's map of London, hitherto known almost exclusively by means of a copy made some years ago from the original and, as it was then thought, unique example in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, is admittedly the most complete representation of London before the Fire. The British Museum having acquired a recently discovered example of the original map, your Council decided that a reproduction should be made as soon as possible, and by the courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum this has been done."

The present volume contains, among other matter, an address by Mr. Philip Norman on the Wall of London, an account, by Mr. G. H. Lovegrove, of Vanbrugh House, Blackheath, and the continuation of a detailed paper on the Signs of Old London, by Mr. F. G. Hilton Price. There are some interesting illustrations.

THE BERKS, BUCKS AND OXON
ARCHÆOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Vol.
13, No. 1, New Series. April
1907. (Reading: Charles
Slaughter and Son. Price
1s. 6d.)

In the present issue of this excellent journal, which is edited by the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, there is a continuation of Mr. C. E. Keyser's "Architectural Account of the Churches of Buckland, Hinton Waldrist, and Longworth." This is followed by a useful paper on "The Discovery of Human Remains in the Forbury, Reading." The author, Mr. W. Ravenscroft, sums up his position as follows:

"If thus we may be allowed to conclude we have found the original Saxon churchyard of Reading, we have a series of burial-grounds extending from the times when the Romans occupied our land to the present day. First the cemetery by the 'Jack of Both Sides,' Romano-British and Christian; then the Pagan cemetery near the 'Dreadnought'; then the Saxon burials in the first-named cemetery, also Christian, extending probably down to about 750; then the first churchyard in the Forbury Gardens, and close to the abbey; then the churchyard of St. Lawrence formed in 1556, and lastly the present cemetery of the town. One ventures to think that very few towns in England or elsewhere can show such a long succession of burials as we have here in Reading." Other articles deal with the Wilcotes family, Bisham Abbey, Earmundslea at Appleton, Berks, and the Early History of Maidenhead Bridge. There are Notes and Queries and other supplementary matter of interest.

THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL
SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF
IRELAND. PART I: Vol. xxxvii.
March 31, 1907. (Dublin:
Hodges, Figgis and Co., Graf-
ton Street. Price 3s. net.)

The present is the fifty-ninth year of issue of this journal, which has contributed in no small degree to the elucidation of Irish history. The volume before us contains Part II of Mr. W. F. Butler's paper on "The Lordship of MacCarthy Mór," an illustrated article on "The Principal Ancient Castles of the County Limerick,"

by Mr. Thomas J. Westropp, Part II of "A Contribution towards a Catalogue of Nineteenth-Century Engravings of Dublin," by Dr. E. MacDowel Cosgrave, an account of "Everard's Castle, now Burntcourt Castle, near Cahir, County Tipperary," by the Rev. John Everard, and a paper on "Old Dublin Caricatures," by the Rev. St. John Seymour. Of especial interest to archaeologists are the articles on "The Kilmannin Ogam, County Mayo," by Professor Rhys, and on a "Find of Bronze Implements at Kilfeakle, County Tipperary," by Mr. George Coffey. Attention is called to a matter of some importance by a note in the "Miscellanea." The Rev. Canon French writes: "I have inspected two stones to which my attention was called by the Ordnance Survey men. . . . No 2 is a stone situated on Mr. Tackaberry's farm, about half a mile, or perhaps more, south of the ruins of the old church of Ardristan (present parish of Aghade); this the Ordnance Survey men had recorded as an Ogam. It bears no resemblance to an Ogam stone, but is a splendid specimen of a holed stone, and is recorded in Ryan's 'History of Carlow,' page 338, where it is called 'Cloch a Phoill,' and it is stated that ill-thriven infants were passed through the hole in the stone to improve their constitutions. . . . Can it be possible that the staff of the Ordnance Survey are directed to describe and record prehistoric monuments without diagrams or instructions of any kind to enable them to know these monuments when they meet them? If this is the case, what strange

mistakes must the new Ordnance maps contain!"

THE MUSEUM GAZETTE AND JOURNAL OF FIELD-STUDY. Vol. 1, No. 12. April 1907. (The Haslemere Educational Museum. Price 6d.)

This most excellent educational publication, conducted by Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, with the assistance of Mr. E. W. Swanton, curator of the Haslemere Museum, may be strongly recommended to parents who wish their elder children to obtain sound notions of science in an interesting form. The volume before us contains articles on a great variety of subjects from hollow trees to the human nose—with regard to which the final advice given is certainly prudent: "No attempt should be made to interpret in detail individual character by peculiarities in the form or size of the nose." The papers are very well selected, though some suffer from excessive brevity. The notes on "Where to Observe," the "Seasonal Notes," and the "Lexicon page," are thoroughly useful features of the magazine, which deserves to be widely read. One may suggest that more care should be bestowed upon the illustrations.

THE COMMONWEALTH: a Christian Social Magazine. Vol. xii. No. 5. May 1907. (London: Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., 3 Paternoster Buildings, E.C. Price 3d.)

The present number contains a concise criticism by Canon H. Scott Holland of Mr. Campbell's "New Theology." Canon Scott Holland's comments are severe

but amply justified. He says: "The haste in which it was written has been disastrous to the book. It bears too plainly the mark of something flung off with fatal ease and fluency. There is no sweat of severe labour to be felt in it. It is off-hand, loose, slap-dash, with something of levity about it, and even of impertinence." The critic has little difficulty in pointing out many conspicuous errors in Mr. Campbell's contentions.

PROPOSALS FOR A VOLUNTARY NOBILITY. (The Samurai Press: Ranworth Hall, Norwich.)

It was inevitable from the time of the Japanese victories in Manchuria that *bushido* should make its appearance in British social life. The Samurai Press appears to be the organ of certain earnest persons who desire to transplant the institution to our soil, where they hope that it will flourish in an Anglicised form. One uses the word "Anglicised" advisedly, because the singular jumble of influences and ideals under whose fostering warmth the Voluntary Nobility is to germinate would appear ludicrous to any nation not long inured to the cult of the pudding: Hegel and Carlyle (implicitly), the New Testament, Shelley, Pericles, Shakespeare, Tacitus, Michelangelo, Plato, Maeterlinck and Bernard Shaw, among others (explicitly), are to govern, with such consistency as may be found possible, the development of the new idea; and Mr. H. G. Wells is its leading prophet. In sum, the Voluntary Nobility is to consist of young men, recruited between the ages of twenty-three

and thirty-three, who are to combine the severely simple life with the *savoir faire* of the cultured Jesuit; and asceticism with an urbane geniality. They may hold what theological opinions they choose, but must eschew "hysterical religion." In the matter of "discipline," we learn that the Samurai must, *inter alia*, "make a practice of bathing in cold water and shaving himself daily," though it seems hardly necessary to establish a "Voluntary Nobility" in order to ensure respect for those habits. "Small pleasures" are forbidden to him, and his diet is to be as austere as his life. We fear that both Shakespeare and Shelley, in spite of their apotheosis by the Samurai Press, would have been found ineligible for the ranks of the Anglicised Samurai. In fact, though the motives of those who have issued this tract are obviously excellent, they forget that the men of genius whom they take as models were perfectly human, and that it is the Superior Person—a quite different being—who tries to improve upon humanity; and, if they had their way, they would probably produce a whole host of Perfect Prigs.

FROM THE ISLES. By Arthur Davison Ficke. (The Samurai Press: Ranworth Hall, Norwich.)

In this volume of poems, issued from the Press to which we have just referred, there are graceful lines, modern rhythms, and some thoughts which are of the time but not beyond it. The author's style may be seen in the following extracts. From "Song Gods":

We are as old as the world
That remembers not its birth.
Our tears are the high gods'
weeping,
Our songs are the great gods'
mirth.
Our desire the desire of the foam
flakes whirled,
And our souls as the souls of
earth.

This is plainly an echo of
Swinburne. From "Dionysus":

Once were thine eyes bright with
the sun,
Thy lips kissed rapture to the vine
That bloomed therewith—Oh,
thou divine
Light of the Gods, thy vision
Men have forgot, and in their
eyes
Thou art become a common
thing,
Rudely to rout—or else to fling
Into the street, as do the wise.
Yea, they are wise. But as I
drain
The cup where sweetness lingers
yet,
I think that something they
forget
Who from thy solving touch
refrain:
Some song the Spring-pale vine-
leaves sung,
Some faded pomp of autumn fire,
That wakes the heart's low secret
lyre,
Remembering when the world was
young.

The little volume closes with a
representation, in blank verse, of
the death of Shelley, whose last
words are thus imagined:

O Keats, you yearn toward me
Out of the darkness. On the
great West Wind,

Amid the far-world odours you
are borne.
And the flame folds us and the
shadows die
And life fulfils itself. I come! I
come!

The lines seem reminiscent of
certain voices which were loud in
Oxford in the early 'eighties—
voices which had no reverence for
bushido, and were stifled by the
atmosphere that they sought.

The Return of Sherry

(The promised revival of sherry is
received in this country with a
certain reserve.)

LET him who may rejoice to think
That sherry is returning;
Though friendly Powers one likes
to link
Still, at the thought, my spirits
sink,
My prudent palate seems to shrink
With retrospective burning.

When, captive to the amber wine,
Of yore I made me merry,
Such subsequent distress was mine
That, if abroad I lunch or dine,
I've learnt to-day to draw the
line
At certain sorts of sherry.

For killing off a tiresome friend
Some sherry has its uses,
That's why a furtive glance I send
Down table to the furthest end,
My thirst for sherry to suspend
In case my host refuses.

J. P.

Garden Notes

MIDSUMMER days and nights are drawing near. June is with us, "the green, delicious plenitude of June," and with June the roses. As a matter of fact roses, even the wild ones, are not in bloom much before the middle of the month, but in our thoughts June is always the month of roses:

"Paven with meadow-sweet and thyme,
Where the brown bees murmur
and stray."

We may still be murderously brushing green and red fly into soapy water, pinching out grubs from ominously rolled-up leaves, and blowing sulphur on to mildewed shoots, but shortly the garden must be beautiful and fragrant with the rose.

"The Rose red, damaske, velvet, and double double province Rose, the sweet muske Rose, double and single, and the double and single white Rose." I am quoting from a list printed in 1618. The "double double" rose to which particular attention is drawn is now in every garden, and the whirligig of fortune is such that the rarity now is to find in our cottage-gardens the single rose at all. These old-fashioned flowers, the damask, red and white, and the striped "York and Lancaster," are very beautiful and, in my experience of them, wonderfully hardy. In stiff loamy clay and in quite a cold position I have known them spread almost like a weed, sending up year after year strong suckers in every direction.

Their only disadvantage is the short time they remain in bloom, but if they are not disbudded and care is taken to go over the beds daily and remove the faded blossoms their period of beauty can be considerably lengthened.

These were the damask roses which long ago were used as a remedy for sleeplessness and the petals made into electuaries for the heart.

They are certainly very sweet, which is not always the case with modern roses, and their leaves, now that we need love-potions no longer, make very fragrant pot-pourri.

"The Roser," as the rose garden used to be called in Chaucer's day, has need to be big. We have roses of every habit of growth, standards, bushes, dwarf roses, pillar roses, climbing roses, roses that weep and roses that trail along the ground, and the worst of it is that while with other plants we can have our own fancies and can pick and choose, with roses we desire to have them all. No one can have too many, even for picking. They last so short a time in water, and though, of course, we must disbud lavishly where we want special roses of perfect size and shape, many bushes must be left perforce untouched, and from these we can gather altogether in one goodly spray leaves, flowers and buds.

"For brode roses and open also
Ben passed in a day or two ;
But knoppes wille freshe be
Two days, atte leeste, or thre."

And every rose gatherer knows the value of a "knoppe" or two left on the branch.

Where the rose-garden is a place apart its boundaries would naturally be made of climbing roses. Any kind of fence will serve. I remember even some hideous tarred palings which two seasons' growth completely covered with a lovely tangle of white "Felicity" and "Dorothy Perkins."

This latter rose is, I sometimes think, the most beautiful of all the beautiful Wichuriana roses. There is something so very fresh and bright in its colour. Pillars and arched openings into the garden may be covered satisfactorily with some of the early flowering polyantha roses. A grey-stone gateway comes back to me as I saw it once, a mass of "Dawson Rose" and "Euphrosyne."

The cultivation of these pillar roses is very simple. The first year of planting they should be ruthlessly cut back in the spring. Afterwards the long shoots need only be shortened a little and all weak growths removed from the plants, remembering, however, every year to cut to the ground one entire branch in order to induce fresh growth from the base.

Where hedges are wanted, Ayrshire roses or, better still, sweetbriars make good ones. A sweetbriar hedge is always a joy, especially where the double-flowered kinds are used, both red and white. Rose hedges require no pruning at all, but the weak growth should be thinned out and the hedge cut into shape in March.

The paths in a rose-garden are,

I think, best made simply of mown grass.

It is odd how persistently the tradition of gravel paths lingers, especially in small gardens of the "villa" type. It is refreshing sometimes both to eyes and feet to walk on wide strips of soft green grass between the flower-beds.

A well-made gravel path with a thick and perfectly-trimmed box edging has its own beauty and associations which no one would wish to give up. It needs, however, much labour to keep it in perfect order, and there seems no reason why it should be looked upon as a necessity everywhere. The prettiest path I ever saw had no edges at all. Clumps of lithospermum, foam-flower, arenaria montana, white pinks and aubretia of every colour grew luxuriantly in the borders on both sides and lapped over on to the gravel.

A garden is for pleasure, an orchard is for food, wrote John Comenius, with plain common-sense; but where the two adjoin, it is rather pleasant to ignore this distinction, in spite of John Comenius, and do away with the division altogether, a subtle change into semi-wildness in the garden marking the gradual transition from one to the other. Thickets of roses, more or less untrained, lend themselves well to this idea. The Bourbon varieties and some of the Noisette roses are excellent for the purpose. Large bushes of "Rêve d'Or" left somewhat to themselves form masses of delightful colour, but, on the whole, the Ramblers and Wichuriana roses are best. Their clusters of flowers and their free, untrammelled habit

of growth seem to harmonise better with the half-wild character of such a garden-orchard. The smaller ornamental trees—Siberian crabs, Japanese quinces, double cherries and Amelanchiers—should be planted in the grass, and thus with no abrupt transition the garden proper merges into the orchard. Such a piece of ground needs, of course, many years—a lifetime, indeed—before it attains to that perfection of

repose and peaceful age which we associate with the word orchard.

We need ever to bear in mind the words of the old landscape gardener, William Lawson: "What joy may you have while you live and leave behind you to your heirs or successors such a work that many ages after your death shall record your love to your Country. And the rather when you consider to what a length of time your work is like to last."

MARY C. COXHEAD.

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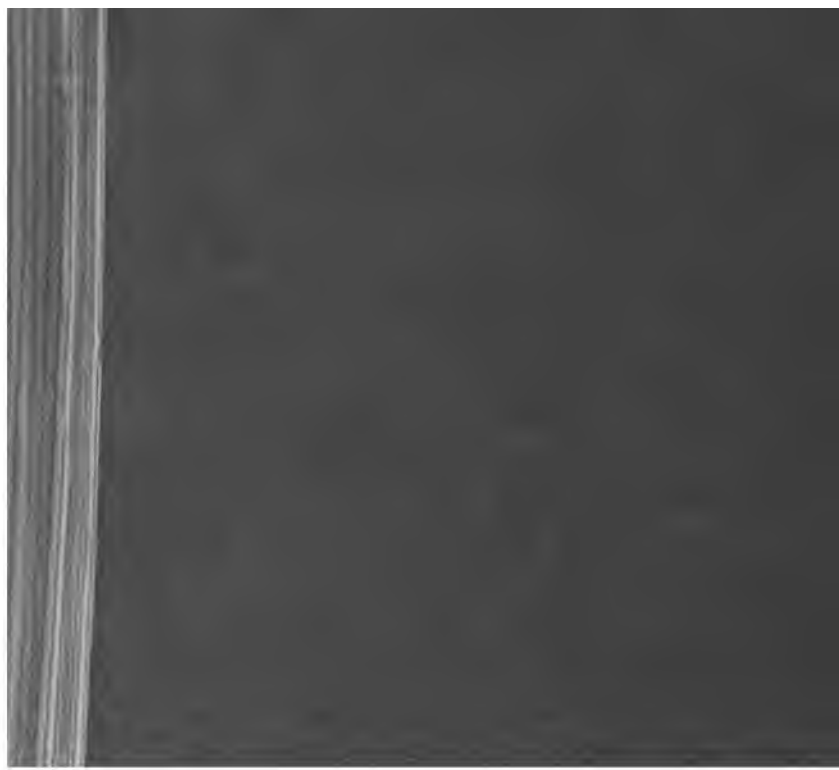
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